

For the Sunday Sentinel.

TO MISS BROWN BROWN.

On Receiving From Her a Beautiful and Useful Present.

BY SARAH T. BOITON.

Behold, for this fair fabric, dainty wrought  
Of dainty spools, by thy cunning hands—  
In mystic unlets, like a poet's thought,  
And to be about with shining silken bands.

My muse, in loving gratitude, would sing  
A lay to thee, as musical and sweet,  
As wild birds come to the blooming spring,  
Or rhythmic rime where sparrow warblers meet.

Wouldst thou of roses blown in odorous air—  
Of lilies, such as thy heart is now,  
Of opheleas, to match the silken hair  
That gleams, like paly sunshine, on thy brow.

Wouldst thou to music sweet, thy dream of life,  
Wherein the future seems so bright and fair,  
Whose all of good and all of beautiful is rife,  
And sorrow brings no burden hard to bear.

Yet, long ago, I, too, walked hand in hand,  
With youth and hope, believing all things true,  
But found, on coming to that Fairyland,  
That "distance lent excitement to the view."

Life has, for some, good gifts and pleasant ways,  
Spanned by the sunshine of unclouded skies,  
But, for the starless nights and stormy days,  
For many aching hearts and tearful eyes.

Some climb, with bleeding feet, the rugged height  
Where fame's red beacon glitters on the snow,  
Who had been happier in the truer light,  
And sadder footing of the vale below.

For is it of life to live and leave  
Great heaps of treasure won by toil and pain,  
Only the good for others we achieve  
Can be accounted in eternal gain.

Gifted and graceful, thou mayest sow the seed  
Of truth and beauty, on barren waste,  
To bud and bloom for the souls in need,  
From whom God's image is, well nigh, erased.

Mayest thou along thy path, with gentle hand,  
Seed and soil fertilize, in light and gloom,  
And bear good fruit, on wilder fallow land,  
To bless mankind, a hundred years to come.

So, God be with thee, lady, and I pray,  
He may free thee from all sorrow sore,  
Crown thee, with peace and plenty, day by day,  
While happy love smiles at thy door,  
Beech bank, May, 1888.

WIT AND PLEASANTY.

A Washington street placard says: "Look at our ladies' hose." We refuse to be denigrated by any such exhibitions.

"On Monday last the Vassar college girls took observations of the sun." Well, it is a dark day when the girls don't take observations of the sun—if they set the opportunity.

(There has been a female student who lately gave a handsome male patient an overdose of ether, and married him before he had fully recovered his senses. Having teeth pulled out without having any extra horseticks on to the operation.

"My dear," said Mr. Ferguson, as he laid down his book, "it says here that whisky drinking hardens the brain." "Never mind, my dear," was her caustic reply, "you needn't quit drinking on that account."

And now Ferguson wonders what she meant.

Professor Langley, the astronomer, is said to be the most besotted man. And yet we have no doubt he will sit for hours looking at Venus through a telescope, long after the drunk people are asleep and dead. That is always the way with these besotted men.—Lewellyn Citizen.

"Are your coats padded?" asked Angelina, as her head reposed gracefully on William's manly breast. "No." "Why do you ask?" inquired fondly. "Because they are so much softer than Martin's coat, or John's either, for that matter." The engagement was broken.—The Lambler.

Sam Jones was once conducting a revival in Atlanta. At a full service he addressed himself to the members of the church. At last one of the stewards suggested that he had better begin to pitch into the sinners.

"No, sir," said Sam, "I want to get the church good stirred up first. I never kill dogs 'till I've got my water hot."

Rather premature.—"Why have you put you in jail again?" asked an Austin philanthropist (Jim Webster, who was playing checkers with his nose on the game window.—"Because I had the luck to find Colonel Yeager's watch." "That's no crime, to find a watch." "Yes, but you see, boss, I dug found it before he lost it."—Texas Siftings.

A smart Colonel of an Irish militia regiment was lately found fault with by the inspecting general for the indifferent shooting of his regiment. The Colonel replied: "Sir, I must explain that I stand before you in two positions—one as Colonel of the regiment and the other as a private soldier. As far as I am concerned I consider the shooting good enough."—Troy Times.

"But I can't cook it in that way, Henry. I don't know how." "Then why don't you keep trying till you learn how?" "Oh, I can't! I always get it done. I'm a woman anyhow; she can't never do anything a body wants done. A man can do anything." "No," he said, "I'll tell you what a man can't do." "What's that?" "He can't mind his own business."

First Elderly Maiden.—"How do you like the new minister?" "Second Elderly Maiden"—"O, ever so much. His sermons are so beautiful. Don't you like him?" "First E. M."—"Not very well; his whiskers are so straight, and he doesn't take a woman anyhow; she can't never do anything a body wants done. A man can do anything." "No," he said, "I'll tell you what a man can't do." "What's that?" "He can't mind his own business."

How is it, Uncle Rastus, said a gentleman to an old darkey, "that you never married?" "Ain't you an admirer of the softer sex?" "I got er' qual wane 'bouter gal, sah," replied Uncle Rastus. "A dnee?" "Yes, sah; yehs an' yehs ago. Sam Jackson an' myse if we bo' lubbed de same gal; we wah bo' born' ter get dah, and de business o' mized in er' du'el. We bo' wah er' trifled nabovus, an' 'sted of m' hitlin' Sam or Sam hitlin' me, we brought down a valuable mule dah, wah standin' neah de fence."

"And did you de agonal asked the gentleman, very much interested. "No, sah, dah wah a very valuable mule, boss, an' we bo' got kinder skeart like. So we entered into an amicable prearrangement." "How did you settle it?" "Sam ank de gal an' 'gred to pay fo' de mule, an' I ahint neeb'er lubbed nece."

Four candidates for the postmastership of Richmond were urged by many delegations of influential Virginians, and the fifth man got the office. Which reminds us of the ill-fated organ grinder in New Orleans, who, seeing an Italian count playing a hand-organ, with displayed upon its upper surface a number of puppets, one of which held forth a plate, accepting this as a challenge to a novel game of chance, and deposited an eagle on the plate. This the organ-grinder, after playing a few bars, put into his pocket. The player deposited another plate. Same result. And third, and a fourth, and a fifth. And then he staggered solemnly away, remarking: "In the first time I ever backed again a game where all of the pechen'g wash in favor of the dealer!"—N. O. Picayune.

Colonel J. Army Knox, of Texas Siftings, when asked what he considered the best bit of American humor, answered promptly, "A little thing that Bill Nye wrote. I consider it the best because it leaves so much to the imagination. A humorous thing should be suggestive. This is what I've written: 'Yesterday was the first day of January.

The glad New Year. I made 100 calls. So I am told. Now what a vision of a gigantic drunk does that bring up?" Equally good if not better, is a moral by Artemus Ward, which may be found in a motto on the title-page of some editions of the great humorist's works. It runs thus: "Amused Old Gentleman: 'Why, what a foolish little girl! Here's a dollar for you.' Foolish Little Girl: 'Please, sir, I have a sister at home who is almost as foolish as I be. Won't you give me a dollar for her, too?'"

Don't Have To. Young Girl: "I understand you Chicago boys like large feet." Chicago Girl: "Yes, our feet are quite large, but we don't have to wear our garters above the knee to keep them from falling off as you Boston girls do."

Masonic Customs. (Texas Siftings.) "So the Arabs go to lodges and come home late just as you do," said Mrs. Mannerly to her husband, who was of a convivial turn of mind. "I don't know," he stammered. "But I know they do, for I read in a paper that when an Arabian enters his house he removes his shoes and keeps on his hat. That's what you do when you come home late from the lodges."

Papa's Powerful Praying. "Mr. Moody says that if a person prays while roller skating he is all right," said a little Brooklyn girl to her mother. "Well, my child, did you ever hear any body pray while at the rink?" "Oh, yes! Papa did last night when he sat down so hard that the gas went out."

What did he say? "He said 'merciful heavens!' and lots of other things just like a minister does when he pounds the pulpit."

Has a Different Sound. "Did you catch on to the sound of that?" remarked a school-boy youth to his companion the other evening as a high-sounding class was heard coming from a couple standing in a doorway on El Dorado street.

"Well, I should say I did," replied the other. "It sounds like a skyrocket had busted. I guess they must be a newly married couple, and they haven't got through with the honeymoon yet." You can just bet on it they ain't married yet. Married classes don't sound like that; they ain't the sound-est kind."

Horticultural. "She had but recently arrived from the 'old country,' and being sent out in front of the house to water a large bed of crimson petunias, the following conversation took place between herself and the youngest son and heir: "I say, B' d'git, what's the name of those red flowers?" "Shure, now, I don't like to tell ya. 'Tun't a nice name they have; all dear, for 'twas her name—if they set the opportunity."

Repartee. They were laughing one day, in a semi-private cafe, and she happened to say, as she noticed the way "The ice cream here is really good. Can you eat ice cream with impunity?" "And he made the reply, "With a wink of the eye, "No, but I can with a spoon."

But her triumph came soon; as they left the cafe, she gave her a good opportunity. "And now, B' d'git, as the weather is clear, can you take walk with impunity?" "Her smile was as bright as the moon. "And he replied, "With a wink of the eye, "No, but I can with a spoon."

Not so Very Drunk Either. Brown arrived home somewhat late the other night after a convivial supper with friends. "B, like a dutiful wife, sat up until her liege lord should come in. From one side of the door she heard the protracted fumbling with the keyhole which her husband, from the other side, was vainly trying to fit around the night key."

Finally the key sprang the latch, and the delinquent husband pushed open the door to find himself face to face with his angry partner.

"Wishing to cover him completely with confusion, the aggrieved wife pointed to the key which was still in the door, and, with an air of grim satisfaction, remarked: "You seem to have forgotten your key."

Brown had now recovered his humor, and, appreciating the fact that she had been a silent listener to his prolonged manuevers, retorted: "Well, my dear, you don't think I went to all that trouble to get the key in merely to pull it right out again, do you?"

Gave His Client Good Advice. (Independent.) John K. Porter, the well-known New York lawyer, was assigned, when a young man, the defense of a man charged with assault in the second degree, and charged by the Court to give the accused the best advice he could under the circumstances. Porter immediately retired to an adjacent room to consult with his client, and returned shortly without him.

"Where is your client?" demanded the astonished Judge. "He has left the place, I guess," replied Porter, with the most refreshing sangfroid. "Left the place? Why, what do you mean, Mr. Porter?"

"Why, your honor directed me to give him the best advice I could under the circumstances. He told me he was gally; so I advised him to cut and run for it. He took my advice as a client ought, opened the window and skeddaddled. He is about a mile away."

The very audacity of the young barrister deprived the Court of the power of speech, and nothing ever came of the matter.

His Idea of the Extraordinary. (Cardiff Mail.) A Scotch subaltern at Gibraltar was one day on guard with another officer, who unluckily fell down a precipice 400 feet and was killed. Non military readers should understand that the guard reports there is a small addendum, viz:—"N. B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting."

Our friend, however, said nothing about the accident, and some time after, the brigades major came to his quarters on the part of the officer commanding, with the report in his hand, to demand an explanation.

"You say N. B.—Nothing extraordinary since guard mounting, when your brother officer on duty has fallen down a precipice 400 feet and been killed."

"Well, sir," replied he, "I dinna think there's anything extraordinary in that. If he'd foun' down a precipice 400 feet and no been killed, I should have thought it very extraordinary indeed, and wad have put it doon in my report."

One house recently uncovered at Pompeii appeared to have been undergoing repair at the time it was overtaken by the terrible volcano storm of November 25, A. D. 79. Painters' pots and brushes, and workmen's tools, were scattered about, and spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner by themselves, but dinner had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood on the stove. The oven was filled with loaves of bread, and a smoking pig was awaiting on a wooden dish its turn to be baked. But the pig never entered the oven, and the bread remained in it more than eighteen centuries.—Mons. Fignola's museum at Pompeii contains the loaves—twenty-one in number—rather hard and black, but perfectly preserved.

It is much harder work for a man to care for his children an hour and a half while his wife is churning than to run a fox all day.

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30, 1888.

BY NELSON GOODRICH HUMPHREY.

Listen, comrades, near us sleeping,  
"Dust to dust" of many years,  
That the 'King of Earth' is keeping  
To the end of time and tears.

Thoughts unbidden, social greetings,  
Sentiments of other years—  
Kindred joys and cheerful meetings,  
Flood our eyes to-day in tears.

Through the Nation's pulse is beating  
Better hope, though tears are shed,  
That "Beyond" will be the greeting,  
Choicest flowers above them spread.

Aged sires and aged mothers,  
That went home long years ago;  
Youthful friends and faithful lovers,  
That the angels called to go.

On their graves the fragrant flowers  
Seem as messengers divine,  
As the circumstantial powers  
Link the "Spirit Land" to Time.

Monuments above them loom,  
Steering age and day of birth,  
When the child of but an hour,  
Stainless, blossomed from the earth.

Time is short, "eternal ages,"  
In the creek place marked and;  
As we read from "Nature's" pages  
That "Immortal is the mind."

Leroy, Ill.

SOCIAL GOSPEL.

Love is homeliness of the heart.  
He who lives well is the best preacher.  
Stuffed hair bustles are preferred to the steel ones.

Wealth and happiness seldom trot together  
In double harness.  
Professor Felix Adler, favors no education  
except between the ages of twelve and eighteen.

The sunshine of life is made up of very  
little beams, that are bright all the time.—  
Arlin.

It is noticed that every young lady who  
elopes from a skating rink is a beauty and  
an heiress.

If homes were made brighter and happier  
there would be less attractions on the streets  
for young people.

"Boys will be boys," observes the Water-  
loo Observer. Well, yes, we suppose so. We  
don't see how it can be avoided.

A lady born during a terrible storm was  
named Cyclone. Her father says the term is  
a misnomer: a cyclone doesn't howl every  
night.

A Virginia girl asks why girls marry? Most  
of them marry to make some other girl jealous.  
That is the only way we can account for  
some men getting wives.

"Brides now go to the altar without gloves,"  
This enables the newly married couple to  
save up the price of a pair of kids, and is  
good economy.—The Judge.

When you hear a man say, "I will risk my  
honor that this is true," you can generally  
make a very heavy dividend.

There is a good deal of wearisome slush in  
the papers about "The First Lady in the  
Land," which is disgusting to every man  
who loves a mother, wife or sister.

The hours are viewed as angels  
That still go gliding  
And bear each minute's record up  
To him who sits on high.

William D. Howells believes that it is easier  
for a man to seek the forgiveness of God  
than it is to seek the forgiveness of his wife.  
Either William has been reckless, or his es-  
timable spouse has had her eye open of late.

Trouncers with two legs are a pair; a shirt  
with two arms is only one shirt. Philoso-  
phers had better give up trying to find out  
whether the moon is inhabited with spirits  
and clear up some of the dark mysteries of  
this life.

Human nature is a good deal like dog na-  
ture. Whenever some other dog wags the  
bone it becomes doubly precious; and when  
a man is about to lose something upon  
which he has set his heart, its worth goes  
skyward rapidly.

The most inquisitive are generally the  
most leaguish; and where an individual  
takes great pains to make himself acquainted  
with our circumstances, we should suspect  
his motive, especially if he lavishes his  
promises of secrecy.

Out of every 1,000 people born in this world  
of sin and sorrow, 999 either do not know a  
good story when they hear it, forget it after  
they have heard it, or do not know how to  
repeat it themselves, or haven't a good judg-  
ment when to introduce it.

Prudence, frugality and good management  
are excellent artists for mending bad times;  
they occupy but little room in any dwelling,  
but will furnish a more effective remedy  
for the evils of life than any reform bill that  
ever passed the Houses of Congress.

When Mr. Cleveland went to select a pew  
in the Washington church which he attends  
he was asked what part of the building he  
would like to sit in. "Well," he said, "I  
don't want to be so near the minister that he  
can see whether or not I am listening."

"House to some work of high and holy love  
And thus an angel's happiness shall know,  
The best reward by his dear hand bestowed  
And wider show. The seed within these few  
and fleeting hours.

Thou shalt reap the fruit of unwearyed cast,  
Thou shalt reap the fruit of unwearyed cast,  
And yield the fruits of divine in Heaven's im-  
mortal towers.

It is almost a rule that the less one knows,  
the more he talks about it. Therefore, dis-  
play of learning is frequently the sign of ig-  
norance, or at least of shallowness. When  
tourist finds his first hair beneath his waist-  
band, he makes a great ado about it. After  
he has traveled a little longer, he ceases to  
call attention to the doings that afflict him.  
This is a somewhat illustration, but it is very  
suggestive.

Wouldst fashion for thyself a seemly life?  
To get no more what is just and sane?  
And spite of all thou mayest have behind  
Yet set as if thy life were just begun?  
Well, each day will, enough for thee to know,  
That the day will, the day will, the day will,  
Do thine own work, and be there with content,  
What others do, that thou shalt fairly judge,  
And all besides leave to the master Power.

A French critic has succeeded more than  
any American or Englishman in giving the  
definition of flirting. "It is," he says "to let  
a young man understand that he has been  
repaired and distinguished, to draw him on  
by a few pleasant smiles and pretty little  
ways to quit his repose and push his gallan-  
try almost to the point of a declaration of  
love." This little game would be very dan-  
gerous with a young Frenchman; it is of no  
consequence with a young Englishman; for  
with him flirting means no attention paid to a  
woman without intentions.

A statistician has figured out the expendi-  
tures for various purposes in the United  
States approximately as follows: Drink,  
\$900,000,000; missions (home and foreign),  
\$1,500,000,000; meat, \$200,000,000;  
\$283,000,000; iron and steel, \$229,000,000;  
woolen goods, \$227,000,000; sawed lumber,  
\$223,000,000; cotton goods, \$210,000,000; boots  
and shoes, \$199,000,000; sugar and molasses,  
\$185,000,000; educational purposes, \$85,000,  
000. According to these figures drink costs  
more than bread and meat, and but little  
less than food and raiment.

On the same principle apparently that the  
young woman who, after "getting religion,"  
found that her weakling sack and other fiery  
wreathing her down to hell, and gave  
her to her sister, a western liquor dealer  
advertises as follows: "Having experienced  
a change of heart through the blessed efforts  
of Brother B. and Sister A. I desire to state  
to my numerous friends and patrons that at

the end of the current month I shall retire  
from the accursed liquor traffic forever. Un-  
til that time my stock on hand will be  
offered at greatly reduced rates. Come on,  
Come all.

The cloud that drinks the river  
Gives the rain,  
And the heated lights that quiver  
On the plain,  
By shed by are through;  
Then comes the dew.

So the trouble and the sighing  
Runs the heart;  
And the days of want and crying,  
When we part,  
By but by are the laugh,  
And thus comes the dew.

—Samuel W. Dunfield.

On which upside we look we find that  
life is made up of little things. The little  
lessons that come to us every day prepare us  
to meet great emergencies as they should be  
met. If we control our temper when it is  
irritated by some little thing, we will retain  
the mastery over it on important occasions  
when the giving way to it might cause life-  
long regret. Little trials borne patiently  
teach us how to bear great ones when they  
come. Little acts of kindness or generosity  
instill in hearts the great art of doing  
good, and in a quiet, limited way, we can  
experience all the happiness of those who  
carry out schemes of benevolence.

Another Myth.

It is a matter of history that Nero fiddled  
while Rome was burning, and it is no trifling  
thing at this late day to have it discovered  
that fiddles were invented only long af-  
ter Nero's time. Why can not these inno-  
cent delusions be allowed to exist undisturbed?

Woman, a Love Nature.  
(Helen Williams, in Woman's World.)  
Show me a woman whose heart goes out  
with the loving ardor for ever child, no  
matter what its condition, that she feels for  
the owner, and I will show you a woman whose  
love nature is warm enough to banish the  
chill of the grave.

Just Like Boys of Older Growth.  
"What's the matter?" called a mother,  
turning to her little boy who "set up" a  
howl.

"Want something?"  
"What do you want?"  
"I have forgot what it is, an' that's what  
makes me cry."

Putting His Foot in It.  
(Harvard Lampoon.)  
Miss Budd—Do you think Miss Roseleaf  
pretty, Mr. Holworthy?  
Holworthy (striving to say something com-  
plimentary)—Well, she has a very intelli-  
gent face.  
Miss Budd—O Mr. Holworthy, that's a  
compliment to pay a young lady!  
Holworthy—O, I wouldn't say it if you,  
you know.

A Proverb and a Postscript.  
Miss Lucretia P. Hale sends to Good  
Housekeeping a new proverb made out of  
an old one "diligently revised and im-  
proved"—like King James' version of the  
Bible, and says: "I am tempted to send you  
a proverb of my own invention—or rather  
the arrangement of an old one to do your  
small bias." It is a proverb that has been  
worked out by my own experience:

"A watched pot never boils—but an  
unwatched pot never boils over."  
This proverb has no good, so true, so pat  
that we pick it out from among our "bits"  
and say it on our Table of Contents on a  
plate "by itself."

Gems from Whittier.  
In the great mystery which surrounds us,  
The wisest is a fool, the fool, heaven-included is  
wise. —The Tent on the Beach

God's hand within the shadow falls  
The sinners wretches on his steps of grace  
Shall rise at last. —Anniversary Poem.

Her presence lends its warmth and health  
To all who come before it,  
If you will let us follow  
As she alone restore it. —Among the Hills.

Al, well! for us all some sweet hopes lie  
Deeply buried from human eye  
And, in the hereaf'er, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away! —Stand Muller.

Wisely and well said the eastern bard:  
Fear is easy, but love is hard—  
Easy to glow with the saint's rage,  
Which he has put in his natural oil,  
But he is greatest and best who can  
Worship Allah by living man. —The Preacher.

Fickle Queens of Fashion Will Wear Their  
Hairs in Hair.  
The fashions in hair dressing have not  
changed materially from those of the winter.  
The high coiffure is still the most popular  
and becoming, especially to young faces.  
New ways of twisting the coil are introduced.  
The front hair is curled into little rings,  
and the short hair at the neck is treated in  
the same way. The hair is first combed to  
the crown of the head, where it is tied by a  
small cord of the same color. The coil is di-  
vided into two parts, each one forming a  
palau-like pattern. For evening wear a sil-  
ver pin or a diamond star placed in the coils  
adds to their beauty.

Very little hair is now worn. Ladies  
who have long thin hair crimp it over night,  
and are thus able to make it appear twice as  
heavy. Crimping is easy when the hair is  
washed and dried from natural oil. It is  
brushed out in the morning and thus gains  
the glistening dry appearance so much  
sought after.

Golden brown hair is the fashionable tint,  
and has been applied to light hair by first  
dyeing it in the desired shade. These washes are,  
however, very injurious, and destroy the  
growth of the hair; besides, its use is so easily  
detected. Dull brown, sandy, or unguise-  
colored hair is brightened in tint by  
washing daily in a weak solution of whis-  
ky, soda, soap, and hot water. The hair  
should be thoroughly brushed afterward to  
prevent dryness of the scalp.

THE BULL RUN BOUT.  
How the Gallant Boys Came Back from  
the First Battle of Manassas.  
(From Advance Sheet of S. S. Cox's "Three De-  
cades of Federal Legislation.")

With a heavy heart the Congress awaited  
the issue. Its business lags. Its members  
gossip in the rear of the seats and in the  
cloak-rooms. At length despatches come.  
The news is that the gallant boys have  
run comes in preceded by the Pickaway  
contractor's cattle on a stampede. Then  
come intelligent contrabands and an incon-  
spicuous array of wearied soldiers in muddy  
uniforms. What of the Senators and Repre-  
sentatives? Chandler, Wade, Richardson,  
Logan, Gurley, Morris and Riddle return  
safely. Ely is borne by his restless patriot-  
ism, daily and fearfully afar. The Black  
cavalry of the emergency hunt into Rich-  
mond. Libby Prison receives him, and his  
goodness of heart and amiable means enable  
him to aid his fellow-prisoners. Mr. Riddle  
relates how he escaped and been charged  
upon by wild riders of sable horses: "It  
seemed," said he, in a deliberately punned  
description, "as if the very devil of panic and  
cowardice seized every mortal soldier, officer,  
clerk and teamster. No effort tried to rally  
the soldiers or do anything, except to spring  
and run toward Centerville. There never  
was anything like it for cowardice, sheer ab-  
solute, absurd cowardice, or rather panic, on  
this miserable earth before. Of they went,  
one and all, off down the highway, over  
scree fields towards the woods anywhere,  
everywhere, to escape. Well, the further  
they ran the more frightened they grew, and  
they were running on as rapidly as we  
could, the fugitives passed us  
by scores. To enable them  
better to run, they threw away their  
blankets, knapsacks, canteens, and finally  
muskets, cartridge boxes and everything  
else. We called to them, tried to tell them  
there was no danger, called them to stop, im-  
plored them to stand. We called them cov-  
ardly, denounced them in the most offensive  
terms, but out our heavy hearts were  
threatened to shoot them, but all in vain: a

God News to Everybody.

READ!  
HOW TO MAKE THE HOME ATTRACTIVE

(AND)  
COMFORTABLE, ON EASY TERMS,  
-- AT --

MESSENGERS,  
THE LEADING  
FURNITURE

Housefurnishing Establishment of Indiana.  
Parlor Suits, BED-ROOM SETS,  
Of All Varieties.

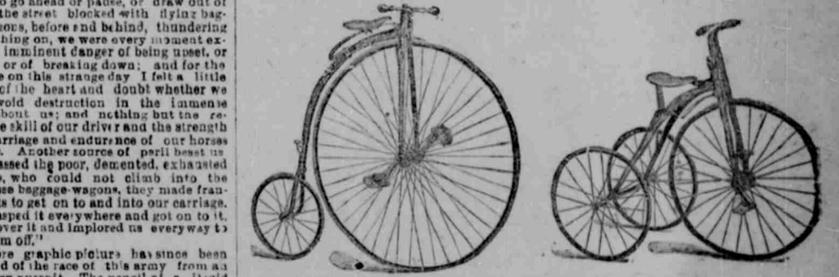
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