

ROMANCE OF THE WHEEL.

"Maggie, I cannot; I feel giddy now." Poor Aunt Mary was white to the lips and I saw it would never do to press her. Time was short, too.

"No, you cannot. Get out quickly." "I don't like to spoil your pleasure. I think I will try. It is not for very long."

"No, I won't have it." "But you have so wished to go. I suppose—doubtfully—you wouldn't go alone?"

"Yes, yes, I will. Quick!" And, none too soon, I succeeded in getting her out. As I did so a man sprang on to the car.

I was so taken up with speaking cheery words to poor Aunt Mary, who looked distinctly better already for being on terra firma, and in waving good-bys to her, that I did not notice my fellow passenger—the only one—for some time.

We were in the great wheel at Earl's court. I had often wished to make the ascent, and to-day had prevailed on Aunt Mary to accompany me. She has always been over-indulgent to my whims, and I, like all spoiled people, have always been ready to avail myself of her indulgence, and to tax it to the full; but I really had no idea that this wheel journey was such a terror to her, or I hope I should not have been so persistent.

I was enjoying the delightful ascent to the full, and, absorbed in looking out at the huge city lying far beneath, had not once glanced toward my fellow traveler.

I was startled to find myself addressed by him.

"Pardon me, but I think we are old acquaintances."

I looked and recognized—though with difficulty—my old friend, Cecil Farquhar—the last person in the world I wanted to meet. He and I had been lovers, and were so no more. Five years ago he had left me to take up an appointment in the far east. I had nearly broken my heart over the parting, and had written piteous letters. His letters got fewer and cooler (I don't believe the best man can remember an absent woman for long); and I, in my pride and anger, had suggested that, if he no longer cared for me, it would be better to break our engagement at once. By return mail came a letter, acquiescing in my suggestion; and for the last three years I had been endeavoring to persuade myself that I didn't care. Not with uniform success.

II.

My only feeling, however, on recognizing him now was unreasoning anger. "I think, Mr. Farquhar, that it was very questionable taste to thrust yourself upon me in this way!"

"Good heavens! Do you suppose I did it on purpose? This infernal machine was just off. No time for choice. However, it is not for long."

"How long?" I asked. "I believe the circuit is made in about 20 minutes, and I should think nearly half that time has elapsed already. You need not fear that I shall intrude myself any further on your notice."

"It certainly does seem unnecessary to resume our acquaintance." "As you please."

I bowed, and he retired to the further corner of the car, where he sat steadily looking out of the window.

I glanced toward him. Yes, he had altered, but for the better. He was broader and browner, and that silky beard was a distinct improvement. Really, though, this had no interest for me—he was nothing to me.

I resumed my study of the view. We must be descending now. How slowly we were going! We scarcely seemed to move; I looked at my watch; it must have gone madly wrong, for according to its register we had already been half an hour, and the whole journey only took 20 minutes. I saw a great many heads thrust out from the various cars, and it seemed as if some anxiety was felt.

We had undoubtedly stopped. I would have given anything to speak to Cecil Farquhar, yet pride forbade me.

Perhaps he would begin. I looked toward him. His head was out of the opposite window. I rattled my parasol, and changed my position somewhat noisily. No notice was taken.

Shall I speak? Fear and curiosity have a hard battle with pride. Two to one ought to win; but pride is very strong.

Surely he must look round soon. Still that impervious back!

Now he is talking to some one. I can't catch the words, but the voices sound anxious. I must know. It is absolutely inhuman not to tell me. Something must have gone wrong with the machinery—perhaps we are in danger. I must know. Pride is well-nigh vanquished. I go over to his side of the carriage.

"Mr. Farquhar!"

He doesn't hear, and thrusts himself further out of the window to listen to what the man in the car beneath is saying. I strain my ears to listen and catch a word or two: "Can't move machine—great fear—hours."

Pride is laid low. I pull his coat.

He turns round at last, with a look of extreme surprise.

"I don't care."

"Tell me—I must know! What has happened?"

"They cannot move the wheel! Something has gone wrong with the chains! It may be some hours before they succeed in putting it right."

I suppose I looked very scared, for he says almost kindly:

"I do not think there is any danger—only inconvenience."

"But how awful for us to be imprisoned here!"

A fierce look of anger comes into his eyes. I remembered it, years ago.

sure, I will go and leave you to yourself.

"You cannot, we are in the most precarious risk could be enormous." "I'll chance it. I am strong, and have a good nerve and a steady head; and if the worst comes there is no one left to care."

He opened the door and prepared to step out on to the iron framework of the huge wheel.

III.

At the sight of the man whom I had so truly loved in my girlhood subjecting himself to this awful risk, every vestige of the petulant pride that had dominated me a moment before vanished. I only saw my lover of former days—the only man who had ever really stirred my heart—in danger.

I leaped forward, holding out imploring hands to him.

He had already begun to descend. I bent forward, and tried to reach him.

His left arm was stretched upward, grasping the girders above him.

What is that gleam of gold I see at his wrist? Ah! I recognize it. My bangle that he took from me years ago and had soldered on to his own arm. A mist of tears dim my eyes. I lean forward, stretching my arms toward him.

"Stay, Cecil, for my sake!" "How did it happen? I could never quite tell. I missed my footing. For a second my brain reeled; and then I find myself firmly clasped in his right arm, while with his left and with feet and knees he clings desperately.

"Madge, Madge!" he says, hoarsely, "for God sake nerve yourself! Cling to something! I cannot hold you like this long. Try all you know."

"I will." And I suit the action to the word by grasping the lower part of the door sill with both hands. "Promise me you will not attempt the descent."

"No, I will not, I swear!" He is still holding me, for my feet are below the steps. We are in hideous peril, but one dare not realize it.

I have cause now to be thankful that an annual mountaineering in Switzerland has strengthened my nerve and muscle.

Somehow I regain the car in safety. Cecil is quickly beside me, and then, oh! crowning ignominy—I fling myself, sobbing, into his arms. It does not seem to strike him as strange, for I am folded close to his heart and soothed and fondled as I used to be in the old days before he left me.

"Madge, dear little girl, you have not forgotten me after all?" "Never, never, though I tried so hard. And you?"

"I tried to, when I heard you were fond of some one else."

"I never was."

"Why did you write as you did?" "I thought you did not care any more."

"By the same mail I got a letter from my cousin saying you were engaged to that lanky Irishman, Malone."

"Which cousin?" "Gertrude Gray."

"Why, Cecil, she must have wanted to part us. Yes, I always thought she cared for you."

He flushes and says: "Was there no truth in the report about Malone, Madge?"

"Not a word, indeed; and indeed—"

He bends and kisses my lips.

"Madge—little sweetheart that used to love me—I was going to see Gertrude this evening to ask her to take pity on a lonely man in the far east. Shall I go?"

He has to bend low for the answer. But it is "No," emphatic, though whispered, and he is satisfied.

IV.

Everyone has heard of the night out in the Great Wheel.

Sixteen hours! A wearisome time to many, but we had the story of five years to tell each other and plans to make for the future. It was none too long. Godfrey's hand below, brought close to the wheel to relieve the tedium of the term of imprisonment, playing wild, sweet waltz music, formed a fitting accompaniment to the talk in which "Do you remember?" was ever on our lips.

The brave tar who did climb the girders, bringing refreshment to the prisoners, seemed to take in the situation and offered us his congratulations in the heartiest manner imaginable. Cecil was half inclined to be angry, but happiness won the day, and he ended by giving the sailor a most wildly extravagant "baksheesh."

We sent a telegram to Aunt Mary, which she never got, for she did not go home, as I had hoped she would, but she spent the night in the gardens close at the foot of the inert monster.

When at last the word was passed up that all was right and we should soon move it was to us a subject of regret; and the descent was all too rapid.

Aunt Mary was on the spot to receive me, full of regrets and commiseration.

"I shall never forgive myself for not coming. Fancy your spending all those hours alone on that—most terrible wheel!"

"I was not alone. I met a friend. You have heard of Mr. Farquhar, auntie?" She had, as having behaved very badly to me! She gave him a look which was quite healthily vicious.

"I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"We must remedy that, Mrs. Earle," he says, pleasantly, "because it is my good fortune to be your prospective nephew."

A SLAUGHTER OF CROWS.

They Were Cuddling, but Glossoberry Terminated 177 of Them at Last. John Glossoberry, an elderly farmer living in a rocky vale near Northfield, Conn., in the watershed of the Butter-nut brook, which flows into the Water-bury reservoir, long deemed himself able to cope with almost all of the difficulties which beset the life of a Connecticut agriculturist, but lately he has been forced to confess that a flock of crows on his premises proved too smart.

About a mile from Glossoberry's wood-colored farmhouse in a good-sized tract of handsome pine trees that for years sheltered an increasing flock of crows. For more than a year this flock was a menace to his grain, his gardens, and finally to his poultry yard. So numerous and bold had the crows become last summer that they not only robbed his hens and turkeys of their eggs, but also distracted the attention of the brood hens and stole small chickens. Three or four crows would attack a hen and her brood and in a day or two carry off all but the mother.

As soon as he finished his husking Glossoberry took his shotgun from the hooks over his front door, and sallied forth to the crow roost in the pine woods with the avowed intention of waging a war of extermination upon the crows. He got one shot at them and brought down a single bird. The rest of them rose in a cawing, angry cloud, and Glossoberry could not get the cunning marauders within range again. Glossoberry is a fair shot, but he found to his chagrin that it was practically impossible to reduce the number of the wary creatures with his gun. They would circle all about him the instant his gun was discharged, screaming as if in contempt, but always just out of reach.

He at length gave up his desultory warfare, and undertook to outwit the crows by setting a trap—a long line to which several lateral lines, each with a hook, were tied. The hooks on the crow trawl were very small, and each was baited with a single kernel of corn, so carefully put on that it seemed impossible that the kernel could be taken up without the hooks being swallowed. He set the trawl in his corn field, which had been the scene of many depredations. He covered the cord with dry earth, leaving nothing exposed except the bait. Then he scattered corn around to make the bait look natural. The crows paid their customary chattering visit to the corn field in the afternoon, and fluttered about in great glee, finally going away without leaving a single unfortunate hooked. Upon visiting the snare Glossoberry found the corn all gone, even the hooks having been stripped clean, and he was not long in making up his mind that some other artifice must be used before he could hope to catch crows.

His next move was to go into the woods and capture alive a large screech owl. This he took home to use as a decoy. He knew, as every farmer's boy in these parts knows, that the owl is one of the few enemies which the crow has much reason to dread. The owl robs the crows' nests of their young whenever possible, and when a crow discovers an owl blinking helplessly in the glare of the sun it at once seeks revenge. Glossoberry tied the owl to the limb of an old tree in the corn field, and speedily found, as he had hoped, that the owl proved an irresistible magnet to the crows. An advance guard flew at the owl, screaming loudly and calling apparently on all the crows within hearing to attack the common enemy. The farmer ran at top speed to the house of a neighbor to get additional gunners to aid him in exterminating the flock. The gunners came, but his plans miscarried. One of the gunners, in his haste to kill off the birds, sighted one near the owl, and killed off the decoy instead of its tormentor. That at once ended the sport.

Glossoberry could not find another screech owl, but he at length hit upon still another plan of warfare which makes him to-day a fairly well satisfied man as far as killing crows is concerned. After two weeks of work with the box traps he caught two crows alive. These he pinned on their backs to the ground in an open field near the roost. They were held by their wings between the pegs, yet not so closely as to prevent them from fluttering. Crows are inquisitive when they see other crows in trouble and when Glossoberry's crows saw the struggling captives the whole lot flew about them. Glossoberry had thought the two crows would prove as strong an attraction as the owl had been, and he had his neighbors on hand, but the captive pair surprised him by serving his purpose much better than had the owl. The captive crows tackled fiercely the first of the flock that came near and held on tenaciously. This brought on a full-fledged crow riot and the whole flock was soon in a fight. The air above the spot was black with crows.

Glossoberry and his party waited until the fight extended to the whole flock and then they began blazing away at the birds. All the usual caution of the birds seemed to be gone. The birds continued the fight despite the approach of the men and the shots. There were four gunners in the party, and they used cartridges of coarse shot, firing as rapidly as possible. When they finished a remnant of the flock flew away, leaving 177 dead and wounded on the ground. The survivors have made themselves scarce about Glossoberry's farm ever since. His neighbors declare his last expedition would have failed but for the unexpected conduct of the captive crows in grappling with their inquisitive visitors.—N. Y. Sun.

Amplly Demonstrated. "How singular it happened that Mrs. Delaware was able to find proof that she had known her husband in a previous incarnation." "How did she discover it?" "She found a letter she had given him to post in a former state of existence."—Buffalo Times.

PITH AND POINT.

At the Cricket Match. "Gertie—'What a splendid ball! Dertie Ootflak hit!' May—'Yes, dear; but he is a much better batsman.'"—Sketches Bits. "Correspondent—'I should like to write for your paper. You want the manuscript sheets blank on one side, don't you?' Managing Editor—'On both sides, if you please.'"—Flegende Blaetter.

"Aunt—'Come here, Fritz, at once!' Fritz—'Not unless you promise me another piece of cake.'" "No more cake to-day." "Then I won't come. I'll see if I can't cure your stubbornness.'"—Flegende Blaetter.

"Figuring on the Future. —'How did you dare to tell father that you were a prospect of \$100,000 a year?' she asked. "Why," he answered, in righteous indignation, "I have—if I marry you."—Washington Star.

"Sure to Be Popular. —'Mudger feels sure his new 'Romeo and Juliet' will make a hit.'" "What are the high lights?" "Juliet dives off the balcony in her bloomers, and they elope on their wheels.'"—Chicago Record.

Between Two Evils.—Lady (to dirty tramp)—'Here's a piece of soap, and hope you will wash yourself with it, and here is a piece of homemade cake to eat.'" Dirty Tramp (critically surveying the soap and cake)—'Is the soap homemade, too, mum?' Lady—'Of course not.'" Dirty Tramp—'Then, if you don't mind, mum, I'll rather eat the soap and scrub myself with the cake.'"—Fun.

"Unless I can marry your daughter," said the pale-faced young man, "I feel certain that I shall die." "Is that so?" replied the girl's father; "young man, you've come to the right shop. There's my card. We have coffins of all kinds and prices. I shall expect you to call directly. Or, wait; perhaps it will be necessary for some of your friends to call. Here, take half a dozen cards." And the young man went out into the night, and as he gazed up at the stars he thanked heaven that he was safe from connecting himself with such a sordid, shop-talking family.—Boston Transcript.

A HURRICANE INCIDENT.

What the Old Cedar Tree Held in Its Roots.

The rocks that bound the major part of Howard county, and that find their most prominent home in the bosoms of the high hills that compose the frontispiece of Ellicott City, hold within their precincts the most interesting and thrilling records of the great storm.

On one of the most prominent hills that garrison the city is located a graveyard, within whose shadows lie the remains of those who gave the name to the town—the Ellicotts. In its great sweep of destruction from the south the storm selected Howard county in general, and Ellicott City in particular, for a display of its power.

In the old Ellicott burying ground for years there has stood a noble cedar tree. It was the sentinel at the grave of the late Mr. Nathaniel Ellicott.

As though it had been an infant pine, the wind, in its fury, lifted the big cedar tree up from its resting place of many years, and what had been the pride of the old cemetery, in a twinkling became food for the debris pile. But the mere uprooting of the old cedar tree was not all that the wind did the other morning. When the sight-seers were making their rounds they discovered something attached to the roots of the tree that was foreign to the ordinary growth of the earth. It was a coffin containing a human body that the roots of the tree held in their grasp.

A close investigation revealed the fact that the coffin which the old tree roots held in their hands was that of Nathaniel Ellicott when brought to full view. The roots of the tree held the coffin just like the hand of a skeleton would hold an object. One root, or finger, had wended its way through the coffin lid and the body of the coffin, and made an opening. Another had slipped under the coffin, forming a perfect wreath around it. In the uprooting of the cedar the top of the coffin was broken off, and a glance of the interior given. In it were two rib bones and one leg bone. But for the old tombstone that defied the power of the storm, it would have been difficult to tell who had been the occupant of the upturned coffin.

But in letters plain were these words: "To the memory of Nathaniel Ellicott, who died January 18, 1841, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Son of Andrew and Elizabeth Ellicott." As soon as the relatives of the Ellicott family, residing in Ellicott City, heard of the occurrence, they employed an undertaker and the body was reinterred.—Baltimore American.

BRISTLES WITH FORTS.

No Less Than 118 Modern Guns Frown on the Dardanelles. Few places lend themselves so readily to the purposes of defense as the narrow straits that separate the Sea of Marmora from the Egean and are known as the Dardanelles.

On either side of the narrow water-way nature seems to have conspired to render difficult the passage of the invader. Nor has man been backward in assisting her designs. By the erection of works of defense along both shores he has endeavored to improve by art the natural capabilities of the place.

The first signs of fortifications that meet the eye on entering the channel are the twin forts of Sedd-ul-Bahr and Koum-Kaleh, on the European and Asian coasts, respectively, guarding the entrance of the passage, which here is about five miles broad. The old forts at these points are stone buildings, very much out of date now and containing some ten or twelve Paikhan guns. New batteries have been erected near the old one and mount ten Krupp guns on the Asian and four Krupp guns of 28 centimeters on the European shore.

This point passed, the channel widens considerably before narrowing to its least width, opposite the town of Chanak-Kaleh, otherwise known as the strait takes its name. This is the key to the whole passage. Here lie the chief works of defense on either coast, which, by their mutual defense, if properly manned, would render a successful passage by a fleet almost impossible. On the right, or Asian side, rise the works of Chanak-Kaleh, consisting of a main redan, mounting at least one Krupp gun of 35 centimeters and an earthwork also armed with Krupps. Close to these modern works is an old stone castle possessing nine bronze guns, which, with their stone shot, are now more curious than effective. In the town itself, which is built on a flat point and enjoys a considerable trade in wine and pottery, are some large military magazines and a military hospital.

On the opposite coast is the old fort of Kilit Bahr, at the foot of a steep hill, its towers overlooked by the new fort, built on higher ground and known by the name of Fort Namazieh, a recent work, and one of the greatest importance, both from its position and its armament, which consists of 24 Krupp guns of various calibers, the whole work being supported by three batteries, each mounting four guns.

It is difficult to imagine any place more admirably suited for defense than this exceedingly narrow part of the channel, commanded as it is by works armed with modern weapons, and to which an additional advantage is given by a turn in the channel which obliges advancing vessels to slacken speed when just opposite the forts. And, once beyond this dangerous spot, success does not necessarily await the incoming ship, which still finds many forts, old and new, ready to open fire on it from either shore.

On the European side are the Forts of Deirmen-Bournou and Tcham-Bournou, the former new, the latter old, but with a newly-erected earthwork in its vicinity; while further on lie Forts Maitos and Bokhal-Kaleh and a battery at Kelia Tepe, all modern or modernized and mounting modern guns.

On the Asian shore beyond Fort Chanak-Kaleh is Medjidieh Fort, with 16 Krupp guns, and this is succeeded by Fort Kiseh-Kaleh, an old stonework, and then by the Nagara group, consisting of an old fort with 37 guns, a new earthwork with 11 Krupps, and two new redoubts commanding the whole, and each mounting eight guns.

This exhausts the list of batteries, and it must be confessed that the array of works is a formidable one, and the muzzles of no less than 67 Krupp guns on one side and 48 on the other, all bearing on the channel, render its successful passage enormously difficult.

Along each shore a good road connects the works, which are further united by a telegraph line. There is, however, one weak spot in the defense of the Dardanelles, which is the exposure to attack from the rear of the forts on the European side. An army covered by a sufficient fleet might, without much difficulty, land on the coast of the peninsula, either in the Gulf of Saros or on the coast opposite the Isle of Imboe. Once established on the peninsula it would be an easy task to seize the earthworks on the European shore of the Dardanelles, the gorges of which are, as a rule, open, and offer little resistance to attack from the rear.

With these commanding forts in his hands, an enemy could subdue those on the opposite coast sufficiently to cover the passage of his fleet. To prevent this a larger garrison and some good works are required in the peninsula, but here, it is believed, want of money stands in the way.—Boston Globe.

The Coffee-Eating Habit. The coffee-eating habit is on the increase, and it is probably the worst that can be found, says a well-known physician. Coffee when boiled and taken as a beverage is not only injurious, but beneficial unless taken in very large quantity, but when eaten as roasted is productive of a train of ills that finally result in complete mental and physical prostration. I have had a number of cases of the kind, and they are as difficult to cure as those arising from the opium habit. The trouble is more prevalent among young girls than any one else. They eat parched coffee without any definite object, just as they eat soapstone slate pencils, with much more disastrous results. The coffee eater becomes weak and emaciated, the complexion is muddy and sallow, the appetite poor, digestion ruined, and nerves all unstrung. Coffee will give a few minutes of exhilaration, followed with great weakness. The victims nearly die when deprived of the accustomed stimulant.—Washington Star.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Adelina Patti has received the freedom of the town of Brecon in Wales, in return for her benefactions to her neighbors.

—A plunge of seventy feet three inches was made recently at the Boodle Baths by Maj. W. Taylor; this beats the previous British record by five feet.

—Sardinia is to be made the center of Italy's defense in the Mediterranean if parliament will vote the money. Porto Torres is to be turned into a great military post, while strategic lines of railroads will be built over the whole island.

—A list of private libraries in the world, with a description of their contents, is about to be published in Leipzig. The first part describes over 500 libraries in the United States and Canada; the second part will take up the private libraries of Great Britain.

—A Churchman's Liberation League, composed of clergymen and laymen, has been formed in London to promote the separation of church and state in England by means of disestablishment, on the ground that the connection "has become injurious to the spiritual interests of the church and a hindrance to the progress of true religion."

—Axim, on the African gold coast, must have a very large population. The natives have the present custom of putting to death the tenth child in every family. The local authorities assert that thousands of children are destroyed on account of this superstitious practice, but that the influence of the fetish priests is so great that only stringent legislation can stop the slaughter.

UNCLE SAM'S DOCUMENTS.

Tales of Heroism and Daring Buried in a Government Report.

Public documents, as a general thing, are rather a neglected form of literature and seldom read by any except the seeker after information. The public at large has an idea that the reports of the various government bureaus are a mass of facts, cold and dry. This is true to a certain extent; yet some very interesting reading is turned out of Uncle Sam's print shop, says a Washington letter. Mr. Maxwell, the fourth assistant postmaster general, in his annual report this year almost touches upon the novel. His accounts of the pursuit and capture of train robbers and other depredators upon the United States mails would do credit to a writer for one of the New York weekly sensational sheets. One of the most important and probably most neglected publications of the government, however, is the annual report of the operations of the United States life-saving service. The report of 1895 has recently been issued, and tells of deeds of daring that in any other sort of publication would be classed as good fiction. It is probable that this interesting document will be read by but few people outside of those immediately connected with the life-saving service and those to whom assistance was rendered. During the year 1895 251 life-saving stations were maintained, the greater number located along the Atlantic coast line. There are a number of stations on the great lakes, and one on a river—that at the falls of the Ohio near Louisville.

There were 675 disasters reported during the year 1895, involving property valued at over \$10,000,000. Nearly nine-tenths of this was saved by the life-saving service, with the assistance of salvage companies and wrecking tugs. There were 5,823 lives threatened by these disasters, and but 26 were lost. Out of the 675 vessels that were in jeopardy but 73 were totally destroyed. The New Jersey coast proved to be most dangerous, as it has in the past. This coast is guarded by 49 stations, and while 1,000 persons were on board vessels, but one life was lost, and out of the \$2,000,000 worth of property in peril, considerably less than \$100,000 worth was lost. This does not take into account the vessels and lives saved by the warning signals of the patrolmen. It is estimated that several hundred vessels were warned from perilous positions by lights and other signals.

The report states that the average annual loss of life by disasters at sea from 1877 to 1895, inclusive, has been one out of every 107 persons on board the vessels in danger, and the average loss of property 22 per cent. of the amount involved.

The life-saving service has been in operation for about 25 years, and during this period the number of disasters on the coast of the United States has been 8,302, involving property valued at \$133,641,974. The estimated value of the property lost was \$31,209,927. There were 67,329 lives in jeopardy and but 750 were lost. This service cost the United States during the year 1895 \$1,285,577—an infinitesimal amount when the service rendered is taken into consideration.—St. Louis Republic.

What the Kaiser Eats.

Some curious details are published about the meals of the German emperor. William II. is the first king of Prussia who ever visited his kitchen. At ordinary times the imperial family has three meals a day. The emperor prefers substantial dishes. For his breakfast he has coffee, tea, eggs, beef-steaks, and veal or mutton cutlets; for lunch he has soup, different kinds of meat with vegetables, and roasts and sweets. The emperor and empress like to have guests almost regularly to lunch. Dinner takes place at five or six o'clock, or, on specially formal occasions, at seven. This is the most luxurious and elaborate meal of the day, and is served on gold and silver plate. Finally, the emperor has a plate of cold meat shortly before retiring to rest.—Philadelphia Record.

Not His Knife.

Pepp—Come, come, Willie, don't you know that it's very bad manners to eat with your knife? When I was a little boy I didn't do that.

Willie—No, Grandma says you used to take your fingers.—Buffalo Times.

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY.

The Rich Lands Are Being Settled by Thrifty Northerners.

Importance of the Logging Industry Along the Tributaries of the Lower Mississippi—Timber Camps Changed into Neat Villages.

[Special Memphis (Tenn.) Letter.] The Tennessee valley is rapidly filling up with immigrants from the north-west, who come in search of good lands, a milder climate and fine timber.



A RED RIVER FOREST.

lands of the north have learned that they can get alluvial and heavily-timbered lands in this valley at from five to ten and twenty dollars an acre, which will "pay for itself" within three or four years.

The lands are heavily wooded, yielding from 10,000 to 20,000 or 30,000 feet of good merchantable timber to the acre, which, at the prevailing price of 40 cents per acre "stumpage," almost pays for the land.

Within the past few years, owing to the exhaustion of the forests in the northwest, the numerous lumber syndicates have transferred their operations to the Mississippi valley, reaching down through southern Arkansas and into northern Louisiana.



IN CAMP.

the mills, which are located usually at the mouth of a stream, or at some point touched by a railroad. Here the timber is sawed into what is called merchantable lumber and shipped east.

All along the Mississippi, Ouachita and Red rivers one may see log camp villages at the mouth of the smaller streams emptying into these rivers, which shows that the logging industry is a far-reaching one and is steadily growing.

As the train whirled through a dense forest the gloomy view is broken by the appearance of a logging camp—a kind of oasis in a desert. Men are chopping, saws are buzzing, and the sawdust is flying in every direction.

have become citizens. These particular camp-villages are tattered by what is called "spur" railroads. When all of the merchantable timber has been cut from a particular district, the syndicate does not pull up stakes and move its sawmill to another forest.

The road starts from nowhere in particular and ends almost anywhere, and after all of the timber has been cut and transported to the mills, and thence to the markets, the majority of the "loggers" remain at the camps, which have now become villages.

Lands are cleared for settlement which, only for the timber purchasers, would perhaps remain idle for years, and the little "spur" railroads open lines of communication to the various "camps," which eventually become public roads leading to villages.



A LOGGER AT HOME.

consequently camps and mills are more numerous than in countries containing fewer "navigable" streams. The loggers who penetrate the more remote wildernesses and float out rafts from the smaller streams, of course, do not carry their families.

The river camps are more lively than those in the interior, because they are that of time and muscle, which cuts little figure with the logger. This mode of transportation is a clear gain over railroad rates.

The forest scenery along this route is picturesque and grand. That portion of the Mississippi valley forest is so dense that it looks like a compact wall looming up against the sky.

J. M. SCANLAND.

Jews Live Longer Than Gentiles. The vital statistics of London are the authority for the statement that on an average the life of a Jew in that city is twice that of a Gentile.

Mr. Gladstone on Gambling. In a recent letter to the editor of a London magazine Mr. Gladstone says: "In my opinion there can be no words too strong for denouncing suitably the abominable practice of gambling—now, I believe, more rife than during my youth—and the ruinous consequences to which it directly leads."

CONSUMPTIVES AS SHEPHERDS.

Many Follow the Occupation in California.

The California shepherd is an individual almost entirely unknown to the rest of the world. Even the residents of the state hardly know his existence, while the cowboy has a world-wide fame.

The villainous cowboy who would rather fight than eat and thinks that the noblest things in the world are forms of dissipation can get no satisfaction for his nature in caring for such gentle creatures as sheep.

In marked contrast to this individual is the sheep herder—that is, the majority of sheep herders. To be sure, there are some almost as bad as the cowboys, but they are for the most part men who are employed by ranchers for so much a month and are delegated to the work as they might be to any other work on the ranch.

Another class of men who watch sheep are those who do it for their health. Dozens of men claim to have been cured of consumption simply by putting in several months at watching sheep. The work gives what is most required in the deadly disease—plenty of fresh air, moderate exercise and employment that is not wearing on the brain.

Sheep ranges in California are scattered all over the state, but the greater number of them can be found in the foothills of the Sierras all the way from Siskiyou to Tehachapi and on the other side of the mountains.

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ABSURD THEORIES.

Curious Explanations of the Ancients of the Rising and Setting of the Sun.

The recent death of a man who had maintained all his life that the earth was flat recalls the curious theories entertained by the ancients to explain the rising and setting of the sun.

A number of remarkable theories were advanced, and every one of them wrong. The old mythology asserted that after the sun had dipped in the western ocean at sunset (the Iberians and other ancient nations actually imagined that they could hear the hissing of the waters when the glowing globe was plunged therein) he was seized by Vulcan and placed in a golden goblet.

Among the more sober physicists of old, as related by Aristotle, it was believed that in some manner the sun was conveyed by night across the northern regions, and that darkness was due to lofty mountains, which screened off the sunbeams during the voyage.

The Homing Sense.

Evidences of this sixth sense are to be observed in animals of exceedingly low organization. On one occasion, while studying a water louse, I saw the little creature swim to a hydra, pluck off one of its buds, then swim a short distance away and take shelter behind a small bit of mud, where it proceeded to devour its tender morsel.

HAD TO USE MORPHINE.

Mrs. John Beard Was at One Time Very Near Death's Door.

Neuralgia of the Heart and Stomach, and Sleeplessness, Made Her Life One of Misery—After Suffering Ten Years and Given Up to Die By Physicians, She Finds a Cure.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind. Mrs. John Beard, of Jackson, Mich., was for many years a great sufferer with neuralgia of the heart and stomach.

"I have been a sufferer from neuralgia of the heart and stomach for many years, originally brought on by exposure. It is just ten years ago since I experienced the first neuralgic twinges in my head and stomach, which were so severe that my screams could be heard for several blocks, and morphine was the only thing that would give me any relief.

"These attacks usually lasted about two hours and came very frequently. Morphine was my only standby as it was the sole relief against the agony I constantly suffered. I had no appetite, I could not walk, and at times my jaws became so firmly set that they could not be opened.

"Several specialists and many physicians were consulted but to no purpose, for they did me no good. I had almost lost hope when I read a testimonial of Mrs. Henry Oting, of Sunman, whom I knew, regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and decided to give them a trial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

"I have been a sufferer from neuralgia of the heart and stomach for many years, originally brought on by exposure. It is just ten years ago since I experienced the first neuralgic twinges in my head and stomach, which were so severe that my screams could be heard for several blocks, and morphine was the only thing that would give me any relief.

Physicians Wise in Their Generation. The above class of scientists recognize, and have repeatedly borne testimony, to the efficacy of Huxley's Stomach Bitters as a remedy and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, want of vigor, liver complaint, and some other ailments and infirm conditions of the system.

Miss Sharpe—"I celebrate my 24th birthday to-morrow." Miss O'Grady—"Indeed! And isn't it singular! So do I!" Miss Sharpe—"Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time!"—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Do you think, my dear, that the time will ever come when the men will do the cooking?" Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Not in this world, John."—Yonkers Statesman.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascarat, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 100, 25c.

"MAY, has anyone called while I was out?" "Yes, ma'am, Mr. Biggs was here." "Mr. Biggs? I do not recall the name." "No, ma'am; he called to see me, ma'am."—Le Gauois.

ESTHETIC WIFE (sobbing)—"Dearest, I'll see that your grave is kept green; but not one of those horrid brick greens." "Nice olive-green grass, with an old bronze tombstone, will look too awfully lovely for anything."—Tit-Bits.

A PERPLEXED CALLER.—Mrs. Mulligan—"Do you feel better this morning, Mrs. O'Toole?" Mrs. O'Toole—"I do, an' then again I don't." Mrs. Mulligan—"That's the best I've heard of know whether ter say oim sorry or glad."—Harper's Bazar.

TERRIFIED OLD LADY.—"The district council ought to put up a notice on that hill saying it's dangerous to cyclists." Stoild Milkman—"Well, marm, you see there's an undertaker on the board, an' he won't let them."—Pick-Me-Up.

CARDS.—The eyes of the wicked queen glittered fatefully. "If I play my cards right," she hissed, "my hated rival will be overwhelmed." But even as she spoke she paled with terror. "What's trumps?" she gasped, glaring into space.—Detroit Tribune.

"My husband says that your husband gets cold in his feet when he plays poker," said Mrs. Jack Potts. "I don't wonder at it," replied Mrs. Luke Pleasant, "for whenever he does play poker he always comes upstairs in his socks."—London Figaro.

MIXED HIS STRONES.—"They had a baseball umpire to referee a prize fight yesterday. He made a darn fool of himself." "How?" "He had Jerry Dugy put out of the ring on his third strike."—Chat.

FOGG—"Fenderson is a good enough fellow, but he is terribly slow at seeing a joke." Bass—"Y'm, hm?" Fogg—"He slipped on a banana peel the other day, and had a fall. Everybody laughed, but Fenderson could not see the point of the joke." Bass—"Not surprising." Fogg—"He saw it about 24 hours later, however, when another fellow did the same thing."—Boston Transcript.

Advertisement for 'A BOTTLE OF Warranted Safe Cure' featuring a map of Europe and a portrait of Napoleon. Text includes: 'Might have Changed the Map of Europe. AT the Battle of Waterloo the great Napoleon... was so prostrated from Nephritis... (Inflammation of the Kidneys)... that for more than an hour the battle was left to his subordinates, with the result that the fortunes of war went against him. Had Warranted Safe Cure been known at the time, Napoleon need not have been ill at such a supreme moment, nor his star supposed eclipsed. While all cannot be Napoleons, all can be spared the illness which resulted in his downfall.'

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS To Virginia and North Carolina. In the months of November and December Goncocker's excursion tickets, will be sold from all points west and northwest to Virginia and North Carolina at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.

A NUMBER of youngsters of this town engaged in a battle the other day. Not a stone was left unturned to make the affair a success.—West Union Gazette.

Home-Seekers Excursions. On November 17 and December 1 and 15, 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern states both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates.

I COULD not get along without Piao's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. Wm. E. C. McClaron, Needham, Mass., Oct. 23, '94.

CENTRE shots are what tell, one bullet in the bull's-eye is worth ten that just miss it.

CIGARETTES stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.



Love has a long way to go to reach the heart of the modern up-to-date young man. When he looks for a wife, he expects a good deal. Probably he expects more than he deserves. He wants good looks, good sense, good nature, good health. They usually go together.

An observing man learns that a woman who is physically weak and nervous and incapable, is likely to be ill-natured too. The sweetest temper is ruined by continual sickness.

A woman whose nerves are constantly racked and dragged by debilitating drains and inflammation, cannot be a general companion or happy wife; and she is totally unfitted to be a mother.

These troubles prevail almost universally among women largely because of carelessness and neglect. There is no real need of them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive specific for the weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organism.

It cures them radically and completely. It builds, strengthens and purifies. It is a only scientific remedy devised for this special purpose by an educated, skilled physician. It is the only medicine that makes motherhood easy and absolutely safe.

Miss Lauretta McNeese, of Reno (P. O. Box 724) Washoe Co., Nev., writes: "I have discontinued taking the 'Prescription' and will not take any more (at present). Last month I had no pain at all and worked every day without any inconvenience whatever. It was the first time I ever had pain during that period. I cannot say too much for your medicine, especially the 'Favorite Prescription' and Pleasant Tablets." I know of a lady who took one bottle of your 'Favorite Prescription' and she says she was not sick like she was with her first baby. This was her second baby. She thinks it a grand medicine. So do I.

Dr. Pierce has had a life-time of experience in this particular field. His 100-page illustrated book, "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser" contains several chapters devoted to woman's special physiology. A paper-bound copy will be sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For a cloth-bound copy send 31 stamps.

AYER'S ARGUMENT. If there is any reason why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is every reason why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.



180,000 Copies of Demorest's Magazine

THE increasing popularity of Demorest's Family Magazine, a popularity extending over thirty years, is ample proof that each succeeding year finds it improved in its vitality, beauty and attractiveness. There must be something in a magazine that increases its subscription list from 80,000 to 180,000 names (a clear gain of 100,000) in less than a year. Don't you think so?

READ THIS.

"Demorest's Magazine is a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, it is the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published and combines the best actions of several English magazines."—London Times. "We have received another number of this delightful Magazine, and we find ourselves bound to reiterate with greater earnestness the high encomiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and artistic publications which emanate from the London press, but we are bound, in simple fairness, to assert that we have not yet met with any publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare with this marvelous work."—London Budget.

The American Bookeller says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so fully presented as in Demorest's."

ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU!

Upon receipt of a remittance of \$2.00 from you for one year's subscription to Demorest's Magazine we will send you FREE this beautiful Silver Sugar Shell as a premium and, in addition, you will receive a copy of Van Vredenburg's exquisite oil painting, "Our Bench Show," representing a "yard" of playful puppies—shown above. The picture is 10x36 inches, and it is printed in 14 colors in the highest style of the plate-printers' art. You will say it is the cutest picture you have ever seen when it reaches you. It will be issued with the December number of the magazine. This premium offer is only available to subscribers sending their subscriptions at once to us direct, using the Order Blank below, accompanied by a remittance of \$2.

Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. For the enclosed \$2.00 please send Demorest's Family Magazine for one year. Also the Silver Sugar Shell and Van Vredenburg's oil-color, "Our Bench Show," picture offered by us as premiums. Name, Post Office, Date, State.

Advertisement for 'YUCATAN OIL' featuring a picture of a person and text: 'Are the boys to pump water and cut feed by hand this winter, to have an ARMSTRONG OIL? IT NEVER FAILS! IT NEVER FREEZES! IT NEVER GUMS UP! IT NEVER SMOKE! IT NEVER SPOOLS! IT NEVER STICKS! IT NEVER CLOGS! IT NEVER CUMS! IT NEVER... ARMSTRONG OIL, 25 branch houses. One near you. ARMSTRONG OIL, Chicago. IT IS THE BEST. YUCATAN.'

The Iron Port

THE IRON PORT CO., Publishers
L. W. A. CATES, Editor and Manager

There can be no doubt that the greatest enemy of the whitefish of the great lakes—finest of fresh water fishes—and the chief cause of the alarming reduction in the supply available during recent years, are the selfish commercial fishermen who set their nets in the spawning season.

There is no closed season for this fish. They are netted in great numbers at all available seasons—not in such vast numbers as they were 20 or thirty years ago when the lakes teemed with their countless myriads—but in such quantities as to practically strip the waters of their most valuable food product. The whitefish spawns in the fall, sometime between the middle of October and the 1st of December. They are permitted to be caught then is a shame and a disgrace to our lawmakers, and their taking morally though not legally, a crime committed by the fishermen. Both have seemed in the past to be utterly indifferent to the matter—except when the legislature is in session. Then the lobby against making the spawning time a closed season is strong, active and aggressive, paid for by the big fish firms in Chicago and other cities. Despite many energetic efforts in the past, the commercial fishermen of the big cities have been successful in preventing the adoption of any laws that will stop the sinful waste of the people's cheap food supply, increase it beyond measurement, cheapen it by making it more abundant and easier to obtain, and leave to our posterity the prolific schools of whitefish in something like the numbers they were when we found them in the early days of the pioneers.

The scientific work of the state fish commission has undoubtedly prevented the utter extinction long ago, of the whitefish, but their efforts at propagation have not been sufficient to cope with the decimation that murderously goes forward in the time when the female fish is on the spawning beds.—Detroit Journal.

Coin Harvey thought he said "a smart thing" when he characterized Gen. Sickles and others as "wrecks of the rebellion," but General Alger accepts the designation and makes it one of honor. At Boston, on the 24th, he referred to it in these words: "Wrecks of the rebellion." Yes. We accept the name, although given in malice, and with no thought of gratitude. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade, Logan, and a million more who have faded into immortality, were they here tonight, would be among these wrecks. Howard, Sickles, Schofield, Dodge, Rosecrans, of the old corps commanders, are still living, thank God.

"Wrecks of the rebellion;" no party lines separating them; no political or religious differences dividing them; patriotic, then, patriots now, and around them are rallying a million loyal comrades, patriots, but not partisans, devoted to the flag, glorying in the greatness of the nation they helped to serve.

"Wrecks of the rebellion." Yes, physical wrecks, it may be prematurely old age, but manly men, patriotic, liberty-loving, God-fearing men, and he who would cast a slur upon their fair names should die in infamy.

The dirty little slanderer spoke more wisely than he intended. Those "wrecks" will live in history—he is already forgotten.

Dun's Review of last Saturday said: "The gain in volume of business continues entirely without precedent. More than 300 establishments have started work, since the election, which were idle, and at least 300 have increased working force, making 600 concerns which are known to have added largely to the number of hands at work, and these are only part of the whole number. Every day thus adds thousands to the number of those who are able to buy a week's supplies, and to make up gradually for many months of enforced economy. Already this brings great increase in the volume of business, and the Clearing House exchanges, for the first time in several years, not only exceed those of last year by 10 per cent., but also exceed those of the same week in 1892 by 9 per cent. Business men are all anxious to prevent anything like the fictitious excitement of last summer in nearly all branches an rise in prices is prevented.

But with more hands at work, there is inevitably a greater demand for supplies, materials, and products. If that is not "prosperity" it is a good imitation.

Two years ago Marquette's lighting plant was cited all over the country as an illustration of the good results obtainable from municipal ownership and operation of lighting plants. It can be thus cited no longer. The fact tells the tale of the mismanagement of the plant under the present administration, which found it earning a nice amount over and above the interest on the investment it represented and operating charges, and with a surplus of accrued earnings amounting to \$7,500. It will leave it with that surplus dissipated and a debt of thousands of dollars hanging over it, and with no increase in its capacity, and with the service it is giving so poor that gas is steadily supplanting the light which it furnishes. Need we say more in criticism of this administration's record in connection with the municipal lighting plant?—Mining Journal.

Marquette's mayor has "run the thing himself," dominating the lighting commission and the city council.

There is a tendency apparent in many quarters to start a boom in the markets and to rush production up to a higher point than is probably warranted by the facts. This is natural enough, and after a long period of depression is almost always the case. It is a dangerous process, however, and is very apt to be followed by a reaction which is productive of serious harm. It is true that our people generally have been light buying for some time past, and that production has been comparatively small in almost all lines; but it is very easy to overdo matters and to go to an extreme which will soon exceed the consuming capacity and leave manufacturers in a difficult situation. This is especially the case with the iron and steel manufacture, and with the production of other materials of construction, the expansion in demand for which must necessarily proceed somewhat slowly.—E. & M. Journal.

Speaker Gordon hits the nail squarely on the head when he says that "the people of the state are suffering from too much legislation rather than too little," and he might have included the nation as well as the state in his statement. Altogether too much reliance is placed upon legislation as a cure for the ills of the body politic. Every callow legislator wants to remedy this evil or that, regulate this thing or that, provide against this danger or that, by passing a law, and his constituents gauge his success as a statesman by the number of bills he introduces and works through the legislative mill. Were it not for the fact that the great majority of bills are "killed" in committees we should simply be overwhelmed with laws, and no man would be safe from the danger of becoming a lawbreaker, owing to the multiplicity of prohibitions and restrictions which would encumber the statute books.

The Chicago Lumberman of Saturday gives its views of the lumber-market conditions and prospects, of which the following brief extract gives the pith:

It is recognized that it is too late in the season to expect a vast increase in demand or volume of movement. Yet there is a rising requirement for all kinds of lumber which enter into various manufactures. Factories of all sorts are resuming operations in case of having been shut down, and those who managed to continue running through the depressed period are increasing their forces so as to employ full capacity. This is sure to necessitate a greatly increased demand for lumber, because it is well known that stocks in the hands of consumers as well as dealers who supply them are low. It is evident that the demand for lumber from now forward will steadily rise.

Utter, unmitigated rot is the suggestion which comes from Washington that W. S. Linton, the man whom 8th district republicans had no further use for and turned down, is to have a place in the cabinet or a foreign mission. He is not the stuff of which President McKinley will make ministers.

Gen. Dan. Sickles proposes to be one of ten thousand "wrecks of the war" to be present at Washington and act as escort to Major McKinley on the 4th of March, and calls for volunteers.

Municipal Gossip.

If you want a dozen fried, or any other feed outside the line or the hours of the hotels, call on Dick Campbell, at 714 Ludington street. Every Escanaban knows that Dick is a caterer, par excellence.

The store 417 Ludington street, was not large enough and Capt. Van Dyke moved to the corner of Ludington, and Campbell street, opposite Burns, where he is now to be found.

The suit in ejectment brought by Marble and others against the Soo railway company was taken by the court and a verdict rendered in the plaintiffs' favor last Tuesday.

Good advice: Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Bert Ellsworth, Druggist.

Pat Dolan, of Gladstone, has a trotter that shows considerable speed, and which will probably be entered in the next races.

It now appears that the creditors of the Plaukinton bank will get the full amount of their claims.

The Hart steamers, Fannie and Eugene are to work between Frankfort and Keweenaw this winter.

Michigan has one survivor of the war of 1812—I. B. Sexton, of Kent county, 92 years old.

Do not fail to attend the war concert at the Presbyterian church next Tuesday evening.

One Toupin, a Lake Linden saloon-keeper, hanged himself this week. He was insane.

An old slizzer named Sheehy is booked for a prize fight at Iron Mountain this week.

Tom Farrell wants men to work in his cedar camp, and has to go outside to get them.

Persons are warned against trespassing upon the grounds of the Agricultural society.

The Gladstone McKinley Marching club will be organized as a militia company.

John Campbell will get out a quantity of spruce this winter for Erickson & Bissell.

Jas. Blake is operating only one camp at present, but will put in others later on.

Ontonagon's saloons are all rebuilt but not its school-house nor its churches.

Milo B. Stevens, a pension attorney well known hereabouts, died last Monday.

Auditor-general Turner has this week paid the counties their school money.

Negaunee's plan for an electric light plant is tied up by an injunction.

Wm. Carlson lost an infant daughter by death last Saturday.

The Rev. Mr. Brobst is still preaching the gospel of 16 to 1.

Mr. Gaynor has sold his saddle pony to Mose Kurz.

The Iron Port will accept wood on subscription.

Yes, Mr. Secretary Cates has bayseed in his hair.

Gladstone has a poetess of its own.

Dry Goods and Carpets.

HOLIDAY GOODS!

Our stock of holiday goods, consisting of Toys of every description, Fancy goods, etc., is now en route to Escanaba, and we urgently request you to await its arrival before buying a single article. We can, and will, save you money.

ED. ERICKSON.

Printing.

The sure way to get good printing is to take it to THE IRON PORT office, which is conceded by the leading business men to do the best work.

Cloaks and Jackets.



This Beauty, \$5.00.

Capes—Yes, we have them in plain wool Beaver. In Velvet. Rich Things.

Fur Capes and Fur Collarettes in Astrakan, Wool Seal, Martin, Beaver, Electric Seal, Coney. Keep everything known to the fur business.

M. A. BURNS.

Our line of Black and Colored Jackets

Swell Up-To-Date Things.

Sell Themselves.



This Smart Jacket, \$7.50.

Crockery.



There's a Pleased Expression

on the face of everybody who sees what we are now offering in the crockery department. Many bits of daintiness—often rare daintiness from over the sea—are now on sale at prices that are unusual even for the common sorts, because we want to make stock-adjustments and have everything ready for the new arrivals for the Holiday business. These prices ought to induce buying for for future needs.

Frank H. Atkins & Co.

402-404 Ludington St.

Lumber Yard.

The I. Stephenson Co.

GEORGE T. BURNS, Manager.

LUMBER

LATH AND SHINGLES.

Dressed Flooring, Wainscoting, Etc.

ESCANABA, MICH.

Flour—Feed

Flour. ♦ and ♦ Feed

Hay, Grain, Seeds, Etc.

The Best of each in any quantity desired at the lowest market price. We make a specialty of choice brands of family flour, and guarantee it to be exactly as represented. All goods fresh.

C. MALONEY & CO.

Flour and Feed

Fogarty

HAY, FLOUR AND FEED

600 Ludington St.

Best Quality at Reasonable Prices

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

In spite of the foul weather (and it was foul) the Sons of Hermann turned out Thursday afternoon and marched up Ludington street and down again to their quarters. The feature of the parade was none; every "son" was provided with an enormous one; the band, snugly ensconced in a covered vehicle, discoursed martial (and other) music; three marshals, mounted, were in command of a dozen men-at-arms, and two clowns and a couple seated on a "whirligig" made merry for the crowd. In the evening, at Peterson's dancing hall, all were on hand and the fun was fast and furious. The prizes for costumes were awarded, first, \$3 each, to Jos. Methbers and Rose Forest and, second, \$2 each, to Fred Billott and Pearl Finch. When the man of The Iron Port took his departure, at midnight, the crowd was dancing as though it had no other aim in life and it was near daylight before the orchestra played "Home, sweet home." As a whole the party was a success, as the "sons" parties are sure to be, always.

The following was the program of the dance given by the Ford River McKinley club on the 20th: Quadrille, McKinley and Hobart; waltz, sound money; quadrille, what's the matter with Mark Hanna; polka, protection; lancers, Gov. Pingree; waltz, prosperity; Sicilian circle, Dick Mason; two-step, G. O. P.; quadrille, goldbugs; waltz, gold democrats; plenty to 8-16 to one nit; quadrille, O. B. Fuller (than ever); berlin, Tom Reed; quadrille, our silver friends; waltz quad., white house; white city polka; Washington, D. C.; quadrille, Uncle Sam; schottische, reciprocity; Virginia reel, Bryan's 13; waltz, Sheldes; quadrille, good times; Home, sweet home, Canton, Ohio.

The Christian Mothers' Reading Circle met at the home of Mrs. Jas. Nolan Jr., on Tuesday evening. Following was the program. 1—Roll call answered by quotations. 2—Reading of minutes of last meeting. 3—Bible Reading, Mrs. Rooney. 4—Ancient History, a Greece; B Discussion of the same. Miscellaneous Reading: 5—Thoughts suggested by the falling of the autumn leaves, Mrs. Nolan; 6—Paper, The Burning of the Books, Mrs. Wickert; 7—Surface work, Mrs. Young; 8—Social Life in Athens, Mrs. Ward; 9—Cardinal Manning on Children, Mrs. Rooney; 10—Pleasant Manners, Mrs. Wickert. The circle will meet on next Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. Young.

The Woman's Suffrage debate, given under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., at the Methodist church Monday evening, was largely attended. Rev. Mr. Greene and Mrs. Frank Anthony supported the affirmative and Rev. Mr. Williams and Miss Root the negative. After the debate the audience decided, by ballot, in favor of the affirmative, the vote being 52 to 47. The ladies had intended to serve lunch at the conclusion of the debate but owing to the lateness of the hour that part of the program was necessarily omitted.

The German Lutheran church is arranging for a fair, to be held in Judge Glaser's building on Ludington street commencing Dec. 7th. The ladies of the church will have fancy articles suitable for holiday gifts on sale, besides which there will be voting contests and raffles. The church is in need of funds and takes this method of raising money.

The "war concert" to be given in the Presbyterian church will come off on Tuesday evening next, Dec. 1. Following copy, carelessly, last week we gave an impossible date—Nov. 31. Tickets on sale at Sourwine's and Mead's.

Don't forget the "jubilee" concert to be given by the ladies of the Presbyterian church at the home of Mrs. Musson, Dec. 4.

Chas. M. Thatcher, who is in charge of Thos. Farrell's store at Rapid River, spent Sunday with his family in Escanaba.

Miss T. Bush, of Norway, attended the firemen's ball last week. She was the guest here of Miss Monica Lyons. C. H. Scott, F. J. Merriam, A. E. Neff and J. J. Gagner, all of Gladstone, were in town, attending court, Monday.

C. N. Johnson and S. F. Gustafson were united in marriage by the Rev. Mr. Edblom last Saturday evening.

W. P. Fisher, of Marquette, visited his brother, John A., in this city the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Randall and children spent Thanksgiving with Chicago friends.

St. Joseph's Aid Society sewed on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Jas. Wall. Misses Clara Coughlin and Nora Tobin, of Ishpeming, visited here lately.

John Smer, Jr., departed Monday for Ann Arbor to study law.

H. P. Smith, of Fond du Lac, visited here last Sunday.

Dan Carroll was in town last Saturday.

quested to be present to-night and Monday night at the Presbyterian church for rehearsals. The success of the concert depends, largely, upon such attendance and the ladies are urgent in this request.

Mrs. Eva Pillsbury and mother, Mrs. Bradbury, will leave on Monday next for Alabama, where they will spend the winter.

Adam Schaible, of Rapid River, had business in court and was here to attend to it, Tuesday.

Mrs. J. T. Wixson and daughter Maud will spend the winter in the south, probably in Tennessee.

Clayton Voorhis, Dick Mertz and sundry other Gladstonians were in town last Monday.

Master Freddie Erickson has been absent from school this week on account of illness.

J. Donovan and daughter, of Gladstone, paid The Iron Port a visit last Monday.

Con. and Tim Curran, H. J. Nichols and H. J. Lyons are at home from the west.

Miss Kate Conners, of Marinette, has visited friends in this city since our last.

John Gasman, of Bark River township, was in town on Tuesday.

Thomas Olson, of Ogotz, attended court here this week.

Take in the leap year party at North Star hall this evening.

Peter Jordan was in Escanaba the first of the week.

Wilson Shepard was down from Gladstone Tuesday.

Judge Stone went home to spend Thanksgiving.

The "burnt cork" entertainment by the boys of St. Joseph's school Wednesday evening filled the opera house, in spite of the storm, and gave unlimited satisfaction. Masters Finley, Morris, Killian, Kortan, Belanger, Cahill, Winegar, and Fish made up the troupe and left nothing to be wished for in the way of fun. They should maintain their organization and give other entertainments during the winter.

E. C. Wickert, Jr., returned last Wednesday from Clinton, Iowa, where he had been temporarily employed.

W. W. McQueen will depart, at the new year, for St. Paul, where he will go into business "on his own hook."

Hon. H. W. Seymour's campaign expenses foot up \$1,192.40 and he was distanced in the race at that.

J. C. Watson, of Grand Rapids, whose line is glassware, called on his customers in this city on Thursday.

Dan Ball, of Marquette, and E. H. Chapin, of Lansing, attorneys, attended court here this week.

Miss Flora Winegar spent Thanksgiving at Neenah, the guest of Nellie and Jennie Hunt.

Geo. E. Merrill and Jos. Sinnitt, of Rapid River, were in town on Tuesday.

Charlie Lightfoot, of Gladstone, visited and transacted business here Tuesday.

Mr. Lush, whose line is footwear, called on local dealers yesterday.

Misses Anna Duranceau and Belle Sullivan are visiting at Baraboo, Wis.

'Gene Goden and wife are at home again after their wedding tour.

Tom and A. J. Golden are at home again from Wisconsin.

Mrs. John Dunn has visited at Mautis this week.

Mrs. Power is staying at Chicago for a while.

The first of a series of lectures to be given under the management of the Y. P. S. C. E., was delivered last evening by Dr. Todd. His subject was "New Testament writers and some of their undisputed writings" and it hardly need be said that the doctor handled it well and forcibly.

Young Beauchamp is doing "fairly well" at Tracy hospital and will have two legs if nothing unforeseen occurs.

Dr. Todd was taken ill last Sunday and was a pretty sick man for several days.

N. Lindner, of Chicago, visited here last Wednesday. He formerly resided here.

opens at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Supper 25 cents. The following is the menu: Escalloped oysters, veal loaf, saratoga chips, salad, celery, pickles, jelly, brown and white bread, coffee, cocoa, cake.

John Gunderson, of Bark River, and Peter Groos, of Wells, were in town last Tuesday.

Gordon Goodwin will go to Beesmer about the first of the new year to take the management of McFarland's drug store.

Miss Lizzie Powers was at home for Thanksgiving, accompanied by her friend, Miss Jessie Cunard.

Messrs. Mayotte and Howe, of the Soo, were guests of Fr. Menard Thanksgiving day.

Dr. O. E. Youngquist made a professional visit at Rapid River yesterday.

Levi J. Perrin's family is more numerous by one—a son born this week.

Sheriff Beauchamp went to Rapid River on official business Wednesday.

N. Berens and Kate Stoffel were married at St. Joseph's last Monday.

Thad. Stoik and wife, of Belle Plain, Iowa, are visiting here this week.

Mr. Gaynor will depart, soon, for his Mexican rancharia, Tierra Nueva.

Miss Kate Bacon has been engaged to teach the school at Spalding.

Will Dolan is at home again after a visit at Belvidere, Ills.

Capt. Taylor came home to spend Thanksgiving.

Charles Priester is home from Chicago for a visit.

Ed. Erickson spent Friday at Gladstone.

Commodore Yar, of the Maryland, bade Escanaba friends good by, for the winter, yesterday, clearing for Lake Erie with the last load of ore.

Conductor Daniel Murphy, of this city, and Miss Alice E. O'Leary, of Glenmore, Wis., were married at the latter place Tuesday.

F. W. Gray, of Minneapolis, attended court here Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. French, of Depere, is a guest in her brother's family, C. A. Cram.

John Harris, Jr., of Bark River, has gone to Chicago for the winter.

A. C. Barras transacted business at Gladstone yesterday.

Jos. Mercier, of Fairbanks, visited here on Wednesday.

Will Harris was down from Gladstone Thursday evening.

A. P. Waldo, of Rapid River, was here on Wednesday.

A child of Mr. and Mrs. DeVoght has diphtheria.

Marcel Asselin was in town Thursday.

Municipal Short Talk.

The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield, Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia for two days, not being able to sleep or hardly keep still, when Mr. Holden, the merchant there sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and asked that she give it a thorough trial.

On meeting Mr. Wells the next day he was told that she was all right, the pain had left her within two hours, and that the bottle of Pain Balm was worth \$5.00 if it could not be had for less. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Bert Ellsworth, Druggist.

One Lawry tried to discover the secret of the "haunted camp" but the ghost scared him out and the secret is as dark as ever.

The seventeen homesteaders received about \$40,000 from the Canal Co. How the sum was divided is not said.

The light house board recommends two light stations—one at "the door" and the other on Peabigo reef.

When completed Ste. Anne's church will be one of the most attractive houses of worship in this peninsula.

Mrs. Hitchcock is busily engaged painting cutters and sleighs. He has a shop with Henry & Linn.

How to Prevent Croup.

SOME READING THAT WILL PROVE INTERESTING TO YOUNG MOTHERS. HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THE DISEASE.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Bert Ellsworth, Druggist.

Cheap Excursions to the West and South.

On November 17, December 1 and 15, 1896, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to a large number of points in the west and south at very low rates. For tickets and full particulars apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Legal Notices.

First Publication Nov. 14, 1896.

Sale of State Tax Lands.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

AUGUSTUS GENESSEE, DEPARTMENT.

Lansing, Nov. 7, 1896.

NOTICE is hereby given that certain lands situated in the County of Delta bid off to the state for taxes of 1895 and previous years, and described in statements which have been or will be forwarded to the office of the treasurer of said county, will be sold at public auction by said treasurer at the county seat, on the first Monday of December next, at the time and place designated for the Annual Tax Sale if not previously redeemed or canceled according to law.

Said statements contain a full description of each parcel of said lands and may be seen on application at the office of the county treasurer after they are received by him and before the day of sale.

STANLEY W. TURNER,

Auditor General.

Legal Notices.

(First Publication, Nov. 28th, 1896.)

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the second day of November A. D. 1895, executed by Moses LaPlant and Margaret LaPlant his wife, of Escanaba, Michigan, to A. V. Lindquist of the same place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds in the county of Delta, in Liber "1" of mortgages on page 377, on the third day of November A. D. 1895; and whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of two hundred and seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents (\$177.75) of principal and interest, and the further sum of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage; and which is the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, THEREFORE, Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the said bill of sale contained in said mortgage and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba, in said county of Delta (that being the place where the circuit court for said county is held), on the 3rd day of February A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day. All said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit:

Which certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the city of Escanaba county of Delta and state of Michigan, to wit:

Lot number twenty-seven (27) of block number three (3) of the Hees and Henschel addition to the city of Escanaba, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Dated at Escanaba, November 25, 1896.

A. R. NORRIS,

Attorney for Mortgagee. A. V. Lindquist, Mortgagee.

First Publication Sept. 15th 1896.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Whereas, default has been made in the payment of money secured by a mortgage dated the thirtieth day of August A. D. 1895, executed by William J. Martens and Auguste Martens his wife, of Escanaba, Michigan, to Horace I. Benton of the same place, which said mortgage was recorded in the office of Register of Deeds in the county of Delta, in Liber "1" of mortgages, on page 297 on the first of September A. D. 1895, and whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of one hundred seventy-one dollar and twenty cents (\$171.20) of principal and interest, and the further sum of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) as an attorney fee stipulated for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

Now, THEREFORE, Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the said bill of sale contained in said mortgage, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder at the front door of the court house in the city of Escanaba and county of Delta (that being the place where the circuit court for Delta county is held) on the seventh day of December A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day; which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit:

All that piece or parcel of land lying and being in the city of Escanaba, county of Delta and state of Michigan, to wit: Lot number nine (9) of block number eighty-three (83) of proprietor's first addition to the village now city of Escanaba, according to the recorded plat thereof.

Dated at Escanaba, Mich., Sept. 10, 1896.

A. R. NORRIS,

Attorney for Mortgagee. Horace I. Benton, Mortgagee.

(First publication Nov. 28th, 1896.)

ORDER OF HEARING FOR ASSIGNMENT OF RESIDUE OF ESTATE.—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss.

At a session of the Probate Court for said county held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on the 2nd day of Nov. in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Benjamin L. Hayden, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Edward Hill, the administrator of said estate praying for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the heirs at law of said deceased.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the 28th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further Ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Port, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

EMIL GLASER,

Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)

(First Publication Nov. 28th, 1896.)

PROBATE NOTICE FOR HEARING CLAIMS BEFORE COURT.—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss.

Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Delta, made on the 22nd day of Nov. A. D. 1896, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of John Walsh, late of said County deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said probate court, at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba, for examination and allowance, on or before the 2nd day of May, A. D. 1897, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday the 1st day of February A. D. 1897, and on Monday the 3rd day of May A. D. 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated, Escanaba, Michigan, Nov. 2nd, A. D., 1896.

EMIL GLASER,

Judge of Probate.

(First Publication Nov. 14th 1896.)

PROBATE ORDER OF HEARING.—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss.

At a session of the Probate court for the county of Delta, held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba, on Friday, the 6th day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

Present, Honorable Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John Hamberg, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Alpha C. Barras, administrator of said estate praying that he may be authorized empowered and licensed, to sell the whole of the real estate in said petition described, at private sale, for the purpose of paying the debts, expenses and charges of said estate.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday, the 14th day of December, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that next of kin and heirs at law of said John Hamberg, deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba, Michigan, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further Ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Port a newspaper printed and circulated in said county of Delta, for four successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing.

EMIL GLASER,

Judge of Probate.

(First Publication Nov. 14, 1896.)

ORDER FOR PROBATE OF WILL.—State of Michigan, County of Delta, ss.

At a session of the Probate court for said county, held at the Probate office in the city of Escanaba on the 6th day of November in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

Present, Hon. Emil Glaser, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Mathew W. Naylor, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Will L. Brown praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary may be granted to Will L. Brown the executor in said last will and testament named.

Thereupon it is Ordered, that Monday the seventh day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the legatees and heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held at the Probate office, in the city of Escanaba and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further Ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Iron Port a newspaper printed and circulated in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

EMIL GLASER,

Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)

Stove Wood for Sale.

The I. Stephenson Co. will deliver pine stove wood to order, at any point in the city at \$9.00 per cord. Office at foot of Ludington street.

Drugs and Medicines.

To Those Who Want the Best:

In the line of Drugs we are headquarters for everything, and wish to impress upon the minds of all that we retire to no rear seat in the rush for business. Our goods are warranted to be Pure, Fresh, Crisp and Sparkling While for accuracy—we'll we are positively accurate and that's all there is to it. Come and see.

J. N. Mead, Druggist.

Groceries and Provisions.

GROCERIES

It is a well established fact that Groceries are necessary essentials to every household. We keep everything that is implied under the heading of Groceries, and the stock is

PURE IN QUALITY

CLEAN AND ATTRACTIVE.

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Canned goods and Table Luxuries are made a specialty. Your trade is solicited with the assurance of entire satisfaction given in return.

509 Ludington St.

A. H. Rolph

Groceries.

"SUGAR AND SPICE"

and all things nice,"—everything that a well-mannered grocery store should keep—delivered at your house almost as soon as ordered. Prices way down—quality way up. That's the kind of a store this is. The quality of the spices we sell is just as good as the quality of the butter—and that's saying a great deal. We are very proud of our butter.

Frank H. Atkins & Co.,

402-404 Ludington St.

Bottled Beer.

The Escanaba Brewing Company's

BOTTLED BEER.

This delicious beverage is bottled at the Escanaba Brewing Co's bottling works, and is just what you want.

ALL LIQUOR DEALERS SELL IT.

Contractors and Builders.

KEMP & WILLIAMS

Window and Doors, Store Fronts, Bar Fixtures, Etc.

Balustrade work, Turning, Band Sawing, Etc. Plans furnished and contracts taken. Shop and office corner Charlotte and Hale. Escanaba, Mich.

Groceries and Provisions.

Staple and Fancy Groceries

A Large and Complete Line Always in Stock.

E. M. St. JACQUES,

Cor. Hale and Georgia Sts

NEWSPAPER DAYS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the publisher, whether directed to his name or to the name of a subscriber or one to whom the paper is sent, is responsible for the amount of the subscription and for the payment of the same.

SAVING OF THE "7."

BY MARY A. FANTON.

VII days had come upon the "7." According to the official announcement it was in debt to the extent of \$72 and the treasury was empty. Let it be known to all whom the "7" (query mark) is unknown, that it is the official organ of one of the most popular and most delightful of all the girls' schools in New England.



SOLVING THE PROBLEM.

a deeper meaning from the word self-sacrifice than the mere stylish effect of the hyphen. All at once the wrinkles vanished from the brow of the editor in chief. "I have it," she said; "we will all work."

I shall likewise dare the humble stocking, collect rents in wheeling suits, and, in general, make a practice of doing for the girls all those little things they in turn make a practice of leaving undone.

SIGNS OF BUDDING LOVE.

How a Man Can Tell the Signs of a Girl.

Dear boys, says a lady writer, many of you complain ludicrously that you cannot tell when girls really like you, because they are so disingenuous.

The signs of budding love, dear boys, are not what they used to be. Those little red signals are seldom seen hung out on round cheeks, neither will you see her sitting at midnight at her bedroom window—unless there should be a fire in the opposite flat.

One is a tendency to meet you very often, and, of course, quite accidentally. You will find her down in Wall street deeply interested in a shop of lawyers' supplies.

"Why, Mr. Lorrimer, where on earth did you drop from?" It is hardly necessary to state that she knows quite well that your office is just around the corner, but if you know that she knows that—take care, young man!

Now is your time for the untruthfulness that I have before advised. If you have tact you will inform her that your office is just around the corner, but that she is evidently unacquainted with that portion of the city.

"Maud, dear, do you know who Mr. Lorrimer reminds me of?" Maud, as a dutiful friend, will assert that you are certainly like some one, but for the life of her she can't say whom.

AN IDYL OF THE FARM.

Romance and Beauty of the Young Man's Proposal.

"Say, Zeke, watter you think them yoke o' steers is worth?" "I tell you, Job, it's purty difficult work a figgerin' on steers these days.

"You mus' wanner buy oxen, Zeke." "I hain't no waysy trickler 'bout it. Course I gatter little new groun' ter break up this fall, but I gatter a good chunky pair o' hosses fur that. Is them steers gintle?"

"Just as kind as pet rabbits. They're as keeful as trained elephants. See how you kin han'le 'em." Then Job patted "Buck" on the neck, rubbed his nose, sprang on his back and crawled under him.

"This here other feller don't look quite so dorelle," Zeke said in a tone of doubt. "Perzackly th' same," replied Job.

"Whoa, Berry," he began, and went through the same performances as with "Buck." But to make the test more satisfactory he started to crawl between Berry's hind legs. Here was Zeke's opening and he quickly tickled Berry in the flank with a switch.

"Hold on there," shouted a vision of rural beauty, as she came to the scene on a run. "Don't you go to bruisin' and batterin' Berry, pap. I saw Zeke Slickem teasin' him to make him kick."

Sympathetic Friend—Aren't you worried because you do not know where your husband goes when he is out late at night? Philosophic Wife—Not so much, probably, as I would be if I did know.—Boston Transcript.

ELECTION BONFIRES.

They Are Prohibited in New York, But Burn on Every Block.

The moment the polls close the liquor saloons open, but the excessive drunkenness and brawling common in former years are not now seen. Five o'clock editions of the newspapers are issued, but have little to tell, for everywhere the clerks are still busily counting the votes.

Antiquarians inform us that this custom is nothing but a survival in America of the old English celebration of burning Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November, in recollection of the Gunpowder plot of 1605, which the children have transferred to the movable feast of our election day.

From hundreds of such repositories the lads bring their treasures, heap them up in the middle of the street, and fight off raiders until they are safely blazing. Women and children swarm out of the huge tenements and cluster about the scene, where the youngsters are leaping and whooping and waving brands, like the true fire-worshippers they are.

Now begins criminal foraging and senseless waste. Lumber piles, scaffolding, new buildings, kitchen chairs, wheelbarrows, and sometimes even servicable wagons, are seized by marauders and thrown on the fires, unless carefully guarded, so that each year sees not only a great waste of good fuel among the poor, but the destruction of much valuable timber and household furniture.

Fabulous Amounts Are Spent Each Year by Rich New Yorkers. John Gilmer Speed writes on the money spent annually in "The Most Luxurious City in the World." He asserts in a prefatory way that New York is the most luxurious city in the world, and that expenditures are made on mere living with an elegance and ostentation unknown in any of the capitals of Europe.

MOST LUXURIOUS CITY.

Fabulous Amounts Are Spent Each Year by Rich New Yorkers.

John Gilmer Speed writes on the money spent annually in "The Most Luxurious City in the World." He asserts in a prefatory way that New York is the most luxurious city in the world, and that expenditures are made on mere living with an elegance and ostentation unknown in any of the capitals of Europe.

Mr. Speed states that \$20,400,000 are paid annually to the lawyers of New York; \$11,328,000 to physicians and surgeons; \$3,000,000 to the clergymen; \$2,665,000 to architects; \$1,600,000 to dentists; \$13,020,000 to brokers.

An aggregate of about \$100,000,000 is spent annually for clothing, \$10,000,000 for furs, \$20,000,000 for diamonds and other jewels, \$3,500,000 for cut flowers and growing plants; \$20,000,000 on yachting (the boats representing an investment of \$20,000,000), which is something more than is spent yearly on horses and carriages.

Mr. Speed estimates that \$31,837,500 are spent by New Yorkers each year in European travel, \$3,537,500 of which go for steamship tickets. New Yorkers spent \$30,000,000 for beer and \$90,000,000 for wine and spirits—about \$66 2-3 for each person per year. In their gifts to charities New Yorkers are most liberal, \$9,000,000 being the annual sum thus expended.

A Friendly Quail. A partridge, which, with its companions, is spending the hunting season in the Pacousett meadows, Portland, did a queer thing the other afternoon. The bird alighted in the yard adjoining the house of Ell Tryon, and, seeing no one about, proceeded on a tour of inspection.

First Musician—Why on earth did you say that Miss Solo's voice should be cultivated abroad? She positively has no voice, and you ought to know it, living as you do next door to her.

Second Musician—That's why I advised her to go abroad.—Tit-Bits.

DOCTORS IN COLONIAL DAYS.

Doctors' Bills of Some Connecticut Valley Settlements.

Educated physicians were no few that, almost perforce, the clergymen were found shining forth in what Mather, in the "Magnalia," called the "Angerical Conjunction"—combining minister and physician in one. It is also pleasant to note that the woman highly skilled in medicine had also come upon the scene, as early as 1631; for the wife of Rev. John Eliot was one of those possessing skill in both medicine and surgery—but attending the sick and maimed without reward; and, later on, at the close of King Philip's war, Mrs. Allyn was allowed \$20 for attending sick and wounded soldiers by the Connecticut council.

Many of the towns along the Connecticut river were without any resident physician for long periods—20 and 40 years; but it was almost inevitable that their pioneer life there should be calls for the knowledge and services of a bonesetter—and there are men just as surely inspired to do this work as are the dictionary makers and the collectors of queer and useless articles.

For half a century after the settlement of the four towns, Northampton, Hadley, Hatfield and Deerfield, the average annual expense of doctor's bills was not more than \$200, including those who were wounded by Indians. In 1727 the town of Hadley voted to give \$25 toward inducing "a good bonesetter" to locate among them if other towns would join them.

It is asserted that the stealing of current from trolley circuits for use in houses, saloons and stores is becoming very common. This is not surprising, in view of the ease with which the tapping of the circuit can be effected. A simple test for determining the source of any suspected electric lighting was put in practice recently with conclusive results.

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Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Morobund and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. "Dinah tells me he tears his wife is the victim of a wasting disease." "What is it?" "Bargain counter."—Chicago Record.

More to the Point. Rastus—I heah tell dat yo' new temperance s-l-e-t-y done got a motto, "de lips dat touch wine kin nebbet touch mine." Whuffor good dat gwine do? Dese common niggers don' see wine once a year.

Miss Lindy—Dat ain't all. We done got another verse—"de lips dat touch gwine won't go agin." How dat strike you, huh?—Indianapolis Journal.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago. John R. Rogers' comedians, an organization of international fame, present the immensely funny musical farce comedy, "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" for two weeks, beginning Nov. 29, including extra matinee Thanksgiving day.

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SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS.

The tide of the Bay of Fundy is the most remarkable in the world. It rises at the rate of a foot every five minutes, the water sometimes attaining the height of 75 feet.

A French scientist has enunciated the remarkable theory that the germ in the hen's egg is not destroyed by an electric current that would kill an adult fowl, but that the germ is so modified in most cases that a monstrosity will be hatched.

Nearly all of the large natural waterfalls of the United States are now being utilized for manufacturing purposes, and a plan is on foot to convert the rapids on the St. Lawrence into a motive power for the generation of electricity, to be distributed to nearby cities for lighting and manufacturing purposes.

Dr. Burton Ward declares that there "is one infallible symptom indicating whether one is sane or not. Let a person speak ever so rationally and act ever so sedately, if his or her thumbs remain inactive there is no doubt of insanity. Lunatics seldom make use of their thumbs when writing, drawing or painting."

An instrument has been invented by a Frenchman by means of which he can accurately determine the nutritive properties of vegetables, especially potatoes. The same apparatus may be used for determining the density of other farm products, such as beets and grain, a special scale being provided for each kind.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

Collarettes of ermine or seal with ermine bands and collars are much worn by fastidious women, who prefer them to all-seal collarettes.

Double violets, which have been favorites for some three seasons past, are slowly making way for the old-fashioned single violet.

Charming sofa pillows are made of the large flowered cretonnes. I saw one the other day which was a big square pillow, covered with a cream colored cretonne, having a large pink peony scattered over it. The edges were bound with brown velvet cord, caught in little loops at the corners.

Dainty bits of Dresden and Haviland china for the toilet table, china closets or the brio-brac cabinet, are offered at half price at the leading shops.

A new and charming photograph frame for two pictures is in the shape of a small gold screen with glass between the heavy gold work. Beautiful English flowers are pressed between the pieces of glass and fall around the spaces for the photographs. The coloring of the flowers is exquisite.

Texas.

In the Agricultural line, Texas leads all other states in the variety of its products. Cotton, corn and the cereals grow and are raised in every section of the state and in the central and southern portions sugar cane and sorghum are profitably cultivated.

If the land seeker, the home seeler and the settler desires to secure a farm larger than the one he occupies, on vastly more reasonable terms; if he wants more land to cultivate, a greater variety of crops to harvest, with proportionately increased remuneration, at a less outlay for cost of production; if he wants an earlier season with correspondingly higher prices; if he wants his stock, improved health, increased bodily comforts and wealth and prosperity, he should go to Texas.

Send for pamphlet descriptive of the resources of this great state (mailed free). Low Rate Home-seekers' excursions via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway on Nov. 2nd and 17th. Dec. 1st and 15th, 1896. H. A. GREENE, Northern Passenger Agent, 318 Marquette Building, Chicago.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Morobund and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. "Dinah tells me he tears his wife is the victim of a wasting disease." "What is it?" "Bargain counter."—Chicago Record.

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Catarrh Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies the blood and cures catarrh.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 10c.

THE DANCING TURKEY.

Strange Adventure of a Big Bird and Two Farmer Boys.

Queer Scene in a Dime Museum—A Startled Audience and a Discomfited Showman—Ultimate Fate of the Feathered Hero.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

His name was Launcelot Gobbo; he was born, or rather, hatched in the little Massachusetts village of Primeville. He was the joint property of Bill and Ralph Prime, two farmer's sons 14 and 15 years of age, who, according to the good old fashion in the Prime family, were given each year some portion of the farm stock—a cosset lamb, a brood of chickens, a pig, cote of pigeons—to rear and sell or keep as their very own. This year their share of the farm products was Launcelot Gobbo and his mate. His name was given him by the village school teacher, a young college student who chanced to come frequently to call on the boys' sister, Mary Prime. Gobbo was chosen as their handout because he was such a mammoth turkey chick, a nine-days' old wonder; and by careful and constant and insistent feeding, and by tender cherishing, he had fulfilled the great promise of his youth. Ralph thought Gobbo weighed 30 pounds; Bill set the weight at least five pounds higher. As the turkey was full and rich of feather and very tall, he looked to me twice as large as any other I had ever seen; really big enough to reach the seventeenth century standard of "three score pound in weight."

He had other claims to consideration besides his distinguished name and his size; he was an accomplished turkey—a trick-performer. Like Shakespeare's famous Gobbo for whom he was named, he "used his heels at his master's commands." When Bill struck the ground near him with a stick and called out: "Dance! Gobbo! dance for the ladies," and set up a shrill fife-like whistle, Gobbo spread his great fan-like tail and nodded and bowed his head, and circled and hopped around in exact time with the rapping of the stick, in the most pompous, ridiculous, mirth-provoking caricature of a dance that ever was footed or clawed. He posed before the whole town as a show bird. Stolid farmers for miles around came to see him, and roared aloud at his dancing, which he had to exhibit every day in

Bill, contemptuously. "Not much," answered Ralph; but even as they spoke they gathered in their questioning brains, in their eager eyes, a conviction which burst forth from their lips: "It is Gobbo!"

Now these were Yankee boys, slow but shrewd, and they knew every feather of the wings, every fold of the comb and wattles of their pet; but each paid his dime and entered the museum to be sure. Past the voluble showman, the wax figures, the stuffed animals, they silently strolled to the window. No one else stood near within doors. "Dance, Gobbo! dance for the ladies!" cried Bill, excitedly, striking the floor with his cane; and his heart beat high. Oh! how the crowd outside on the street laughed as Gobbo spread his tail and danced "most high and disposedly," as the French ambassador said of Queen Elizabeth in the gavotte.

A great printed card hung over Gobbo's pen; he was to be raffled that very night. I never knew how the boys evolved the plan or presented it to the showman, or how they ever persuaded him; but soon he was shouting out at his door: "This truly magnificent turkey, the biggest ever known in the civilized world, this feathered monarch of the entire ornithology of the United States, will be raffled to-night at a quarter of eight, at eight o'clock, in this hall, but in a novel, extraordinary, and wholly unique manner. This vally'ble fowl will be set at liberty, and unguided, unsolicited, uninfluenced, unhampered and unbiased, will belong solely and ex—clu—sive—ly to the man, woman or child to whom he flies, walks, creeps or runs."

You may be sure the Prime boys never left the museum hall, nor their place in the front row, ready for the raffle. At a quarter after eight the hall was filled with a noisy but not disorderly crowd, surrounding the circular platform in the center of the hall, upon which stood the master of ceremonies, and Gobbo encircled by his wire netting and still feeding. The showman made his speech and the wire netting was removed; but Gobbo, bewildered by the noise, refused to be raffled and declined to go to anyone. The showman entreated silence, and attempted to force the turkey to leave the platform. A reasonable stillness prevailed, when suddenly "Dance, Gobbo, dance for the ladies," was roared out and a shrill whistle pierced the air. The turkey reared his long neck and head like a

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Some Timely Hints for the Amateur Dressmaker.

Cloaks for Tiny Tots—New Materials for Cloaks and Gowns—Sleeves and Their Trimming—The Poke Bonnet for Children.

Although the season's modes are very extravagant, there's a something in them which sends a ray of hope to the amateur dressmaker's heart. A draped or trimmed skirt is so much more easily made than one that hangs plain; while to secure the proper fit of the large sleeve is more difficult by far than the drape of the small sleeve.

Sleeves are now comparatively simple, although care must still be taken in



A LITTLE TOT.

their construction. For jacketed gowns, a small leg-o-mutton puff is worn, but it must not be stiffened at all. To secure the proper droop it is allowable to lay the puff in plaits around the armhole. They should be laid and fastened properly on the tight lining before the sleeve is sewed in the bodice.

All sleeves are made with tight linings. The lining should be carefully fitted on the arm and made as tight as consistent with its use. Then, after all unnecessary material is trimmed away, it should be ripped apart and covered

Fancy dress goods are losing caste so quickly that those who bought them early in the season stand aghast. Yet very pleasant it is to welcome once more the plain materials. Serge, cashmere and lady's cloth are all great favorites, and are exactly suited to a person who can afford but one gown a season.

At present lady's cloth is the material which is in greatest favor. It is used most effectively in a charming gown that is purple in color. Four and a half yards of the cloth were bought to make a skirt and bolero. The side seams of the skirt and the jacket were trimmed with gold embroidery, while the loose bodice was of pale yellow silk.

The design is exceedingly pretty, and may easily be carried out in other materials.

The purple cloth costs one dollar a yard, and is both too costly and too striking in color to be suitable ordinarily. The color, however, may be changed to dark blue or green. By treating the cloth carefully after it is bought, a 50-cent material may easily be made to look as well as one twice that price.

The cloth should be rolled between wet sheets and laid away to dry. When it is nearly dry it should be pressed on the wrong side, and lined with a thin Canton flannel, which gives it a more elegant appearance.

To replace the silk waist what could be prettier than a bodice of Shaker flannel, say in one of those fine checks that come in such dainty colors? Some that I saw to-day, in a soft fawn and white, would be simply irresistible with a green skirt.

Over it should be worn the jacket of green. That and the skirt might be braided with a fine white cord, and as pretty a costume as possible would be the result. And, if made at home, its cost would not rise above six dollars, including a margin for those innumerable nothings that do make a gown cost so much.

The collars of this year's coat are novel and exceedingly chic. They stand high upon the back, then flare outward. In front not an inch of throat is seen—it is entirely covered by the close-fitting collar.

Another peculiarity of this year's coat—it buttons invisibly under a flap on one side.

Smooth cloths are more generally worn, but the new fur jackets, with vests of ermine, are so pretty that a

IT HELPS THE FARMER.

Prof. Conn's Researches into the Micro-Organic Causes of Flavor.

Good Butter Due to Good Germs—We Are Beginning to "Ripen" Liqueurs and Tobacco, Cheese and Butter by Cultivated Microbes.

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"There is no question that the flavors and aromas of butter, of cheese, of smoking tobacco and snuff, of vinegar and a number of their similar products are in large measure, and in some cases wholly, due to the growth of bacteria in these products."

These words in a letter written by Prof. H. W. Conn, the eminent biologist of Wesleyan university, were the cause of my taking a flying trip to the scene of his labors, the pretty Connecticut village of Middletown.

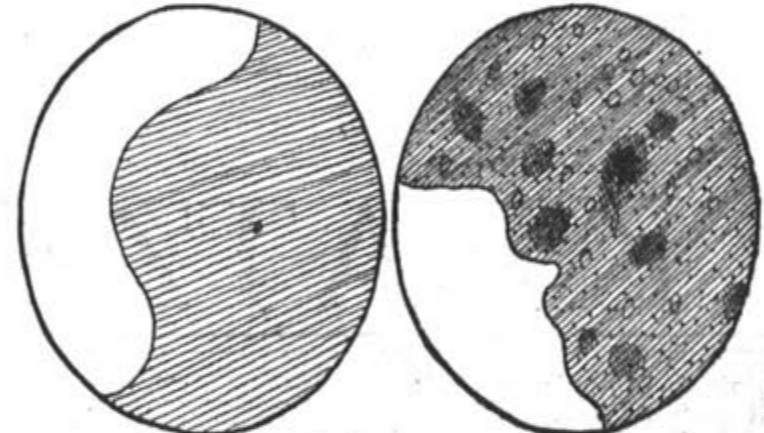
"You must bear in mind," he said at the outset, "that I am by no means pursuing an original idea in this work. Scientists all over the world are engaged upon it, and my own limited field of observation is but a small part of the general one. I began the investigation of the bacteria of Connecticut dairy milk without any idea that practical results were to issue directly from my work, but it has developed on my hands along practical lines."

"Butter, as you know, is made from ripened cream. Ripening is merely the effect of bacterial growth, the first step in the progress of decay, as one would infer from the fact that the cream is merely set in a warm place exposed to the air and allowed to stand. Under such conditions the micro-organisms of course multiply like fun. I have noted the presence of 800,000,000 bacteria to the cubic centimeter. The rate of growth is astounding. The theoretical increase of a single bacterium may be 16,000,000 within 24 hours. Assume that they double every half hour or so.

"The bacteria are not alike. I began collecting those of milk three years ago, and have now my one hundred and thirty-eighth variety observed in Connecticut dairy products. These are distinguished by color, habit and other peculiarities, but it is hard to say how closely it is fair to subdivide them. The

comes in. It will some day be made a commercial matter, like the sale of yeast, with the scientists ever checking results and leading the way to new developments. There are two methods of using the bacterial growths practically. The first is for the dairyman to pasteurize his milk and then introduce a little culture of approved sort, as I do here. The next is to take the milk or cream in its ordinary state and put in so many of the bacteria, of species so vigorous and rapidly reproductive, that they will override the resident germs and dominate the character of the whole. Both methods have been attempted; both have been in a measure successful; both have their drawbacks.

"The objection to the first method is that it makes the farmer considerable trouble to heat his milk or cream to 155 degrees and then cool it again before applying the culture. Another difficulty is that already alluded to—that it is easier to produce the right flavors than the right aroma by germ culture. The combination necessary to produce both will however be perfected. The objection to the second method is its uncertainty. We don't know what is in the cream in the beginning; when the new bacteria are added, they may be powerful enough to control those already present and they may not. I have all along felt that the former method was theoretically preferable, but as we couldn't get American butter makers to pasteurize their milk, the second theme was tried as an entering wedge. It has produced some good results. It has taught dairymen what culture is—taught them, for one thing, why great cleanliness is necessary. Gradually they will learn the use of bacterial methods as the dairymen abroad are doing. Already there are six different brands of ripening bacteria for sale in Europe and two or three in this country. More would be sold here were it not for the fact that the ingenious Connecticut farmer has devised a fairly good substitute, which is to get a little cream from the very best dairy available, let it sour and mix it with his fresh cream, somewhat improving the character of the fermentation and giving the young cream a start in the right direction. This process is analogous to the use of the so-called "mother" of vinegar, long a



TWO SAMPLES OF MILK COMPARED.

In the first sample, drawn directly into the test tube, but one colony of bacteria appeared. In the second, taken in the ordinary way, several varieties quickly developed, as shown in the circle on the right.

practical question is whether the different bacteria will effect milk in the same, or in different ways. I get the bacteria in the usual manner."

I interrupted Prof. Conn by the intimation that "the usual manner" was Greek to me, and he led the way across a bare hall to a room filled with queer contrivances—a dust-proof glass closet, a big sheet iron contrivance like a refrigerator for maintaining an even temperature, and bottles and test tubes in numbers, many of the latter containing cream in various stages of fatigue.

"My method," said Prof. Conn, "is to prepare bacterial food stiffened with gelatine. I collect at the dairies a little milk—the quantity doesn't matter—shut up in a chemically clean glass tube. Then with this platinum needle, heated red-hot to destroy any life upon it, lift a few drops of milk into a test tube up and set it aside. In a short time I take out the culture upon one of these little flat glass trays, where it is glued in place by the gelatine, and is available for the microscope. The bacteria, as you see from these trays, set in a different manner. Some are yellow; some are white; some liquefy the gelatine into little pools like water blisters. But each spot that you see is a group, or colony as we call it, of innumerable separate organisms. Here is a startling contrast."

Prof. Conn showed me one of the three-inch covered glass trays in which the thin film of prepared milk was dotted by a single colony of bacteria, and another upon which the colonies fairly swarmed; they were of several different varieties, distinguishable by the naked and nonscientific eye by color or shape, and of course a scientific analysis would resolve the menagerie into many species.

"Now we come to the gist of the matter," said Prof. Conn: "which is the planting of germs. I take a test tube of Pasteurized cream—cream subjected to a temperature of 155 and nearly free of organic activity, hence passive to the experiment—and pour some of the culture into it. That ripens the cream by the natural multiplication of the germs. Then we make butter—not much butter—using for a churn a druggist's milk shake machine. Here you see I have seven samples of cream, each inoculated with a different sort of bacterium and one in its natural state for comparison."

"How does your butter taste?" I asked.

"Some of it very well; but it doesn't all taste like butter. Some of the bacteria produce a flavor more resembling cheese. Some simply give a rotten taste. These latter are the kind of growths we don't want to use. In general, we can produce butter which tastes well, but the aroma, which is as important as the taste, is more elusive. The culture of the organisms which produce a pleasant smell seems more difficult."

"Now the problem of culture growth in large quantities for practical use

household device for hastening and improving the fermentation.

"In Europe, particularly in the northern countries where dairying is the main agricultural interest, much use has been made of dairy culture. The results are good because of their uniformity.

"As to cheese, the investigation is not so well advanced. The ordinary ripening of cheese takes weeks, or years, instead of days, because it is so dense that bacteria which prefer a liquid home, cannot spread so readily. Of course it is known that bad or tainted cheese is due to the activity of the undesirable growth, but the practical results of the attempt to supplant them by better ones have been thus far slight. Within a week or two, however, I have received papers from French investigators detailing substantial progress.

"Of course there are many other processes in the industries which might be hastened or improved by bacteriological methods—the making of beer, of vinegar; the 'aging' of liquors, which now takes years where it might be completed in days; the preparation of flax, of hemp, linen, cocoon mat, sauerkraut; the bleaching of sponges, and the maceration of skeletons. In all these and hundreds of other operations fermentation takes place, and in most of them culture methods can be profitably used. Vinegar of the most delicate flavor is produced by cultured bacteria. The brewers have already done what the dairymen ought to do, and reduced their business to a science by the employment of chemists and bacteriologists. The use of scientific methods in brewing has alone rendered possible absolute certainty of uniform results. When this was insured, and not before, the great breweries of to-day became possible. 'Luck' has been eliminated.

"The ripening of liquors I have never studied. Tobacco undergoes in the process of curing and preparing two, three or four sets of fermentations, and the quality of the resulting product depends largely on the character of the fermentation that takes place. There are two German savants who have experimented independently in treating ordinary tobacco with germs flaked out of fine Havana, and they claim success; but as both are keeping their processes secret in the hope of making them commercially profitable, the scientific world reserves its judgment."

"Then there are virtuous as well as villainous characters even among micro-organisms?"

"Certainly; we couldn't live without bacterial processes. The farmer's life, especially, is one continual manipulation of bacteria, with the occasional dropping in of a few seeds; but he doesn't know it. I have thought of writing a popular work on 'Bacteria as Friends and Enemies,' to emphasize this fact. The lectures I've delivered have given me an opportunity to know how general is the misconception of the real usefulness of micro-organic life."

JOHN LANGDON HEATON.



"DON'T YOU TOUCH HIM!" SAID BILL, FIERCELY.

the week. Even on Sundays at the nooning, Bill proudly but secretly led the neighbors' boys home to the farm and behind the barn; though the deacons sternly frowned on a Sunday dance even by a turkey who had no soul to be saved.

It was the first of November; Gobbo was still growing and still dancing, when one day a gaily-painted vehicle with a smart horse came dashing into town. The wagon had an inclosed box behind the chaise front. It might be taken for a peddler's cart or a patent-medicine coach, but it was neither; it was the collecting van of a Boston "antique-man." Persuasive, smiling, flattering, peering into every kitchen cupboard and dresser, in every parlor closet, in every bedroom and gabled attic, he gathered in his lucrative country harvest of brass and irons and candlesticks, of old blue dishes and copper lustre pitchers, of harpback chairs and spinning wheels. He debonairly purchased two pewter porringers, a sampler and an old mirror of Mrs. Prime, while he effusively praised the farm and the cattle. And as he partook of the apples and cider generously set before him, he shouted with laughter at Gobbo, who proudly danced for him again and again. As the early twilight began to lower, the "antique-man" called out a cheerful good-night and drove away. Gobbo also stalked off—and forever—from the Prime dooryard, for in the morning he had vanished from the farm as completely as if he had evaporated.

How the boys stormed and mourned; how fiercely they descended on the "colored" Johnsons, more than suspected in the past of chicken stealing; how they hunted the woods and meadows; how they fretted and fumed—but to no avail. To check their worry and anger, their mother sent them off to Boston to spend Thanksgiving week with their married sister.

With the sea-loving curiosity of those of inland birth and breeding, the boys haunted the wharves and lower portions of the city; and on the day before Thanksgiving, as they wandered up from the docks through a crowded and noisy street, they joined a little group gathered around the show-window of a "Dime-Museum," for in the window stood as a lure, a promise of treasures and wonders within, an enormous turkey, janned in a wire coop, drooping of leather, and listlessly feeding.

"He isn't nearly as big as Gobbo,"

snake, spread, not his tail, but his wings, and with a piercing gobble literally flew to his friend Bill with a force that almost stunned the boy. The showman advanced and shouted: "What does this mean?" "Don't you touch him," said Bill, fiercely, but almost in tears, "or I'll wring your neck instead of his," while Ralph explained to the inquisitive 'longshoremen who gathered around him how the lost had been found; not without some aspersions on the character of the "antique-man"—unjust, perhaps, as they are ever noted for their uprightness and honesty.

There ought to be a romantic ending; but every turkey has his day, and this was Gobbo's. He was too big to keep in a city yard, and too big to take home in the cars; thus did his greatness, as did Cardinal Wolsey's, prove his destruction. Even his accomplishments were a snare; for when it was known he could dance his talents could not be hidden under a bushel in obscure country life. He had ever been destined for a city market, and soon again he graced a window, this time of a city poultryer; and on the eve of Thanksgiving he was again raffled—the second time, alas! with hanging wings, and plucked sides and drooping head.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

What Emperor William Eats.

Some curious details are published about the meals of the German emperor. William II. is the first king of Prussia who has ever visited his kitchen. At ordinary times the imperial family have three meals a day. The emperor prefers substantial dishes. For his breakfast he has coffee, tea, eggs, beefsteaks and veal or mutton cutlets; for lunch, he has soup, different kinds of meat with vegetables, and roasts and sweets. The emperor and empress like to have guests almost regularly to lunch. Dinner takes place at five or six o'clock, or, on specially formal occasions, at seven. This is the most luxurious and elaborate meal of the day, and is served on gold and silver plate. Finally, the emperor has a plate of cold meat shortly before retiring to rest.

Getting Even.

Mrs. Crimso-beak—That Miss Striker, next door, makes no attempt at concealing her dislike for us.

Mr. Crimso-beak—What! has she been playing the piano again?—Yonkers Statesman.



THE SEASON'S SLEEVES.

with the dress material. If your sleeve is too long, trim it the same amount from top and bottom, but bear in mind that fashion now demands a sleeve reaching almost to the knuckles.

Having covered the lining and sewed the sleeve together once more, it is ready for trimming. If the gown is intended for dressy wear, a flounce of lace or plaited chiffon may be sewed around the armhole. For a girl favored with prettily-shaped shoulders, the top of the flounce may be flattened with a cap-like piece of velvet and the armhole outlined with a tiny heading of white lace gathered in the seam.

Yet another favorite design has three box plaittings (which should be of satin) sewed around half way down the upper



A CHIC COLLAR.

arm. A piece of material, gathered loosely, tops them.

When two materials are combined in a gown, a pretty sleeve trimming consists of two epaulet-like pieces of the contrasting material falling over the upper arm, edged with braid and trimmed with buttons. As a rule, however, buttons should be avoided, as they are likely to become very common.

For wrist adornment, lace is largely used, inside of points, which should be lined with some bright bit of ribbon and fall, one under, one over, the arm.

Much more serviceable, however, is a cuff made of two pieces, each exactly half the width of the sleeve, and about three inches long. They should be lined, and are pretty if of velvet or edged with braid. When finished they should be slip-stitched to the edge of the sleeve, one on top and one beneath. Do not fasten them together at the sides. Cuffs of this style are the very newest thing.

THE LATEST.

THE PLACE TO SAVE MONEY!

Cloaks and Jackets.

All our 6, 7 and 8 Jackets we will sell for	\$4.68
All our fine Kersey one-half silk lined, we will sell for	8.79
An all wool Boucle, double cape, we will sell for	3.48
Fine extra Broadcloth cape, we will sell for	3.67
Misses' latest style	2.98
Another odd lot of coats	1.24

Miscellaneous.

Ice wool shawls, for this sale	49c
Fascinators	24c
Ladies' all wool Jersey leggins,	1.24
One lot of corsets, your choice	24c
Ladies' Flannelette wrappers, for this sale	98c
Feather boas, for this sale	34c
Ladies' black all wool hose,	14c
Child's wool hose, all sizes, for this sale	12 1-2c
All our wool skirts, former price \$1.00, for this sale	73c
Tinsel, per ball,	2c
Crochet cotton, best,	5c
SPECIAL—50 doz. Hack Towels, worth 10c, each	5c
50 more trimmed hats, your choice for	\$1.24
Large black plumes, we will sell for	.39
Buds and wings we will sell from	10c up

Underwear Department.

1 lot of Children's, all sizes, to close from	9c up
Boys' shirts and drawers, for this sale	20c
Ladies' fleece lined, heavy weight, for this sale	34c
" " " " " "	23c

Clothing.

Lot of Men's Woolen Underwear, worth 75c close out at	38c
Lumbermen's Kersey Pants, value 1.75, close out:	\$1.19
Extra heavy 50c knit mitts, going at	22c
Men's heavy woolen sweaters, close out at	74c
\$1.00 faced mittens, going at	48c
Heavy woolen Jersey shirts, good value at \$1.00, now	74c
One lot of men's shoe pacs, all sizes, going at	97c
Extra good Mackinaw Jackets, now	1.19
Black Mackinaw Jackets, single or double breasted	1.29
Men's heavy silk lined 50c caps, going at	24c
50c Faced mittens, now	23c
Men's plain wool mittens, only	9c
Lumberman's Rubbers, heavy sole, heel and straps, now \$1.00	\$1.00
Appleton Flannel Shirts, black and white, or blue check, only	1.10
Men's double breasted and back, blue flannel shirts, heavy	98c
Heavy woolen socks, white or gray, only	19c
Heavy Knit German socks, fancy	48c
Men's heavy woolen sweaters, now only	74c
Men's Knit Jackets, worth \$1.50, going at	98c
One lot men's fur caps, closing out at	25c

OVERCOATS.

Men's fine dress overcoats, velvet collars, only	3.62 1/2
Men's blue or black dress beaver overcoats	4.90
Teamster's Ulster Overcoats, heavy only	3.25
Men's fine Ulster Overcoats, sold everywhere at \$9, only	5.50
A complete line of boys' and children's reefers and overcoats.	

Oil Cloth and Carpets.

Table oil cloth, your choice of colors, per yd	10c
Floor cloth, square yd, for this sale	18c
" " 2 yds wide, for this sale	48c
One lot of children's hoods, to close.	15c

Dress Goods Department.

All wool covert cloth, 56 inch, former price, 75c, now	42c
36 inch wool mixtures,	40c
56 inch all wool cloaking	1.75
Astrachan	3.50
Beautiful black figured, all wool	1.00

Blankets and Comforters.

All our double blankets, former price, \$1.00, for this sale	71c
Good quality blanket,	1.50
Fine comforter, white filling,	1.75
One lot of comforters, to close at, for this sale,	41c
Home made comforter, made of china silk for this sale	1.97

Shoe and Rubber Dept.

Child's rubbers, we will sell at this sale at	18c
Ladies' " " " "	24c
A good solid school shoe, sizes 8 to 12,	75c
Ladies' Fine Dongola, with patent tips,	96c
Fine Vici Kid	1.24
Child's Shoes, 5 to 8,	43c
Infant's Shoes,	20c

Notion Department.

Hair Pins, 10 papers for	1c
1 dozen safety pins	2c
100 yards linen spool	3c
Skirt Braid	4c
Best patent hook and eye	2c
Dress Shields	4c

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NEW HOPES! NEW OPPORTUNITIES!
THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND PLENTY
MILD CLIMATE, FERTILE SOIL, CHEAP LANDS.

The building of the Kansas City, Pittsburg & Gulf Railroad—Port Arthur Route—has opened up a country in Western Missouri and Arkansas that cannot be excelled as an agricultural and fruit growing country. No other country in America presents so many "golden opportunities" to the homeseeker, manufacturer or speculator. It is a land of sunshine and plenty, where you can work out of doors 12 months in the year instead of 6 months. No hot winds in summer, no blizzards in winter. Lands are cheap along this new line of road because this country has heretofore been remote from railroad. Climate mild, pleasant and healthy.

You should also see the new division town of Mena, Polk Co., Ark. It is a good illustration of what pluck and enterprise can do—build a city of 2,500 people in 90 days. Mena is surrounded by a tributary country capable of sustaining a city of 100,000 people.

Homeseeker tickets—one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00—can be bought at all principal northern and eastern railroad points on Nov. 17, Dec. 1st and 15th. Don't miss these opportunities. For full information, address

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Steam Laundry.

We Guarantee

Our new process of laundering woolen underwear, blankets, etc. and warrant all woolsens to not shrink or injure the fabric, no matter how fine but will cleanse and soften them to your great comfort. Try us.

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The cheapest place in town to buy good, first-class meats, the year 'round, is at the :: :: ::

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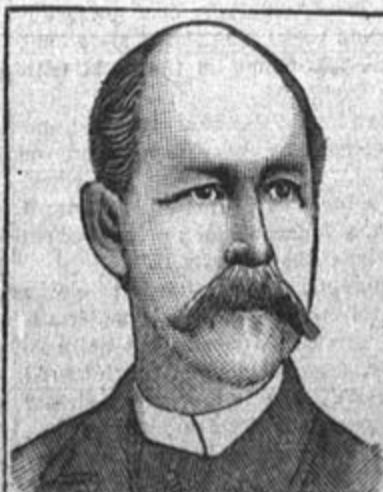
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We use only the best calf, Russia calf, French Patent calf, French enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.
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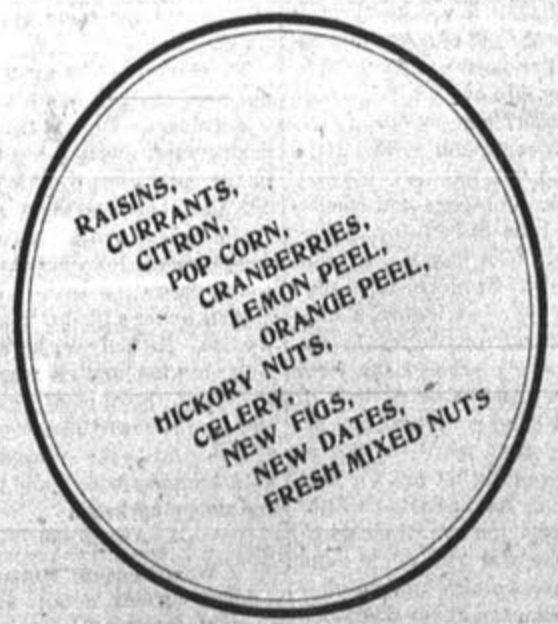
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