

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

FATHER RYAN.

In the hush of the valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley.
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring
But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.
And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard.
They pass through the valley like virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.
Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care;
Is it a far between mountains,
And God and His angels are there,
And one is the dark mountain of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer?

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE
FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LUGRAND.

CHAPTER XIV. (CONTINUED.)

In a mean obscure part of the city, two women were busily engaged in laundry work. One was a fair, plump, smiling damsel, with the mild blue eyes and fair hair of the German peasantry, the other old, and wrinkled, and ugly, yet with a certain good humor in the brown, withered, old face, and cheery, smiling lips, that bore some resemblance to the girl. They were mother and daughter—they were poor, honest, hard-working women, gaining a livelihood by washing for the soldiery, and content with their black bread and cabbage, soup and sauerkraut; harmless, inoffensive people, of whom none had ever said a hard word or uttered a slander.

"Haste, Gretchen said the old woman presently. "We are behind with our work to-night. You were so long on your errands this afternoon that it has put us back." The girl blushed rosily. "Whom met you in the city?" asked the old woman shrewdly.

"Hans Bohmer again?"

"Yes, meine Mutter. Ach, it was he who was in sorrow and downcast to-day, for his heart is heavy for that poor French prisoner, of whom he told us last week. He fears he will die."

"Is he so ill then?"

"All—yes, and so cruelly used too. Hans says it makes his heart ache to see how he suffers, and never a word of complaint does he utter, and though he is a foe one cannot help but pity him."

"Is he worse treated than the rest of them?"

"Yes, so Hans says, and no one knows why, but the Herr Commander Niedman seems to hate him, and Hans told me to-day there is some one besides Herr Niedman, some one higher in rank, and of great power and influence."

"And does the commandant of the garrison really ill use this poor man?"

The girl nodded, and puffed up her rosy lips mysteriously.

"Hans must be careful what he says," the old woman said, lowering her voice and looking fearfully around. "These are troublous times, Gretchen, and the police are ever on the watch. See you repeat no word of this to any one save me, or harm may come of it."

"The Fatherland would be well enough if it were not for the police," the girl said mutinously. "It is hard indeed to have to keep watch over word and action as one must do here."

"Hush!" her mother said warningly. "What was that?" They paused in their work and listened.

A low faint knock came at the door. "Go and see, Gretchen," commanded her mother, and the girl, her rosy face pale with fear lest some of those very messengers of ill she had been abusing, were at hand, obeyed and lifted the latch. A woman's form crouched at the threshold—a pitiful pleading face looked up, and met the timid questioning gaze of the waiting girl.

"Will you let me rest, and give me a glass of water for pity's sake?" a voice entreated in broken German.

"Surely we will," Gretchen said, gently and compassionately. "Come in, do not be frightened." The stranger rose and entered the homely room with her guide.

"Mother," the girl said hastily, "it is a poor wayfarer who needs rest. She may enter?"

"She is welcome," said the old woman heartily as her kind eyes turned to the lovely shrinking face and form that followed Gretchen. "Sit down," she said, in German. "We are just about to sup: pray join."

"A glass of water is all I need, thank you," said the sweet faint voice of the stranger.

Gretchen gave her a seat by the stove, and her mother busied herself in preparing the supper, and speedily placed before the wayfarer a bowl of steaming soup and a slice of black

bread. She looked up gratefully at her hostess.

"How kind you are," she said.

"Kind? Nonsense!" the woman answered, touched inexpressibly by the gentle voice and fair lovely face; and marvelling much in her honest heart what trouble or straits of necessity had driven her to seek charity in this wise.

"I am in great trouble," the stranger said, presently, moved to confidence by the kindness she experienced. I am utterly friendless and homeless. In all this great city I have no one to whom I can go, nor resting place for my foot."

"Poor child!" said the woman, compassionately. "Have you a mother?"

"No: she died years ago."

"Ach, lieber Gott! And you are so fair and so young! What will you do here?"

"I do not know."

"You are not of our kind?"

"No."

"And these are such bad times," said the old woman, sadly. "Every one looked at with suspicion, the police ever on the watch for spies and traitors—Arc 303 of France? Your tongue seems to say so."

"I came from Normandy."

"But you are well born?"

"I am a peasant."

"Gott in Himmel! And what brings you here? You are not a prisoner?"

"No, thank God! I was brought here against my will; but I am pursued by enemies, ruthless and unscrupulous."

"A fate worse than death awaits me."

The woman looked at her own bright-faced, buxom daughter—a mother's compassion, a woman's pity for this friendless beautiful creature crept into her heart.

"If I can serve you in any way, I will," she said, gently. "Tell me but one thing—it is not sin that has driven you to such a fate?"

"As God hears me—no."

"Then I will do my best to help you, if you will let me."

"You are very good," the girl said wearily, "but no one can help me, and if you get yourself into trouble for my sake, I shall never forgive myself."

"You need not fear—no trouble will come of it. Tell me, first, are you likely to be sought?"

"Yes, and by men clever and unscrupulous."

"Do you think you have been tracked here?"

"No, I met no one. I took all the loneliest and poorest streets. I shall not be missed till to-morrow at noon."

"Gut!" muttered the old woman.

"Now, Gretchen, thou art quick of wit. Dost thou think it possible to harbor this poor girl until the search is over—until some plan for her safe return to her own land can be formed?" The girl sat looking thoughtfully at the stranger's beautiful face.

"She does not look like one of us," she said, emphatically, "and her hands are those of a lady." The stranger flushed with evident embarrassment.

"Not so," she said, "my mother was a peasant—my life, till within the last few months, was simply a peasant's life. I am no lady."

"It would be hard to believe that," said Gretchen, admiringly. "Stay—let me think. Mother," she said suddenly, "I have a plan."

"Thou wilt ever a clever girl, Gretchen," said her mother approvingly. "Let us hear it."

"You remember when Cousin Fritz was here a summer ago?"

"Assuredly," said the old woman, looking puzzled. But what has that to do with thy plan?"

"Patience," said the girl, smiling contentedly. "He left behind him his peasant's dress of the Odenwald. Do you remember that?"

"Yes, it is in my chest. I do but wait the first opportunity to return it to him."

"Well, if you, fraulein, do not object, here is a disguise for you that will defy your enemies. I am quite sure of it. To all inquiries we can say that you are a brother of Fritz—he has many—and no one will molest you. You may stay here, then, as long as you please."

"But her hair, Gretchen, and her face; it is so truly a woman's face!"

"My hair is soon dispensed with," cried the stranger eagerly, as she rose to her feet, and clasped the brown, hard wrinkled hands of her new protector. "Oh, how can I thank you enough? Such kindness and compassion to an utter stranger is indeed beyond all my powers of recompense."

"My child," said the old woman, gently, "I have a daughter too. Had Heaven willed that the fortune of war should be reversed, had she been in a strange land, at the mercy of a cruel foe, I would have prayed that God might raise up for her some such protection as it is in my humble power to offer you. Say no more."

The girl did not speak; she only knelt at the foot of her preserver, and shed such grateful, thankful tears as for long had not relieved her weary brain.

"Come and rest now," said Gretchen, kindly. "You must be tired and spent." To-morrow you will cut off

your hair and assume this dress; I think you need fear no discovery then."

"Is she not clever, this Gretchen?" asked the mother, admiringly. "To think that she should have invented so wise a plan!"

"You are good—too good," said the girl, but I cannot live on your charity. You are poor and work hard—that I see. It is not fit that you should be burdened with other cares."

"Do not vex thyself. We will find thee work soon enough," said the old woman cheerily. "It was but to-day I was saying to Gretchen I scarce knew how to manage the additional labor we had undertaken. We wash for the garrison, you must know." The girl started, and turned her white face and wild sad eyes on her informant.

"For the garrison," she faltered, "where the prisoners are?"

"The same. Art thou frightened? It need not alarm thee. Thou wilt not be seen by the guard, ever; but the work is ready for thee to do if thou hast the strength and the will."

"I have both."

"It is well. The little closet yonder will do for thy sleeping-place, and now talk no more of charity, thy wages will support thee—for the rest—"

"For the rest," said Gretchen, gayly, "you bring your own welcome, Cousin Hans, for so we must call you."

"Ah, of a certainty thou choosest the name nearest thy heart, Gretchen!" laughed her mother. "She is betrothed to a soldier, one Hans Bohmer, thou must know. He belongs to the garrison—a good man and of tender heart. He comes here sometimes, say, do not tremble so: thou needst not see him."

"I would wish it," the girl said eagerly. "Oh, that I might see him, hear him speak of those whose fate is so hard and cruel."

"The prisoners dost thou mean? Ah, I forgot, they are countrymen of thine."

"Do you know any of them by name?" asked Gretchen eagerly.

"One," was the answer given slowly, painfully, while the flush of crimson that had dyed the girl's white face subsided, and left her pale as before.

"Perchance, you may hear news of him then," said Gretchen. "Hans Bohmer is very kind, he tells me often of those poor men, more especially of one who has been severely used by the commandant of the garrison, for what reason Hans cannot imagine."

"Do you know his name?" asked the stranger, with a wistful entreaty in her voice that showed how momentous the question was to her.

"No, Hans never told me, but I will ask if you wish. I hope though, he is no friend of yours, for it would grieve you to hear what Bohmer recounts of his treatment."

"Is this the way that Germany treats her conquered foe?" asked the girl proudly.

"Nay, be not vexed," said the old woman gently. "It is not Germany—private grudges do not count, dear child. This case is unusual. We, who have heard of Hans Bohmer, grieve also for the poor man, but no one can aid him."

A deep shadow of pain crept across the face of the listening girl.

"No one," she moaned, unconscious of her hearers' wonder. "Ah, dear Heaven! no one. Since she who loves him best is his greatest enemy."

When she had left them and gone to the rest she so sorely needed, the two women sat long by the stove discussing her strange advent.

"I feel so sorry for her," the old mother said. "A young, beautiful, forlorn thing, astray in the great cruel world like that. Ach, mein Gott! how hard it seems."

"She is not happy," said the soft-eyed Gretchen, with wonder in her voice and face.

"Happy! No, she looks to me like a beautiful, gold-plumaged, foreign bird that I once saw in a cage in the Tier Garten. It hung its head, and its soft wild eyes looked through the bars, and the children called it, but never a song or a sound had it, but just stood there and looked as if with freedom had departed all its life, so does she."

The pretty German maid sighed compassionately.

"Will she stay with me, think you?" she said at length.

"I hope she will. Here, at least, she will have rest and safety."

"But if they track her?" The police are so clever, you know."

"My child, there was never a deed of mercy yet that the good God could not shield and protect. We need not fear. We have done no wrong."

And they kissed each other, and having said their evening prayer, lay down and slept with humble, grateful hearts, raked by no fear of consequences for that charity which "thinketh no evil."

TO BE CONTINUED.

He Seemed to Understand.
Laura—"You don't say so, but I know you think that man is the right-
ful lord of creation."
George (snarlingly)—"On such questions as that, Miss Laura, my lips are sealed."
Laura (with downcast eyes)—"I'm sure mine have never been."
[They were sealed a moment later.]
—Chicago Tribune.

Women and Crime.

Owing to the fact that a much smaller number of women than men are arrested, tried, convicted and punished for crimes committed the opinion is general that the criminal instinct or disposition is not highly developed or is kept in subjection by the members of the sex. It should be remembered, however, that women are exposed to fewer temptations to commit crimes than men are. A woman spends most of her time at home with her children and companions of her own selection, and is engaged in domestic duties or pleasures. She is not liable to become involved in disputes about business, for she is not the bread winner for the family. If she engages in sports and games, they are not those that are likely to give rise to contentions and lead to quarrels. She does not attend prize fights, boxing matches or chicken contests, and rarely takes part in base ball games. The games she joins in are those played in her own house or yard or in that of some friend.

Women rarely engage in any of the fierce contests that constitute the struggle for existence, for place and power. They belong to no labor organizations, and as a consequence do not engage in strikes. Having no personal interest in affairs of government, they do not attend political meetings. They travel less than men do, and accordingly meet fewer strangers. Fewer things occur in their lives to excite them to anger. It is not customary for them to carry weapons, and so they are not tempted to make use of them if they think they are injured or insulted.

It is noticeable, however, that when a woman does commit a crime it is what is called "a good one." History contains no record of a series of crimes so fiendish as those for which a woman paid the penalty of death on the scaffold at Philadelphia last Tuesday. She killed her husband and two children, not suddenly and in anger, but in the most deliberate manner. The killing was not to gratify revenge or to avenge an injury. The only apparent motive for committing the butcheries was a comparatively small sum of money in the form of insurance on their lives. Poison was the means resorted to for killing them. A month intervened between the commission of each of the murders. She watched the agonies of her husband after he had partaken of the food in which she had placed rat poison. She had tried an experiment which, if successful, she designed to repeat. Finding that she escaped detection, she prepared another dose of arsenic and gave it to her little daughter. Even while she was pining with pain, and while her lifeless body lay in the house, she planned to murder her son in the same horrible manner.

Murder by the administration of poison is the darkest of all crimes. It shows not only deliberation but treachery. Some courage is displayed in drawing a dagger or revolver, or striking one down with a bludgeon, but the poisoner plays the part of a coward. The victim selected, if not a member of the family, is generally invited to the house and treated as an honored guest. In some cases he is invited many times, till he comes to think he is a favorite. The best seat is given him, and after he has rested he is invited to partake of tempting food or drink.

The persons who commit murder in this manner are almost invariably women, and women who do not occupy a low social or intellectual place in society. Not a few of them have studied toxicology and have learned from scientific treatises what kinds of poisons are the most effective and the most difficult to detect, how much should be administered to produce death and what effect it will produce previous to death. In France and Italy several women have been suspected of being poisoners from the circumstance that they had bought works on toxicology.

A London paper recently published some statistics in relation to who commit crimes in England. From the prison registers of Great Britain it appears that many more men than women commit penal offenses, but it is also shown that women are much more liable to be recommitted for the same or other crimes. A prison chaplain states that a large proportion of male convicts reform, but that he can scarcely recall a case of reformation on the part of a female felon. Another strange showing is made by these prison reports. It is that nearly all the crimes of men are committed before they are thirty-five years old, while most of the crimes of women are committed after they have reached that age. If a man reaches forty, and has led an upright life, his moral character is regarded as established. But this is just the age, it appears, when women are most likely to enter a criminal career. The chaplain re-

ferred to also states that misfortune ordinarily softens the hearts of men, while it hardens the hearts of women and renders them desperate.

The police reports of all cities show that nearly all "shoplifters" are women, as are most of the persons who entice young girls. In truth, few readers ever saw the masculine of "procuress" in print. Possibly the dress of women gives them a great advantage over men in taking goods from stores. An explanation of why women commit villainous crimes, when they commit any, may be found in the fact that they are thoroughgoing in everything, good or bad, which they undertake to perform. They do nothing by halves.—Chicago Herald.

Legal Banter.

Dunning was examining a witness, whom he asked if he did not live at the very verge of the court, and received a reply in the affirmative. "And pray why have you selected such a spot for your residence?" asked the counsel.

"In the vain hope of escaping the rascally impertinence of 'dunning,'" was the unexpected answer. On another occasion the same counsel met with a stinging retort. Having dealings with a gentleman whose nose was of a somewhat peculiar type, he said to him: "Now, Mr. Coppernose, you have been sworn: what do you say?" "Why, upon my oath," replied the witness, "I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face." We are not informed what influence, if any, this evidence had upon the judge. He would probably be satisfied as to the veracity of the woman in the following case, assuming that the cross-examination be correctly reported. "Was he a tall man?" he asked. "Not very tall, your honor, much about the size of your worship's honor," replied the witness. "Was he good-looking?" "Quite contrary; much like your honor, but with a handsomer nose!" "Did he squint?" "A little, your worship, but not so much as your honor by a good deal." This we presume, is one of those cases in which comparisons would prove odious.—All the Year Round.

The Loss of Sunday.

Most people can remember what a clamor was made when the "strict" cars began to run on Sunday. Now, however, they run undisturbed by any voice of protest from the most conservative pulpit. But the innovation in the old regime of Sunday observance is much deeper and more radical than that implied in the Sunday tramway. Activities of this nature may be acquiesced in on the ground of necessity, and so made reconcilable with a belief in the essentially religious character of the day. The tendency of the change that has taken place and is still going on is to disassociate the American Sunday from all religious uses and sanctions and convert it into a secular holiday. How is this tendency, which good citizens deprecate, to be arrested and changed? We cannot go back to the old Sabbatarianism, for that is gone; neither is it necessary to question the origin of Sunday, whether it be in the Garden of Eden or at Sinai or in connection with the resurrection of Jesus Christ. However it began, here it is, and it has been for ages an integral part of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the most effectual way to secure its religious observance is by pointing out to the people with calm and sober statement what is involved in its secularization and what they would lose thereby. And what would they lose? For the great mass of the people the loss of Sunday would be the loss of the spiritual life and of a living faith in God. A man may say, I can think of God at any time, and pray to Him, or meditate upon Him, or come into communion with Him. Theoretically it is possible, but as a matter of fact, will he do it? Are we not so constituted that we must come into contact with the outward occasion to catch and feel the thought for which the occasion stands? Who can feel the full measure of Christmas joy before the Christmas season comes, or the uplifting gladness of the Easter festival in advance of the Eastertide? How long would the patriotism of any people endure without the regular recurrence of anniversary days? We need not multiply illustrations to show how dependent we are for the development of our nature upon this law of association. Shall we presume to disregard this law in matters of religion? Sunday stands for God, as no other day in the week does. For the great majority of persons, therefore, the loss or surrender of Sunday as a religious day would be the loss of God.—Trinity Record.

Launched by Electricity.

A yacht has recently been launched on the Thames by electrical appliance, which enabled all the supports to be removed on the pressing of a button and the vessel glided into the water without the slightest hitch.

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THE STORY OF A BOX.

In Seven Chapters.

CHAPTER I.—FORTY EIGHT BOXES.

In the new and wonderful dictionary which Dr. Murray, of England, is preparing, there are forty-eight distinct headings, under which the word box appears. There is a box on the ear and a Christmas-box, a hunting-box, and a jack-in-the-box, and ever so many other boxes. But the subject of this sketch is a box of a peculiar nature, and one which needs a little more than the ordinary dictionary explanation.

CHAPTER II—NAUGHTY PANDORA
You have heard of Pandora's Box

You have heard of Pandora's Box, of course you have. According to classical writers, Pandora was the name of the first woman created. Pandora means "all gifted," because the gods each gave her some power, by which she was to work the ruin of man. The account differs, but one of them says that Pandora brought with her from heaven a box containing all human ills, upon opening which, all escaped and spread over the earth, Hope alone remaining. At a still later period, the box is said to have contained all the blessings of the gods, which would have been preserved for the human race had not Pandora opened the case, so that the winged blessings escaped.

CHAPTER III—THE BUFFALO BOX
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CHAPTER IV—SOMETHING MORE.
CUTE A STORE

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clothes clean anything like it; also

shaving stick, perfumery, tooth powder, etc.; sundry articles, useful and amusing, for older folks and babies.—in short, presents for every one in a family of seventeen, including the hired man. A Yale professor writes us that it is more fun to open a Great Bangin Box than to hang up one's stocking at Christmas.

CHAPTER V.—LIST OF PRESENTS

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One fine silver-plated Butter Knife
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ing process. Quality very nice, perfume exquisite.
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One box, $\frac{1}{4}$ dozen, Creme Toilet Soap
One bottle Modjeska Tooth Powder.
One bottle Modjeska Perfume
One Napoleon Shaving Stick
One box $\frac{1}{4}$ dozen, Modjeska Complexion
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One Turkish Towel (genuine).

One Wash Cloth.

One Glove Buttoner.
One Package Pins.
One Spool Black Silk Thread.
One Japanese Silk Handkerchief.
One Gentlemen's Handkerchief (large).
One Lady's Handkerchief.
One Child's Lettered Handkerchief.
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One Cake Cutter.
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CHAPTER VII—EXPLANATION OF THE
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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Miss Halford.

Among the young ladies in Washington society who are sure to come to the front during the next season none will rank higher among the belles than Miss Halford, the daughter of the president's private secretary, of whom we give a portrait above. She is now about 17 years old and has had a very careful education. In Indianapolis she was a general favorite with all classes of society.

Has the "elixir" of life at last been discovered, and can old men be rejuvenated by a hypodermic injection of pulverized lamb in distilled water? The experiments of Dr. Hammond of New York and a number of other distinguished physicians throughout the country, based on the theory of Prof. Brown-Sequard of Paris, would lead the casual reader to think so. But before this great life-restoring "elixir" will be universally accepted it must be subjected to tests more searching than have yet been attempted. The truth is, however, that the new discovery is likely to turn out to be nothing more nor less than one of the reviving stimulants familiar in medical science, which every physician has time and again used hypodermically. It is well known that alcohol injected under the skin has a revivifying effect, providing the real elixir of life, the vital spark itself, has not burned too low. While digitalis, anodines, cocaine, and solutions of quinine are frequently used with satisfactory effect in illing old and infirm men whose power of absorption of stimulants by the stomach has been impaired. There is nothing so far to show that the Brown-Sequard "lamb test" is anything else but such a tonic. A real elixir means a renewal of life, a rejuvenation which calls for new teeth, new hair, new strength, new activities, both physical and physiological. A real elixir should make the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the dumb speak. Until such a life-giving fluid shall be found, it is folly to speak of Brown-Sequard's stimulant as an "elixir."

In a pamphlet just published on "Electrical Distribution of Heat, Light and Power," Mr. Harold P. Brown, electrical engineer, gives a partial list of the deaths occasioned by electrical lighting apparatus during the past two years. The list, which the compiler avers, "contains less than one-half the total number of deaths from this cause," shows ninety-one persons killed by the electric current in one form or other. Seven of these were killed in Detroit. It is the alternating current, according to engineer Brown, that is most certainly fatal. Yet with this ghastly record of electricity's victims the wisacres in New York are hesitating and doubting whether electricity can be trusted to destroy life.

The contest for the speakership of the next house of representatives promises to be narrowed down to Reed of Maine, McKinley of Ohio and Barrows of Michigan. A very interesting contest seems certain, and it is by no means improbable that a dark horse will carry off the prize.

The women of Boston have appointed a committee of 50 active, energetic women to carry on the plans of taking the city schools out of politics and sectarian interference, and managing them for the public interest alone.

ALL ARE RULED BY MAN.

Great Trainers Tell How They Teach Dumb Animals.

The Zebra is Hardest to Train Because He Has no Memory—Hogs Are Highly Intelligent—Animals Vary in Disposition as Well as Men.

Chailey White, the veteran animal trainer, entered the lion's cage at the tender age of fifteen, and handled the king of beasts as he would a tame kitten. For forty-five years he has done nothing else but train animals for the arena. His right shoulder is shrunk on account of an attempt by a big African lion to make an early breakfast off him. He has a theory that any animal can be trained, if more or less time is expended in the work. "Some animals are ruled by fear and others by affection."

I once trained a laughing hyena, but it was a dangerous undertaking. The repertoire of these beasts is necessarily limited and the result is not worth the trouble it gives. But of all contrary and thick-headed animals, the zebra takes the provender.

The mule is wise and docile compared to the zebra. I can teach a mule and obtain a perfect mastery over it, but the zebra has an indomitable spirit that is in open revolt all the time. It would require the assistance of a strong derick to get one of these black-striped quadrupeds to do one half the tricks of a horse. Besides it is lazier than the mule, and capricious as the wind. They are not intelligent enough to be taught many tricks and their stubborn fits make them too uncertain for every day performances. A mule has a very good memory but a zebra is incapable of remembering anything. The horse is the most intelligent of all animals of the equine breed, yet it takes from six to eight months to train one thoroughly in what we call the high school of



THE TRAINER.

Spanish trotters. Some horses are naturally more intelligent than others and on that their progress depends more or less. It is often difficult to train a horse to perform with an animal of a different species. A little pony and a baby elephant are often taught to perform together, but no one has ever seen a grown horse and a large elephant trained to do tricks together. I have been training a horse and elephant together for many months and intend to bring them out next season. One of the most difficult things for me to get the horse to do is to lie down and let the elephant walk over him. The elephant does not mind it, but the horse is frightened and has no confidence in the mastodon. It will take months of constant practice to make the horse feel secure whenever the elephant walks over him.

"Nearly every species of the animal creation has been tamed by experienced trainers and educated as much as possible in the art of doing tricks. In Germany especially, there are men who devote their lives to teaching and experimenting with animals. The big gorilla monkey, supposed to be Darwin's missing link, although ferocious and uncertain in temper, has been taught to perform. There are some animals, and amphibians, that are never taught, such as the gruffe, the hippopotamus and others that are too ungainly and awkward in their movements. The antelope and chamois have been captured and put through a curriculum of study that would educate a dozen horses or elephants without having any effect upon them whatever. It is the absence of intelligence and not stubbornness that makes it almost impossible to train them. There are few training schools for animals in America, the very place where they ought to be taught."

"Is there any secret in the art of training animals?"

"None whatever. Every trainer has his method and a natural aptitude for handling animals. Perseverance and patience can accomplish more in training dumb creatures than anything else. Hogs are very intelligent compared to other animals, but dear me! it requires patience to train them. There are certain cues by which they are taught. These cues are a series of motions on the part of the trainer which can be understood. I remember that when I first saw a hog pick out cards, work sums in arithmetic by selecting the answer on a card, I was astonished. Very soon I saw that the hog was guided in everything it did by its master's movements. Now

the hog has become an acrobat, jumps hurdles, rides, and tumbles in most approved style. The steer is not so easy to teach. I have two Devons now that are highly educated, but it took me months to do it. Their memories are defective. Once I taught a fine steer to go over a ladder one way and come back another. For two hours one day I tried to get him to do the ladder act, but it was impossible. I did everything. I got pulleys and hoisted him over but it did no good; the bovine's mind could not grasp the situation, and I failed. Then I gave it up, sat down on the ring curbstone and gazed in despair upon the stupid steer. All at once, like a flash, he mounted the stairs, went over and came back. At present I am waiting daily in the ring with a bear and a performing goat.



TEACHING THE ZEBRA.

The bear is a nervous animal and cannot be tampered with too much. They have enough intelligence to know their master and remember the tricks they have to do. Bruno is not to be trusted though any more than a monkey and for that reason I have to keep a chain about his neck while he is performing. The cerebral action of a monkey is as quick as that of a man and a bear I think, comes next.

"Do you think any animal can be trained if properly handled?"

"No. There are some dogs and horses that can never be taught anything. Some men can learn easily, while others are utterly stupid, and so it is with animals. I have had fine looking hogs and tigers that could not be taught a single trick. They could not learn, for it was not in them. Then I have selected a scowly, watery-eyed, fierce looking lion and taught him without any trouble. I have long held that no species of animal is harder to teach than another."

"Now the goat is obstreperous and seemingly hard to train but constant practice will make him a fine performer. Goats have excellent ideas of how to do a thing when once taught. Often they attempt to snirk their tricks by pretending to forget, and I dare say they do frequently forget. But where the trick is performed with the trainer a well educated goat will seldom forget his part. For instance, the moment I stoop over, as if I were getting ready for some one to jump over my head, the goat knows that he has to jump on my back and he does not hesitate. Then when I begin to stand up the animal knows that he is required to climb upon my head and in a twinkling his four feet are planted securely on the top of my cranium. When I begin to lower my head that is a signal for him to leap to the floor. You might say that all training is objective that is it is not so much a process of reasoning on the part of the animal but merely a mechanical obedience guided by the intelligence of sight."

Miss Rosa Starr has made a study of sheep the most timid of all animals. She owns three performing sheep and they do wonderful tricks. Her account of the way she succeeded in training them is interesting. "It should be known that sheep have scarcely any intelligence and therefore no memory," she said. "Sheep are cunning



A NEW WAY TO RIDE AN ELEPHANT. through a number of performances from day to day for months at a time until they seem to do their tricks merely from instinct. If they fail to do one trick in their repertoire it is useless to have them try it again at that performance. If I attempted to make them go back and do anything they omitted it would confuse them, and they would do nothing. Nearly all animals keep their eyes on their trainer while going through with a performance, but sheep never do. That very fact shows they lack the intelligence of a horse, a cow, or even a goat, because the latter do have an ocular intelligence, so to speak,

that is wonderful. Sheep have to be taught together, they are so timid and lonely when they are separated from their mates. The way I trained the three I have, and they are the only trained sheep in America, was by petting them and getting them used to me. I handled them daily, patted them on their heads, and finally got them so they knew their names. The male sheep I found much easier to train than the female. They are affectionate in their disposition and do not require much punishment to make them obey. The fact is they are willing to obey but are too dull to remember or know what to do. I have a string attached to their necks and guide them with it by driving them over the bars. At every performance I have to exercise the same care and go through with the same amount of physical exertion to make them perform. If I could stop, as I do while training them at rehearsal, and fondle them affectionately I could get more out of them in a public performance. It is strange but true, that few animals like to be down. The trainer has to throw them down frequently and hold them there. Well, I have a struggle frequently to get my sheep to lie down. Then they are anxious to get up and when the signal is given they jump up as if they were shot. Instead of a whip to pass over them I keep a stick in my hand and occasionally use it on them, not to beat but to let them know that I am near by and watching. If they would look at me I am sure I could train them to do many more clever tricks. As it is I have taught these three seven or eight tricks that they do twice a day."

William McGovern is a well-known seal trainer. He has devoted some years to these queer creatures of the Arctic seas, and has achieved wonderful success. He said that he begins to train a seal to perform in public by first making it familiar with the sound of the voice, and added: "A seal soon learns to distinguish a familiar voice from that of a stranger. It often takes me five or six weeks to accustom a seal to the sound of my voice, and the next process in training is to inspire confidence. I do this by taking it from the water and placing it on a platform. It is nervous and easily frightened, but I handle it gently and finally get control of it enough to show it how to do things. I have taught seals how to ring bells, play on instruments, shoot pistols and sing or howl. They are intelligent enough to know that after one trick they have another to do, and so they are impatient to get through. Their sight is splendid and if another man is present on the platform while they are performing they are sure to see him and object to proceeding further. They are easily frightened and if hurt in any way it takes a long time to restore their confidence."

The Pennsylvania Floods.

Many very interesting and important facts bearing upon the awful Pennsylvania floods are now being made public in a definite and authoritative way, which permits a more intelligent study of the great calamity than has hitherto been possible. For example, the state weather service has published a topographical map showing the quantity of water which fell in the forty-eight hours before the bursting of the South Fork dam in all parts of Pennsylvania. In the extreme northwestern corner of the state and in a dozen counties along the eastern border the rainfall was less than one inch. A rather narrow strip just west of the Delaware river region mentioned a large territory in the western third of the state perhaps 30 per cent of its total area, received from an inch to four inches of water. In the great central belt, comprising probably 40 per cent of the state, the rainfall was from four to eight inches and in some limited districts, including the upper part of the Conemaugh valley and the region around Williamsport on the Susquehanna, it even exceeded the higher figure. The floods did their deadly work where the heaviest fall of water occurred. The bursting of the South Fork dam followed a stram the like of which it might not have been subjected to again in a century, and if the dam had not given way the flood would probably have still been disastrous throughout the fated valley. It is not remarkable that the floods did great damage in other parts of Pennsylvania but only that such fearful rains were not more destructive.

The Baggage-Smasher.

Just now the baggage-smasher does a rushing business. He fairly gloats over the devastation he creates. In his long and dark career of smashing trunks, he has evidently knocked the hoops off his conscience, and there is no remorse reckless enough to tackle his heart strings and try to play on his mind. No brand of trunk escapes his devastating clutch. The iron-bound chest of the drummer and the flimsy Saratoga meet on a common level, and when they do meet, the splinters fly. The drummer uses the most vigorous language he can command, and a great deal of it, while the owner of the Saratoga wrings her lily-white hands, and tucks stray bits of ruffling, etc., in the fractured corners, and sighs. The injured trunks are chucked out of a baggage car and whirled away to the next slaughter-house further up the road. The dear sweet dude, the starched old deacon, and the grand and impressive member of the legislature, are alike powerless in the hands of the baggage-smasher.—Texas Siftings.

Fireworks are said to have been made by the Chinese in remote ages. They were invented in Europe at Florence about 1390.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN AFRICA.

The Terrible Rites Paid to the "In" Gods in New Calabar.

The steamer Congo brings news from New Calabar of a most revolting sacrifice, says the London Standard. It seems that a few months ago the old king of Ebode died and, as is customary in that part of the country, the traders from New Calabar went up to pay their respects to the new monarch. The traders were aware that for a short time after the old king's death the "In" rites are performed but they thought that those were over. The deceased monarch's name was Imphy and to the horror of the English traders the "In" ceremonies were at their highest when they entered Ebode Town.

The rites had been in operation for about two months, and already about forty people had been slain to appease the "In" gods. The old king was then lying in a grave which had been dug for him. The hole was a large one and deep. Lying in the same grave were nine of the king's youngest wives, and their deaths had been brought about in the most cruel manner. Each of the poor creatures had both her wrists and ankles broken, so that they could neither walk nor crawl. In this state, and suffering the most excruciating pain the unfortunate creatures were placed at the bottom of the grave seven of them lying side by side. The body of the king was then laid on them in a transverse direction. The two remaining women were laid down by the side of the king, lying exactly like the monarch's body. No food or water was given to the poor creatures, who were left in that position to die. It is said that death did not, as a rule, take place for four or five days. Four men were stationed round the grave, armed with clubs, ready to knock back with these weapons any of the women who, notwithstanding their maimed condition, were able to crawl to the side of the grave.

In other parts of the town further human sacrifices were taking place. Suspended from various trees were the bodies of several men. These poor fellows were also enduring the most agonizing death. In most instances holes had been bored through their feet just by the ankles. Though the holes were drawn and the men were then tied to a high tree. Their heads were, of course hanging downward. The men were left there to die. The traders as they were proceeding along, were unwilling witnesses of a frightful sacrificial execution. They saw a number of natives in a group and went to the spot to see what was taking place. To their horror the white men saw a native tied by the feet and neck. The rope attached to the neck was thrown over a tree in one direction and the rope attached to the feet was tied to a tree in the opposite direction. The ropes were then drawn tightly, and when the body was distended to its utmost length another native with a hatchet struck the neck and severed the head from the body. The head was taken to the grave where the king was lying, while the body was eaten by the cannibal natives. The white men could do nothing to stop the barbarous practices as to interfere with these "religious customs" would not be tolerated by the natives and the lives of the traders would have been in peril. They therefore made as quick a retreat from the town as they could. The traders learned that for the following ten months there was to be a sacrifice of seven men.

Victoria's Interest in Funerals.

I hear that the Queen has recently been concerning herself with the arrangement of Royal funerals, and that Her Majesty has caused a long memorandum on the subject to be drawn up, with a variety of new orders which extend to the most minute details. In future the body of a defunct male member of the Royal family is to be placed in the coffin in an attire of quite different material to that worn by a deceased female, and married people are not to be treated the same as the unmarried. The Queen's solicitude extends even to the making of the coffins, and there are copious directions concerning them. Embalming is absolutely prohibited.—London Truth.

Occupation for the Melancholy.

Do you know any melancholy maiden with a ready pencil who has had a disappointment in love and would like to indulge in an occupation suited to a lugubrious mind? If you do, ask her if she saw the following in one of the dailies last week: "A lady wanted, to draw, at home, original designs for coffin furniture." The unkindest cut of all is in suggesting that the work should be done at home. Such nice cheerful drawings for a tired husband to see on the table upon his return, and enough to make a father regret that his daughter had ever learned to sketch at all.—London Figaro.

JUDGE TERRY DEAD.

Shot Dead by a Deputy United States Marshal.

George D. S. Terry of California was shot and killed at Lompoc, Cal., on the 14th inst. by Deputy United States Marshal David Nagle. The affair took place in the railroad dining room at that place. Soon after the arrival of the morning train, Judge Stephen J. Field and Deputy United States Marshal David Nagle entered the dining room, followed a few minutes later by Judge Terry and his wife. They were proceeding to another table when Mrs. Terry evidently recognizing Justice Field, did not sit down but retired to the train for some unknown purpose. Before she had reached it, however, and as soon as she had left the dining room Judge Terry approached Justice Field and stooping over him snatched his face. At this juncture Deputy Marshal Nagle arose from his seat and shot Judge Terry through the heart. As he was falling the deputy marshal fired again but missed him, the bullet going through the floor. Both shots were fired in very quick succession. The judge never uttered a sound after being shot.

Judge Terry has been an infamous character in California for years, though acknowledged to be one of the foremost lawyers on the coast, and a jurist of strength and justice in his earlier days. While chief justice of the state in 1859 he had a misunderstanding with United States Senator David S. Broderick. The result was a duel and Broderick received a mortal wound. This murder brought down on Terry's head the maledictions of the people and he was compelled to resign his judgeship.

Terry remained in comparative quiet after this affair until the campaign of 1871, when he was named for elector. A howl of indignation was raised and his name was withdrawn. Another season of retirement from the public gaze followed, but when the notorious Sarah Althea Hill set up her claims as the wife of Bonanza Sharon, Terry appeared as her counsel, and during the litigation she became his wife, although young enough to be his granddaughter. The judge was especially bitter in his attacks upon the woman questioned the validity of the Hill woman's marriage to Sharon about a year ago. He argued all sense of decency by reviling Supreme Justice Field during the progress of one of the many trials that have grown out of the Sharon Hill controversy. For this he was sent to jail and was but recently released.

Justice Field and Deputy Marshal Nagle were arrested at Oakland, Cal. The affair has created the wildest excitement in every city in California.

REPUBLICAN PLANS DISCUSSED.

Executive Committee of the National League Hold Council.

The executive committee of the national league of republicans met in Saratoga, N. Y., a few days ago.

The revision of the constitution of the national organization having been referred to the committee by the national convention held last February in Baltimore, the committee have revised it so as to make the representation to the national convention as follows: Two delegates at large from each state and two from each congressional district where permanent league clubs have been established. The president, treasurer, secretary, vice president and members of the executive committee of the national organization, together with the presidents and secretaries of the several state leagues are also ex officio delegates to the national convention. Each delegate is entitled to one vote. This will increase the number of delegates to about 1,400.

Tuesday, March 4, 1890, was fixed upon as the date for the next national convention which will be held either at Nashville or Chattanooga.

Col M. S. Colburn of Manchester, N. H., was elected a member of the committee in place of Hon. Guy C. Noble, deceased. Appropriate resolutions were drawn up concerning the death of Mr. Noble.

The principal topic of discussion was the plan of holding the next convention. It was proposed to get up excursions for the delegates and make a tour of the south, stopping at towns along the route, and have prominent republicans address the delegates. Gov. Loraker of Ohio, McKim of Georgia, Woodford of Maryland have already consented to speak should this plan be carried out. The object would be to encourage southern republicans. The New York Tribune was made the official organ of the league. Messrs. Huston of Indiana, Brynes of Minnesota and Humphrey of New York were appointed a special committee with power to confer with a sub-committee of the republican national committee in ripping out general political work and conferring together for the good of the party. The idea is to work in perfect harmony. The result of the work of the committee was detailed to various committees.

IN A FIERY FURNACE.

Three Negroes Imitate the Three Hebrew Children, Near Bessemer, Ala.

The most remarkable religious craze prevades the Negroes near Bessemer, Ala., and the country intermediate between that rapidly growing place and Birmingham.

For some time past an old Negro, Tobias Jackson, has been proclaiming himself as Daniel the Prophet, and doing all kinds of singular, wild and queer things. The Negroes in this section are ignorant and superstitious, and Jackson's actions and the great powers with which he claimed to be invested awed them. Recently he persuaded three young Negro men that they were representatives of Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego. He proclaimed that a furnace where iron is melted was the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, and that they should enter and pass through without being hurt. The three Negroes deliberately entered the gate of the cupola of the furnace and rushed headlong before they could be stopped into the white heat of the melting iron. When they failed to come out Jackson proclaimed that he saw them rising in the air with the smoke of the furnace, attended by angels, and said that they would revisit the earth again the following Sunday.

The Negroes met at church Sunday and prayed awaiting the descent of the three children of Israel. The mother of one of them said when asked about the matter "I feel yes as my boy is in heaven as if I'd done as he and seed him. Jackson, do prophet, mamma, m to walk in do fiery furnace, and he bleegeed tew bay im."

To the G. A. R.

A general order issued by Commander-in-Chief Warner states that the business session of the department will convene at the West Side Turner hall, August 23, at 10 a. m. The national council of administration will meet at the Plankinton house, August 26. The parade will take place Tuesday, August 27, and will be commanded by the Commander-in-Chief in person. The line of march will not exceed two and one-half miles in length.

A Lucky Russian.

Arkansas Traveler, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 3.

The reports of the July 16th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company show that one-twentieth of ticket No. 42,758, which drew the first capital prize of \$500,000 in that drawing, was held by Abraham Weinger of 401 South Canal Street, Chicago. A traveler reporter called at Mr. Weinger's place of residence and was informed that he had just gone to New York City, where it is expected that he will meet his wife, who is now on her way to America from Russia. From Mr. Weinger's friends and neighbors it was learned that he is a Russian by birth, about twenty-eight years of age, and that he has been in America but sixteen months, most of which time has been spent in Chicago, where he has followed the occupation of a tailor, which is the trade to which he was brought up. Mr. Weinger received his \$500,000 through the express company a few days after the drawing. It was learned that Mr. Weinger has been a frequent patron of the lottery, but until now without success. Mr. Weinger has been all of his life a poor man and it is to be hoped he will make good use of his suddenly acquired wealth.

Not of His Raising.

Uncle Ben, your son was fooling around my hen-coop last night, and I came very near catching him. He had his hand on a chicken, but let it go when he heard me. "Boss, did yer say he had a hand on a chicken an den let it go?" "I did."

"Dea 'twasn't none ob my son. Dat nigger war'n't none ob my raisin'!"—Time.

Confidence Begot of Success.

So confident are the manufacturers of that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that it will do all they represent in the cure of liver, blood and lung diseases, that after witnessing its thousands of cures for many years past they now feel warranted in selling it (as they are doing through druggists) under a positive guarantee of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. No medicine of ordinary merit could be sold under such severe conditions with profit to its proprietors, and no other medicine for the diseases for which it is recommended was ever before sold under a guarantee of a cure or no-pay in all blood taints and impurities of whatever nature, it is most positive in its curative effects. Pluriplex blotches eruptions and all skin and scalp diseases are radically cured by this wonderful medicine. Scrofulous diseases may effect the glands, causing swellings or tumors, the bones, causing "fever sores," or white swellings, or "hip joint disease," or the tissues of the lungs, causing pulmonary consumption. No matter in which one of its myriad forms it crops out, or manifests itself, "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure it if used persistently and in time.

Its thousands of cures is the best advertisement for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A Fairy Tale.

A famous woodsman once boasted that he could find his way through a wilderness and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for the return trip. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. While he rested came the genius of industry, and breathed upon his thread and changed it into two shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Throughs of people whirled past him in luxurious cars, and he read upon the train the mystic legend "Wisconsin Central."

Good for Ohio.

Four native-born Ohio men have been presidents of the United States and their wives were all natives of Ohio—Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Harrison. Mrs. Hayes was the most eminent. Mrs. Garfield held the most important of the ladies who ever occupied the White House up to Mrs. Harrison's time.—Dayton Journal.

Would You Believe

The proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives thousands of bottles away yearly. This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for coughs and all throat and lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after the first dose. Don't hesitate! Secure a bottle to day to keep in your house or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottles free at all druggists. Large size 60c and \$1.

Mrs. Harrison would like a little more of Home, Sweet Home in the White House.

Cut Rates to the West.

Cheap tickets to all points in Kansas, Colorado, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Texas and other States and Territories in the West will be sold by the Santa Fe Route from Chicago and other points along the line on August 6 and 10 Sept. 10 and 24 and October 8.

For particulars ask your Ticket Agent or write to John J. Byrne, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Santa Fe Route, Chicago.

Grand Harvest Excursions

Will run via the Wabash line to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Dakota, Colorado and all parts of the west, on August 10 September 10 and 24 and October 8, 1890. Rate one fare for round trip. For particulars apply to nearest Wabash ticket agent.

It is meet that the Sandwich Islands should be populated by the descendants of Ham.

University of Notre Dame

Among the educational institutions of the United States there are but few that have advanced as rapidly as the University of Notre Dame—established over forty-six years. It rapidly passed to the front rank and has each succeeding year kept pace with the demands of the times. No better educational institution can be found anywhere, which the large and increasing patronage it enjoys from all sections of the country testifies. Parents contemplating placing their sons or wards at school will obtain full information and catalogue by addressing Rev. T. E. Walsh, President University Notre Dame, Ind.

Few men are ever so tired in these hot days that they cannot lift a schooner.

Excursion to Petoskey and Traverse City.

Tuesday, Sept. 3rd, over Detroit, Lansing & Northern R. R. Special trains through without change, \$5 for the round trip from Detroit, \$4 from Lansing, \$3.50 from Ionia and Saginaw, and proportionate rates from all other stations. Tickets good for ten days. If you cannot get particulars address John R. Wood, Trav. Pass. Agt. D. L. & N., Detroit, Mich.

These be the days when even sober men may be seen clutching at straws.

E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

Through Sleeper Daily to Texas Points.

On and after August 11, 1890, the C. B. & Q. R. R. will run in connection with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry from Hannibal, a sleeping car from Chicago to Galveston, Texas, without change, thus making a new short daily line between Chicago and Sedalia, Ft. Scott, Parsons, Denison, Ft. Worth, Waco, Austin, Houston—Galveston, and other points in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas. The sleeper will leave Chicago on the Burlington's fast train "Elmer" at 5:45 p. m. daily, connect with C. B. & Q. train leaving Peoria at 8:30 p. m. daily except Sunday, and reach Texas points many hours quicker than any other route. Through tickets can be obtained of ticket agents of the Burlington Route and connecting lines. P. S. Eustis Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R. Chicago.

The proper name of the humble bee is humble bee. But humble as he is he won't allow himself to be sat upon.

Send two cents in stamps to E. I. Lo max, General Passenger Agent Union Pacific railway, Omaha, Neb., and secure a handsomely bound copy of Outdoor Sports and Pastimes, containing complete rules for Lawn Tennis, Croquet and Base Ball, free. Just issued.

When Shakespeare remarked, "All the world's a stage," the world was rather sower than it is nowadays.

This is the age of wonders, and the average American citizen is no longer surprised at anything. If you want to experience that sensation, however, just write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1000 Main St., Richmond, Va., and hear what they have got to say of the success of some of their agents. They have got the goods that sell, and any one out of employment will consult their own interests by applying to them.

Jokes about the ice man do not go in Greenland, the ice there is 6,000 feet thick—delivered at the door free.

A pocket match safe free to smokers of Tansil's Pure Havana Cigar.

The pedagogue keeps school until the heated term comes on and then he keeps cool somewhere else.

Ever since 1864 there have been women quore each year who claim that there is no soap half as good, or as economical as Dobbins' Electric. There must be some truth in their claim. Try it. See how much Your grocer has it.

Even Wall street cannot defy natural laws. When the "short" is "squeezed" he is shorter—very much so.

Illinois Central Railroad

Excursions South.

For a free copy of "Southern Home-Seekers' Guide, Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Guide to McComb City, Mississippi," address the undersigned.

A. H. HANSON, J. F. MERRY, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt., Chicago Manchester, Iowa.

The King of the Cannibal Islands used to have many domestic broils when he cooked his servants.

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

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
SHORTENS LABOR
LESSENS PAIN
DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD
BROADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ASK FOR THE OLD RELIABLE!
USE THE BEST NO TAKE
TRAZERS' PINE GREEN
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Excellent for Cuts, Bruises, Burns, etc.

New Way
Don't rub the dirt out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. Labor-saving directions on every package.

Beware
Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers.

Excelsior Springs, Mo. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc. For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to F. Chandlee, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

ST. JACOBS OIL

FOR LAMENESS AND SWELLINGS.

In Ohio H. P. - Union, Fulton Co., Ill., Jan. 1890. "Three or four years ago I was taken with lameness in my hip, which was a great deal of trouble. I tried several doctors without benefit, and was cured by three or four applications of St. Jacobs Oil." Wm. H. H. H. H.

Always There. - Elmira, Mich., May 10, '93. "Have used St. Jacobs Oil for lameness with best results. Have used it for twelve years, always in such." J. P. WHITMAN, Druggist.

Swellings. - Little Chute, Wis., May 21, 1893. "Suffered three years with swellings from impure blood, cured by external use of St. Jacobs Oil. No return in five years." ARNOLD VON KANDEL.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTERS' LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

These Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Biliary Disorders, such as Biliousness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Costiveness, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BEST WOVEN-WIRE FENCING

Wire Rope Salvage

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS. Orders to match. Solid wire or galvanized. In line of goods. For full particulars free. Write to W. H. WHITE, JR., CO. 200 North Market and Ontario Sts., Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL TO MICHIGAN FARMERS.

The R. R. Commission of Michigan has approved of our fencing for gate of any fencing. Have R. R. crossing your land and the R. R. Commission will give you a certificate with the R. R. on the fence. No more fencing.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS!

and Iron Mt. Route

Half Rates for the Round Trip

To all points in Arkansas, Texas, Kansas and Nebraska, August 6th and 20th September 10th and 24th and October 10th. Thirty days' limit, ample stop over privileges. Cheap lands. Come early for first choice. For descriptive pamphlet free address company's agents or H. C. Townsend, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

IRRIGATED LANDS

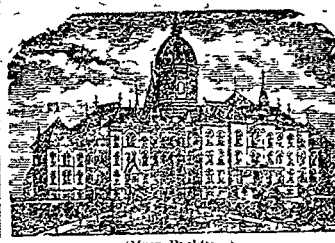
In Rio Pecos Valley, in Southernmost New Mexico. Choice land, stone soil, abundance of pure water, a delightful climate all the year, almost continuous sunshine, altitude 5,000 feet, healthiest location in the U. S., no consumption, no malaria. 20 acres will yield a competency. Write for particulars, naming this paper, to Pecos Irrigation & Investment Co., 84 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

THE BEST PRICE
COUGH MEDICINE
25 CTS.
PISO'S CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DWIGHT'S COW BRAND SODA OR SALT WATER
TO MAKE DELICIOUS BISCUIT
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR COW BRAND SODA OR SALT WATER. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Old Way
Don't rub the dirt out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. Labor-saving directions on every package.

Don't
What is it that frays your collars, cuffs and shirts, and pulls off the buttons and strings? What is it that ruins your paint? It's the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, to make clean. PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear, on the clothes, the paint, and the woman herself. Millions now use PEARLINE. It is the modern soap, and a fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits.



THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

The school conducted by the Society of Jesus. The building is one of the most magnificent in the world. The school is one of the most famous in the world. The school is one of the most famous in the world.

A thorough commercial course is also a feature of the institution. Special advantages will be placed within the reach of those who wish to study.

THE MINING Department, for boys under thirteen, is a separate department, and is particularly well equipped. Catalogues and prospectuses will be sent on application to Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President, Notre Dame, Ind.

NORTHERN PACIFIC.

LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS and

FREE! Government LANDS. 640 ACRES of each in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

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