SHOE TRADE IN GERMANY

Probably Good Market There for the American Product.

Mr. Warner, the Consul at Leipzig, Suggests the Establishment in Hamburg or Bremen of Warehouses and the Opening of Branch Stores in Several Other Cities.

Brainard H. Warner, jr., Consul of the United States at Leipzig, in a report to the State Department, discusses the trade for American shoes in Germany. He writes:

"The subject of introducing American shoes in Germany has often been written upon by United States Consuls. It seems to be the general opinion of those who have looked into the question that there is a market in this country for American shoes. True, during the past few years the trade in shoes has increased, but to nothing like the extent it should have and that it will in due course of time. Why the sale of our shoes in this country has not assumed any great proportions is, in my opinion, due to the following reasons:

"The first and perhaps the most important one is that, up to within a short time ago, the large shoe factories in the United Sates were not in a position to consider entering into the export business. (I make this assertion because two years ago a gentleman in New York city was desirous of importing shoes into this country and wrote to the largest shoe factories in the East. Each factory in turn replied that it was not in a position to consider any foreign business as the orders on hand were for more than could be turned out.) The demand in this country has been created by Americans residing abroad and by those Germans who have become familiar with American footwear. This has compelled certain shoe dealers to carry in stock a small number of American shoes. The prices asked for these shoes are in most cases too high and out of all proportion to their actual value. It may be that the shoe merchants have to pay more for these shoes because they are compelled to buy through a commission house; but in any event the additional cost per pair, including duty, freight, commission, and insurance, between this country and New York, should not exceed 25 cents. In spite of this fact, $2 and sometimes $3 more than the same shoes would cost in the United States are asked. The German shoe dealer who handles our shoes appreciates the fact that those who insist upon wearing the graceful and easy American article would rather part with a dollar or two more than be forced to buy a poor German substitute. As for Germans, none but the rich would even think of asking for American shoes, because they have learned the exorbitant prices demanded for them.

"The people of this country have radically wrong ideas about everything of American manufacture. The masses are taught by the energetic and patriotic 'home-trade' shopkeeper that a manufactured article, to be expensive, has but to come from the United States. So it will be seen that American shoes are systematically kept out of the reach of the people by the dealers putting up the prices.

"I have endeavored to explain why shoes have not been sold in this country; now I shall attempt to point out how they can be successfully introduced and sold in large quantities.

"First of all, I take it that the conditions at home have changed since two years ago, and the time has come when American shoe manufacturers are ready to consider the export field in a serious way. What I have to say in general with regard to importing shoes into this country from the United States applies to many other lines of our goods as well. It must be considered that the trade in American shoes in Germany is yet in its infancy; that our footwear is practically unknown to the masses.

"Our great Western pork-packing establishments would not put their agencies for Europe into the hands of those who sell German pork; nor would a Connecticut watch company give its European agency to a Swiss watch manufacturer. The German or Swiss could not help discriminating and would sell his own products first. Shoes cannot be sold in this country in any large quantities as long as they are placed in the hands of German shoe dealers, who not only can buy shoes on better terms from factories in this country, but who, without doubt, have a great amount of commercial patriotism, a quality hardly known in the United States.

"American shoe dealers must work together in their efforts to secure a hold on foreign markets. The day for underselling one another and cutting each other's throats has passed. To deal with the export business, a mutual understanding must be reached.

"The people of this country in buying shoes consider, first of all, the price, and therefore we must not expect to sell the high grades of shoes here; what is wanted is a cheap shoe. To sell low grades of shoes, it seems to me the best plan would be to establish a large warehouse in Hamburg or Bremen and open American shoe stores in Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden, and Munich. I am quite sure that, were our merchants to adopt some such plan, they would not only be able to successfully compete with shoe dealers of this country, but that merchants in small cities would be compelled to offer our shoes for sale at the regular retail prices."

Forewarned, Forearmed.

The liability to disease is greatly lessened when the blood is in good condition, and the circulation healthy and vigorous. For then all refuse matter is promptly carried out of the system; otherwise it would rapidly accumulate—fermentation would take place, the blood become polluted and the constitution so weakened that a simple malady might result seriously.

A healthy, active circulation means good digestion and strong, healthy nerves.

As a blood purifier and tonic S. S. S. has no equal. It is the safest and best remedy for old people and children because it contains no minerals, but is made exclusively of roots and herbs.

No other remedy so thoroughly and effectually cleanses the blood of impurities. At the same time it builds up the weak and debilitated, and renovates the entire system. It cures permanently all manner of blood and skin troubles.

SSS

Mr. E. E. Kelly, of Urbana, O., writes: "I had Eczema on my hands and face for five years. It would break out in little white pustules, crusts would form and drop off, leaving the skin red and inflamed. The doctors did me no good. I used all the medicated soaps and salves without benefit. S. S. S. cured me, and my skin is as clear and smooth as any one's."

Mrs. Henry Siegfried, of Cape May, N. J., says that twenty-one bottles of S. S. S. cured her of Cancer of the breast. Doctors and friends thought her case hopeless.

Richard T. Gardner, Florence, S. C., suffered for years with Boils. Two bottles of S. S. S. put his blood in good condition and the Boils disappeared.

Send for our free book, and write our physicians about your case. Medical advice free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

WROTE HIS FUNERAL ORATION.

The Deliberate Suicide of an Eccentric Philadelphian.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7.—When George Frost, fifty-five years old, of 2337 Belgrade Street, determined to commit suicide he also planned to have the deed done in a dramatic manner. Frost lived alone. He was very eccentric in his actions. His wants were simple and he appeared to have enough money to supply them without working. The greater part of his time was spent in writing on the subject of spiritualism. One of his treatises was intended to prove that John the Baptist was a spiritualist.

Four years ago Frost's wife committed suicide by shooting herself in the same house where Frost took his own life. He brooded over the affair, and more than once had been heard to remark that he would go the same way. When he was not seen about the place yesterday morning little was thought of it, as he usually kept close to the house, but when he did not appear in the afternoon one of the neighbors recalled that he had heard two muffled reports about 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. He reported his suspicions to a policeman and the door was broken open.

Frost was found lying on the kitchen floor with two bullet holes in his right temple. He had evidently been dead for twenty-four hours. On a table in an adjoining room were a number of postal cards addressed to friends announcing that he had committed suicide.

He also left a bundle of manuscript which he designated as his funeral oration and requested that it be read over his body at the grave. The body was removed to the morgue.

GERMAN COUNT UNDER ARREST.

Charged With a Series of Forgeries by Texas Authorities.

DALLAS, Tex., Sept. 7.—Deputy Sheriff Simpson, of the Dallas county force, has had under arrest since Friday last at Colorado Springs, Colo., A. F. Von Beer, a German count, who is under indictment at Dallas, charged with a series of forgeries.

Sheriff Hughes, of Dallas, has been notified that the Governor of Colorado refuses to honor the requisition papers because of the important omissions which they are required to contain by the laws of Colorado. Amended papers have been forwarded and Von Beer is expected to be returned to Dallas by next Monday.

Count Von Beer came to Dallas two years ago from St. Louis and took charge as steward of the Oriental Hotel, owned by the Anheuser Busch syndicate of that city. He suddenly left Dallas in April last and was located recently at the Elks Hotel on Pike's Peak Avenue, in Colorado Springs. He was exceedingly popular in Dallas and spent money freely.

Three indictments were found against him by the Dallas county grand jury about ten days ago. He is accused of passing forged instruments and collecting several hundred dollars on them. One of the forgeries was against the St. Louis Grain and Produce Company and bears the signature of their Dallas representative, F. Hesselson. The indictment and arrest of Count Von Beer has created a sensation in Dallas.

ANARCHISTS ALL ACTORS.

Crimes Often Committed to Gratify Their Dramatic Tendencies.

(From the Kansas City Star.)

Anarchists have made three attempts on the lives of rulers during the last four months. The Prince of Wales and the Shah of Persia escaped, while Humbert was killed. During the excitement following the assassination at Monza, Anarchists have boasted that the new King of Italy and the Czar of Russia would not long escape. There was a time during the last century when the man who attempted to take the life of a monarch was tortured. Damiens, who attacked Louis XV of France, was torn by red hot pincers and burned with molten lead. Today the regicide is protected from the mob and is put to death dramatically in the presence of a crowd. On the scaffold he poses as a martyr and dies with the shout, "Long live Anarchy!" upon his lips.

It is worthy of serious consideration whether the Anarchist is not encouraged by the dramatic manner of his expected taking off. Anarchists and assassins are actors by nature. After Booth shot Lincoln he leaped to the stage of the theatre, brandished his pistol, and cried: "Sic semper tyrannis!" (Thus ever to tyrants.) No doubt the thought of being able to pose as the Brutus of tragedy helped to make Booth a murderer. "Ah," said Santo, the assassin of President Carnot, in speaking of the putting to death of another Anarchist, "Henri did not die like a brave man. It seems to me I would have more courage were I to mount the scaffold." So, when he thrust the dagger into Carnot's breast he heroically exclaimed: "Vive l'anarchie!" His bitter disappointment came on the day of the execution. All Lyons was about the guillotine, the women's gay gowns adding color to the scene. Santo had probably pictured the whole thing to himself before he struck the blow—himself the centre of that vast throng, passionately declaiming to the people, who would hang upon the words of the martyr. But on that August day the poor wretch collapsed and had to be carried to the scaffold. Yet, even in his fright, his self-taught lesson was not forgotten. "Courage, my comrades! Long live anarchy!" he was heard to murmur in a voice hardly above a whisper.

Guiteau, the assassin of Garfield, was hanged in the presence of 250 persons. On the scaffold he was allowed to read aloud a chapter from the Bible and a prayer which he had composed expressing the opinion that President Arthur and the other members of the Government would go down to perdition. At the conclusion of the prayer he intoned an original chant. When the four Chicago Anarchists were hanged they were not given quite so great consideration, yet there was much that was theatrical in their death which they evidently enjoyed. Parsons and Spies had asked to be allowed to make twenty-minute speeches, but their request was denied. A newspaper account of the hanging says: "Parsons died in a way to impress future generations that he died a martyr. No tragedian ever made a more marvelous presentation of a self-chosen part." Parsons was interrupted in a speech by the falling of the drop. Fischer died crying, "Long live anarchy!" and Engel shouted, "Hoch die anarchy!" as he went down.

Luccheni, the murderer of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, evidently had the details of his dramatic death in mind before the assassination. He was greatly disappointed on learning that Switzerland had abolished capital punishment, so he could not be guillotined. His counsel said of him: "He is anxious to be glorified by the Anarchist fraternity, and regards his coming execution as the fit end for a life of martyrdom." Luccheni's wish for a theatrical death was not gratified and he is now a solitary prisoner. The "St. James Gazette" tells of a French Anarchist and murderer who was taken into an obscure town and guillotined with only a milkman in sight, who did not turn around. The condemned man had prepared a scaffold speech, and finding no crowd to which to make it, he burst into tears.

There is a hint here for the treatment of such persons that might prove more effectual in preventing crime than even the red hot pincers and molten lead of Louis XV. If the vanity-smitten Anarchist who tries to kill an official could be put in a ridiculous and humiliating position in public, and if the Anarchist who succeeds in doing murder could be hanged speedily in private without any fuss by sentimental persons, one of the great incentives of the devotees of the red would be gone. If King Victor Emanuel is wise Bresci will die in seclusion and with little ceremony soon after his conviction for the crime.

A Boon for Mothers!

Formerly children cried when they had to take medicine, now they cry for the medicine—Cascarets, the family laxative. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

THE WAYS OF THE HORSE

Long and Thorough Study Required to Understand Him.

Races Between Themselves Free of Any Control of Man—Their Conduct During Storms—Thoroughbreds of Various Descriptions—Colts Make Fine Playmates for the Children.

You can never even begin to understand horses until you have watched them at grass throughout long summer days. The understanding is more perfect if the watching begins early—say, when the foal is trotting after his sleek dam, going all the gaits, though he may be no more than a week old, nipping grass daintily or nuzzling in the feed trough on the ground, making a pretence of eating grain the same as his mother. It is only a pretence until the saucy fellow is a month old. He is foaled with teeth, but does not for a while learn the use of them.

Horses, if they have souls, no doubt locate them in the upper lips. It is a wonderfully efficient lip, soft as velvet to the touch and sensitive to the least inequality. A horse sweeps the manger with it almost the instant he begins feeding, and if it touches upon knots or splinters keeps ware of them afterward. Before wallowing, even the dullest horse puts down his head until the upper lip touches the ground, and turns slowly round and round, feeling thus all the space upon which he means to fling himself down and roll with all his force. If he finds sharp stones or stubs or sticks he lifts his head and goes in search of another place. The lip also tells him when the ground is mellow enough to make wallowing a supreme pleasure. Though horses wallow in wet weather, sometimes coming up coated with mud, they do it apparently from a sense of duty, with none of the abandon they display, tossing and tumbling upon light, sun-warmed earth. Often, indeed, they jump from pasture into ploughland solely for a wallow exactly to their minds. The wherefore of wallowing is still a mystery. It belongs to the category of involuntary motions, along with stretching and yawning.

It strains credulity to hear how far a horse will thrust his lip through an opening to reach and bring in a coveted titbit. Thus he gets apples lying just inside a fence, first pawing a hole in the earth upon his side, then half kneeling to reach under his substitute for fingers. Thus, too, he brings to mouth lush grass springing up beneath the net of a dead brier clump. A thrust of the lip also flips up a gate latch, when he wishes to go through; as many thrusts, jarring up and down, work loose the pin that fastens his stall door.

Draw bars he learns to take down with his teeth, catching the bar fast and shaking his head sidewise until one end is jiggled from the socket. Sometimes, if experience has taught him that a gate is weak in either latch or hinges, he runs violently against it, bears it down, and is off. Horses in herd have spells when jumping out or in is a necessity. They may be full fed, have shade and water, everything, indeed, to satisfy a reasonable animal, not to say a well-bred one, yet out they go. Where there is a big range—that is to say, wide commons—they often run for ten miles as hard as they can leg it, then come trotting back in the most innocent fashion to their own proper quarters.

It is not only blood horses that race among themselves, free of girth or rein. When a storm threatens, horses of every sort grow so full of running they needs must race and jump. Then in a wide pasture you may see sights such as no course can offer. In every herd there is a leader, usually a mare. As the cloud mounts and the air grows thick and lifeless, she stops grazing, turns her nose to the wind, snorts, then falls again to feeding, but only for a minute. Her snort was a sort of bugle call. The rest answer it, some with low whinnies. She whinnies back, flings up her head, and starts off on a trot, looking over her shoulder to see if she is followed. The rest come streaming after. She breaks into a sweeping run. Round, round, faster, faster, always faster, the herd follows.

It is a race for blood, where the best horse always wins. Generally it is not the leader. She may even be distanced in the second round, or the third. Sometimes the pasture's circuit is made twenty times before stopping. The best horse gains sometimes a whole round upon his mates. It is he who ends the heat. When he has had enough he slacks up, turns sideways, lifts head and tail, and whinnies shrill triumph. But the triumph never goes to his head. After it he is as submissive as ever, coming or going, jumping out or staying meekly at home, quite as the lead mare ordains.

In size hardly any other domestic animal is so diverse as the horse. The average weight of a standard Percheron is near 2,000 pounds; a Shetland, on the other hand, may weigh less than 200. But animals cross bred between the diverse races are true horses, not hybrids, such as result from interbreeding of Asiatic and South African asses. Thoroughbred stock all traces back to Arabia, Percherons to the barbs left behind by the Moors whom Charlemagne overthrew in battle. Only the Percheron bulk could have carried the weight of knights in armor. But it is demonstrable that, weight for weight, the thoroughbred is stronger, both in bone and muscle, than his big, handsome feather-legged compeer.

A thoroughbred has bone something between ivory and flint for hard compactness. Percheron bone is soft and spongy. The big breast pulls great loads over smooth roads, but in mud soon becomes leg weary. A blood cross, otherwise a thoroughbred one, gives staying power—endurance—to any stock, and very often symmetry as well. Pure blood is prepotent—that is to say, it impresses itself consistently upon offspring. By thoroughbred blood one means always running blood. Trotters are in a class apart. They have been developed by judicious admixture of running blood with common road stock, and fixed and perpetuated by careful breeding for trotting conformation from trotting stock, with still more crosses of running blood.

The young horse, kind and prankish, is the very best playfellow in the world. At least, one solitary child found it so. The child was a sad tomboy. Her black mammy said, indeed, "she wouldn't nebber git mar'ied—nebber in dis worl'—widout she took'n stopped the boy-walk and boy-ways she had." But the tomboy did not very greatly mind anything so long as she had Princess—and time to frolic with her. Princess was three years old, a blood bay, with black points, gentle as a dog, full of frolic as a kitten. She pastured all summer in a big old field, but her mistress was hardly over the fence of it before she came prancing and whickering to meet her. Then, when the two of them had powwowed, when the sugar or apples had been eaten and the salt basket hung on a high sapling, Princess stretched herself till her back was low enough for her playmate to leap upon it, then went careering off, with her head high, her tail likewise, prancing a little as she ran, and giving the least small sidewise jumps. Sometimes she ran thrice around the field, sometimes it was half a dozen times. No matter how many, the rider never got down.

Being thrown was the very best part of the fun. Princess did it so trickily, always picking the place with the nicest care and feeling it over with her nose as though she herself meant to wallow. Commonly she chose a place slightly sloping, where the grass was thick and short. Once satisfied with it, she put her head down, kicked up her hind feet gently but decisively, and sent her rider over her head, then stood looking at her, wagging her head up and down and flipping a derisive tip. But once, when in play the little girl lay inert, with outstretched, motionless arms for two or three minutes, Princess caught the shoulder of her frock gently in her teeth and shook her lightly until she opened her eyes, sat up and laughed.

All this before the mare had ever been bitted. She had been raised a pet, being orphaned a little more than a month old. But when it came to regular breaking she did not belie experience, which is that pet colts are the hardest things in the world to break properly. The reason, possibly, is they have been so indulged they can hardly be made to believe the breaker means what he says.—Denver News.

EUROPE'S OLDEST SOVEREIGN.

That Honor Held by the Grand Duke of Luxemburg.

(From the London Star.)

The Grand Duke of Luxemburg, the oldest reigning soveign in Europe, celebrated his eighty-third birthday last week at his villa near Konigstein, on the Taunus Hills. The Grand Duke Adolphus succeeded his father on the throne of Nassau in 1839, and in 1844 married the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael Paulovitch, who died a year afterward, and he built the magnificent Greek chapel on the Neroberg, behind Wiesbaden, as her mausoleum.

The Grand Duke was again married in 1851 to the Duchess Adelaide of Anhalt, who is a niece of the late Queen of Denmark and a first cousin of the Princess of Wales. The Grand Duke lost his throne in 1866, but he became reconciled to the Prussian Government a few years afterward, and in 1885 his only daughter, Princess Hilda, married the Crown Prince of Baden, grandson of Emperor William I.

On the death of the King of the Netherlands the Grand Duke Adolphus succeeded to the throne of Luxemburg. He is one of the richest royal personages in Europe, having estates in various parts of Germany and in Upper Austria, besides a large fortune. One of his sisters is the Queen of Sweden, another is the Dowager Princess of Wied, and a third was the late Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, mother of the Duchess of Albany.

WISDOM OF CONFUCIUS.

Maxims Entitled to Take Rank With Solomon's Sayings.

(From the Chicago News.)

Here are a few of the most notable and quotable maxims of Confucius:

"To confess your ignorance is knowledge."

"Past things do not grieve for." (Which might well be the proverbial progenitor of our own homelier saying as to the inutility of grieving over spilled milk.)

"To have a friend come from a distance—is it not delightful?"

"The honorable man has nothing about which he quarrels."

"Reflect perpetually." (This would be a good motto for a mirror.)

"Have no friend unlike yourself."

"Rotton wood is unfit for carving."

Next comes what might vulgarly be termed "a poser:"

"A cornered vessel without its corners; how is it then a cornered vessel?"

"The general of a large army you may overcome, but you cannot overcome the determined mind of a peasant."

There is a faint, far-away-down-the-ages tinge of the present day about the following:

"Without having filled the seat of a magistrate, a man is unable to advise about his concerns."

"When a man is near death his counsel is virtuous." (This is somewhat suggestive of a familiar but reprehensible couplet beginning "When the devil was sick.")

A rule—and a good rule—for judging a man from a filial point of view is given here:

"In three years" (that is, three years from his father's death), "if there be no deviation from his father's way, the man is a dutiful son."

"If you advise a friend he will avoid you" (more particularly if you follow up your advice by reminding him that you "told him so").

"The life of the evil man is preserved by mere good fortune." (Perhaps most evil men would consider this entirely good enough.)

As a concluding example here is a hit at the individual who brays your gold watch in a mortar and produces what are charitably supposed to be new-laid eggs from the recesses of your best silk hat:

"Suppress juggling and legerdemain; these are destructive."

That the great man was not devoid of a certain dry humor is proved by his remark on an occasion when there appears to have been something of the nature of a musical high jinks:

"What," he exclaims, "eight brass bands playing in the palace? This can you suffer? Then what can you not suffer?"

What would he have thought of Wagner?

A Tonic and Nerve Food.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Nourishes and invigorates the tired brain and body; gives rest, strength and quiet sleep.

...Bargain Saturday...

$5.00 for choice of men's suits worth up to $13.50. "Odds and ends"—broken lots, etc.—but every suit worth double and more. This is the lowest price ever quoted for a reliable man's suit.

$6.00 for blue and black serge men's suits, regularly $10.00. All-wool and fast color guaranteed—an excellent opportunity to buy a good suit to use next summer.

Men's Trousers, $1.65.

Two hundred pairs men's all-wool cheviot trousers, worth $2.50 and $3.00, at $1.65 for choice. They are our own make of goods—stylish and perfect fitting.

$1.59 for $2.00 Men's Hats.

Our regular $2.00 qualities, in the new fall shapes and shades, at $1.59 tomorrow. A very timely offer—most of you are ready for a new fall hat.

EISEMAN BROS

Cor. 7th and E Sts.

HUNTINGTON'S FEAR OF DEATH.

Its Mention in His Presence Always Abhorrent.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

The mortal remains of the late Collis P. Huntington were buried the other day in the quarter-million dollar mausoleum in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York, which he built in the early '80s for the reception of his first wife's body. The massive tomb is 42 feet long, 28 feet wide, and 24 feet high. The massive gates are of bronze, curiously wrought in artistic designs; the interior is finished in Italian marble. The tomb contains sixteen catacombs. Not a block of granite in the main structure weighs less than eighteen tons.

But for all this magnificence and outlay this attempt at security from the ravages of nature's alchemist after death, it was not a home that Mr. Huntington could contemplate with serenity of mind. It is said that he was haunted by a superstitious fear that the luxurious surroundings of his Fifth Avenue palace would cut short his life. The sudden death of William H. Vanderbilt in December, 1885, in the latter's palatial $2,500,000 house in Fifth Avenue, at Fifty-first Street, just six blocks distant from the corner where the Huntington mansion stands, produced a shock on the Southern Pacific magnate's mind from which he perhaps never recovered.

The mention of death in his presence thereafter gave him a fit of the horrors. He liked to get away from his town luxuries, and, amid the sylvan beauties of Pine Knot Camp in the Adirondacks, think of health and long life. "Huntington," says Vice President Stubbs, of the Southern Pacific, "never allowed the idea of death to come near him, and persistently refused to believe that he was growing old." At a New York dinner last spring Levi P. Morton, in complimentary words, called him the "most wonderful old man" of all who were present. Huntington, not hearing clearly, asked: "Did he say old man?" Being answered with yes, he added, with indignation, "Why didn't you kick him?"

In Woodland Cemetery, New York, not far from the Huntington tomb, is the magnificent mausoleum containing the bodies of two multi-millionaire brothers—Robert Goelet and Ogden Goelet—who were placed there side by side a few years ago. This is called one of the most artistic mausoleums in the country. It cost $100,000, and was designed by Stanford White. It is situated in one of the finest plots in the cemetery, on a hill facing Central Avenue, not far from the main gateway. The architecture is classic in style, with an almost square exterior of grey granite, four Ionic pillars supporting a pendiment weighing twenty-two tons, taken from one block of stone, over the entrance.

The interior is finished in the finest Tennessee marble, highly polished. On the main floor there are vaults for thirty bodies, and room for thirty more in the cellar vaults beneath it. There are three rich stained glass windows, guarded by heavy copper bars. The massive doors are also of copper.

John D. Rockefeller has erected in his burial lot in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, a monolith quarried near Barrie, Vt., which is almost as large as the famous Cleopatra needle. The shaft is fifty-two feet high and seven feet square at the base. It rests on a base composed of three huge blocks taken from the same quarry. The base stone is 14 feet square and 3 feet thick, the next block is 9 feet 2 inches squares and 3 feet 10 inches thick, while the die is 6 feet 8 inches square and 7 feet thick. This gives the monument a total height of 65 feet 10 inches, making it one of the tallest monuments ever erected to mark the resting place of a private individual anywhere in this country. The only inscription on it is the name "Rockefeller," in large raised letters. The cost of the monolith and base stones at the quarries was about $50,000; the additional expense involved made the total cost probably $60,000.

A similar monolith was erected in Rosehill Cemetery, Chicago, by the late "Long John" Wentworth, to mark his last resting place. The Wentworth monument, however, is not so great in its proportions.

A memorial chapel and mausoleum dedicated to the memory of the late Horatio N. May was recently erected in Rosehill Cemetery, Chicago, at a cost of $30,000. It is built of light-colored granite, and in general dimensions is 3x70 feet. There is a carriage porch extending the full width of the front, so that entrance and exit may be had in stormy weather without discomfort. Immediately inside the entrance are robing rooms, with stairrooms on either side. The nave contains all the seats except those formed by the gallery. At the rear is the opening in the receiving vault. The roof is of oak, with hammer-beam trusses and curved brackets. The floor is of mosaic, and the walls are of fine terra cotta material.

In the Polish Roman Catholic Cemetery at Norwood Park a massive tomb or mausoleum has been erected as a tribute to the memory of Father Vincent Barzynski, late priest of St. Stanislaus Kostka's Polish Roman Catholic Church of this city. This structure is of the Grecian type and is built of the finest granite. A marble catafalque in the centre of the tomb supports a vault of granite which contains the remains of Father Barzynski. In the walls of the tomb are vaults for the remains of other priests. The whole structure is thirty feet long and forty feet wide. The cost was about $15,000.

An Identification Office.

(From the Nineteenth Century.)

Another use to which the office is put is to find whether candidates for responsible employments have ever been convicted of serious crime. A small but coveted kind of post is that of the night watchmen, who are engaged by the week. Every Monday some two hundred applicants present themselves, out of whom twenty have to be selected. The most promising are picked out provisionally. They are then measured and finger-printed. Search is made, and if no record is found against them they are appointed. But as opportunities for substitution occur between the provisional and the final selection, during the interval when the provisionally selected candidate is passing from room to room through crowded passages, each has the office stamp impressed at once in red ink on the palm of his hand. Without that mark no candidate may be measured or receive his certificate.

A different method is used in the recruiting service, where the would-be recruit has sometimes to travel far to the place of measurement. Therefore it is necessary to provide a more durable mark than the red stamp on the palm. So each of these men is treated like a package about to be sent duty free through alien territory; that is, he is plombe. A string is passed round his neck, its ends are threaded through holes in a small lump of lead, then a pair of powerful nutcrackers, with the office seal inside their jaws, impresses the lead and squeezes it so tightly on the strings that the authenticated necklace is irremovable except by cutting it.

The practice of sending provisionally selected candidates to the identification office for assurance that they had never been convicted of crime came first into use when servants were being engaged for the army of occupation. There had been much thieving, and it became necessary to weed out the bad characters. Subsequently a desire arose among honest persons to obtain cards of identity. These contain the man's name (as he gives it), a registered number, a few measurements, a brief personal description, and his photograph. He can thus prove to the satisfaction of a new employer that he is the veritable Hassan Mohammed, register No. so and so, to whose merits his former employers have testified. The card, photograph, and all cost the man about two shillings.

Need of Athletic Clergymen.

(From the London Telegraph.)

An amusing illustration of the growing demand for athletic clergymen was recently given by a country curate, who received notice to quit, because, though unexceptionable in other respects, his vicar declared that "what this parish really needs is a good fast bowler, with a break from the off." No doubt the worthy vicar perceived that no village lad could possibly reject the theology of a curate capable of winning the annual cricket match against the neighboring hamlet by his own prowess.

No Gold in Circulation.

(From the Chicago Chronicle.)

One British colony is monometallic. The Falkland Islands have not imported gold for many years. What little now remains is hoarded as treasure. Silver is the only currency, and as silver payments in large amounts have grown cumbersome a Government paper issue of £5 and £1 notes has been established during the year and has proved a great success. This British colony is dependent for its mails and regular communication with the outside world upon a German steamship company. Only one British steamer called last year.

Very heavy Chamber Suite; bevel plate French mirror; swell top drawer in dresser; extra value; solid oak, and brass trimmings.

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707 G St. N. W.
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without removal from your possession and in any amount from $10 up to $500. Our rates are the cheapest, and you can make your own terms. Loans made within three hours from the time you apply. We loan for the interest only, and do not want your goods, so you need have no fear of losing them. Our offices are up on the fifth floor away from the street, and are so arranged that we can insure strictest privacy. Drop in and get our rates.

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Room 74, Atlantic Building.
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National Mortgage Loan Co.
625 F Street N. W.
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300 pairs Men's Pants—odds and ends—two and three of a kind in the lot. All-wool and worsted. Sold as high as $5, for

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10 cases of Sample Hats, comprising the newest fall styles. In Derbys and Fedoras. All shapes and shades.

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By special arrangement we contracted for a certain number of Men's Fancy Bosom Shirts, with detachable cuffs. All the newest patterns. 75c and $1 values, for

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