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### THE WHEAT AND THE CHAFF.

There is an old tale of the golden age days. When the gods with men parleyed and moved. That a critic who dealt all blame and no praise

Was once by Apollo reprov'd. The god handed back to the critical fool A handful of unwinnow'd grains. Said he: "Leave the wheat, as seems ever your rule;

You may have all the chaff for your pains." Now, this guide to our choice is suggestive to-day,

Though told of a fabulous time, To any and all who its teachings obey In every country or clime.

For the wheat and the chaff are mixed for us still. As they were in those mythical grains; And if we choose now to see only the ill, We shall have only that for our pains!

All pathways are checker'd. Gray shadows and night Alternate with the sun's cheering rays. Our eyes grow accustomed to darkness or light

As we fix upon either our gaze. And we can be clear-eyed, or we can be blind, As each one his vision so trains;

If he chooses the dark, need he wonder to find He can see nothing bright for his pains? From the noisome swamp see the marsh lily lift

Its delicate, queenly blue head; From water and slime and dank earth it will sift

The nutriment best for its need. Poisons lurk in these things. It could draw evil thence As well as the good that it gains.

Shall it choose, then, those noxious elements whence Hurt and death will proceed for its pains? In our fellow men are the elements mixed;

Forever good mingle with sin. On their errors, their faults, shall we keep our gaze fixed, O'erlooking divine sparks within? Ah! a lesson in judging our frail brethren, then,

We may learn from these fabulous grains. If we seek but the chaff, can we fairly grieve, when We receive only chaff for our pains? —[Emily C. Adams, in New York Sun.

### POOR JOBINARD.

It's 20 years since that time. I was a light-hearted boy then—a boy of 20. I lived in Paris, and I studied Art. Being an artist, I always spelled Art with a capital A. I have other things to think of besides Art now. I have to think of painting what the public will buy. I have to make it pay—I have made it pay.

But it is not about myself I want to talk; it is of Orson—of Orson the Hirsute, Orson the Unrelenting, Orson the Hater of Art. Of course his name wasn't Orson. His real name was Jobinard, and he lived at the corner of the Rue de l'Antienne Comedie, did this uncompromising grocer, this well-to-do Esau of the Quartier Latin, this man who hated Art, artists, and, above all, Art students with a peculiar ferocity.

Alcibiade Jobinard had reason to dislike Art students. They had a nasty way of getting into his debt, but Jobinard took the bull by the horns—he gave no more credit.

"Ma foi!" he would say, with a supercilious sneer, "Credit is dead, my good young sir. He doesn't live here any longer. He is dead and buried."

And then one had to go empty away. It had been so handy in the good old days just to run into Jobinard's for whatever one wanted, and—well, "stick it up." You see you could get an entire meal at Jobinard's, one of those little sham boneless hams; they're quite enough on them for four. Tinned provisions in inexhaustible variety, wines from 75 centimes upward, liqueurs, dessert, even in the shape of cheeses of all sorts, almonds and raisins, grapes and peaches. It was excessively convenient.

When one was hard up, one dealt with Jobinard, and it was put down to the account. When one was in funds one dined and breakfasted at a restaurant and left Jobinard's severely alone.

But now all was changed. Mile. Amenaide was an uncommonly pretty girl, and we were all desperately head over heels in love with her. By "we" I mean the Art students, but of all the Art students that were desperately in love with Mile. Amenaide, Daburon, the sculptor, was the most demonstrative. Jobinard hated Daburon with a deadly hatred because Daburon never expended more than ten centimes at a time. It was the society of Mile. Amenaide that Daburon hungered for, and he got it because he was entitled to it, being a purchaser.

Mile. Amenaide was Jobinard's cashier. It was a large shop, and there were several assistants, but all moneys were paid to Mile. Amenaide, the cashier, who sat in a glass box underneath the great chiming clock.

Daburon, the sculptor, would enter the shop, nod in a cavalier manner to Jobinard, as though he were the very dust beneath his feet; then he would look at Mile. Amenaide, raise his hat with his right hand, place his left upon his heart and make her a low bow; then he would pretend to blow her a kiss from the tips of his fingers, as though he were a circus rider; then he would take up a box of matches, or some other peculiarly inexpensive article.

"Have the kindness to wrap that up carefully for me in paper," he would remark in a patronizing manner. Then he would march up to Mile. Amenaide with the air of an Alexander—you could at most hear the tinkle of "She's a Conqueror" playing as you saw him do it. He would pay her 10 centimes and withdraw some commission into the ear of Mile. Amenaide. Then he would receive his purchase from the hand of M. Jobinard in a confidential and confidential manner. Then he would strike a confident attitude of an approved customer and take to the sidewalk as though he were one of the noble members of the guard.

"What a lot!" "What a lot!" "What a lot!"

"What muscularity!" he would say, and then he would heave a sigh and swagger out of the shop.

Jobinard, who was a particularly ugly, thickset, hairy little man, used at first rather to resent these references to his personal advantages. His four assistants and his cashier would titter, and Jobinard used to blush, but at length the poor fellow fell into the snare laid for him by the villain Daburon.

He got to believe himself the perfect type of manly beauty. When a Frenchman has once come to this conclusion, there is no folly of which he is not ready to be guilty.

The fact is, Daburon had passed the word round. The Art students, male and female, invariably stared appreciatively at the little, hairy, thickset Jobinard as though he were the glass of fashion and the mold of form. Jobinard now began to give himself airs. He swaggered about the shop, he exhibited himself in the doorway, he posed and attitudinized all day long, and then he began to make it rather warm for Jobinard.

"Ah, M. Jobinard, if you were only a poor man, what a thing it would be for Art! Ah, if we only had you to sit to us in the nude. We are going to do Ajax defying the lightning next week. What an Ajax you would make, Jobinard!"

"You really ought to sacrifice yourself in the interests of Art," another would remark. "You'd ruin the professional model. You would indeed."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," Jobinard would reply, his hairy, baboonlike face grinning with delight. "A too benevolent heaven has made me the man I am," and then he struck an attitude.

"What legs!" we all cried in a sort of chorus.

"Ah, M. Jobinard," I said pleadingly, "if you would only permit us to photograph your lower extremities."

"Never, gentlemen, never!" replied the infuriated Jobinard; "I care nothing for Art. Besides, it would be almost indecent; I could never look into a print shop without coming face to face with the evidences of my too fatal beauty."

From that day Jobinard ceased to wear his professional apron.

It was about a week after this that Daburon, I and another man presented ourselves at Jobinard's establishment. We raised our hats to Jobinard as one man, we smiled, and then we bowed.

The hairy little grocer seemed considerably astonished at our performance.

"M. Jobinard," said Daburon, who was our spokesman, "you see before you a deputation of three, representing the Art students of Paris, some 500 in number. We have come to beg a favor. We know, alas! too well, that it would be absolutely impossible to induce a man of your position in society to sit to us; but, M. Jobinard, a man possessing the lower extremities of a Hercules, a Farnese Hercules, M. Jobinard—and I need hardly remind you that Hercules was a demigod—has his duties as well as his privileges. Those magnificent lower extremities of his are not his own—they belong to the public.

"Such lower extremities as yours, monsieur, are not for an age, but for all time. They must be handed down in marble to posterity. The legs of Jobinard must become a household word in Art. To refuse our request, monsieur, would be a crime. You would retain the copyright of your own legs of course. They would be multiplied in plaster of paris and become a marketable commodity over the whole civilized world. Such muscles as these," said Daburon, respectfully prodding and patting the unfortunate Jobinard, "must not be lost to the artistic world. What a biceps, what a deltoid, my friends!" he continued.

"What a magnificent development of the sternoocleidomastoides!"

"You will not refuse us!" we cried in chorus.

"You will not dare to refuse us," added Daburon.

"Gentlemen, I yield! I see that Art cannot get on without me. When would you like to begin?" said poor Jobinard.

"To-morrow at noon," answered Daburon as he shook hands with the little grocer reverentially, and then we took our leave.

Next day a long procession filed into the shop.

"This way, gentlemen, this way, if you please," said M. Jobinard, as he indicated the way to his back yard.

We must have been at least thirty. Everybody brought something; there were four sacks of plaster, some paving stones, bits of broken iron, bricks, and enough material to have walled up Jobinard alive. A great mass of moist plaster was prepared, the limbs that had become necessary to the world of Art were denuded of their covering and placed in the moist mass, then large quantities of the liquid plaster was poured on them, then the scraps of old iron, the bars, the paving stones and the bricks were carefully inserted and built up into the still soft mass which was at least a yard high and a yard thick.

"Don't move, dear M. Jobinard," cried Daburon, "the plaster is about to set. We shall return in half an hour, by which time the molds will be complete."

M. Jobinard, seated in the center of his back yard, bolt upright, bowed to each of us as we passed out.

In about a quarter of an hour Jobinard began to feel distinctly uncomfortable.

"The molds seem getting terribly heavy," he said to one of his assistants who kept him company. "They seem on fire, and I can't move."

At that moment the procession, headed by Daburon, filed once more into the courtyard.

"It's getting painful, gentlemen," said Jobinard. "I feel as though I were being forced to stone."

"Try and bear it bravely. Nothing is attained in this world, dear monsieur, without a certain amount of physical suffering. It will be set as hard as marble in a few minutes. We will obtain the necessary appliances for your release at once, Jobinard. Remain perfectly quiet till we return," said Daburon, rather severely.

And it was such of a kind as our fingers were miserably poor. Jobinard, I and we did not stay away. It was the last day of the term at the Art school, and we were all off to our holidays.

stonemason, who dug him out. They had to get the plaster off with a hammer. We had, by the direction of the Demon Daburon, omitted to oil the shapely limbs of our victim. Poor Jobinard.—[Tit-Bits.

### A Snail's Formidable Mouth.

"It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant looking snail's mouth, for that animal could outdevour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their observation.

"Anyone who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The snail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a hand-saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp and only a few of them are used at a time. Not exactly only a few of them, but a few of them comparatively, for the snail will probably have 4,000 or 5,000 of them in use at once. He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as a bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight."—[Exchange.

### Just What a Norther Is.

"What is a Texas norther?" The question was put by a Globe-Democrat man to Major B. M. Vanderhurst, of Texas, who was airing his Apollo Belvedere figure in the glad sunshine that crept under the awning of the Lindell.

"A Texas norther, my inquiring friend, is an extremely damp and disagreeable wetness that crawls up out of the hole where the north pole used to be and swoops down upon the sometimes sunny southland at a Nancy Hanks gait, catching you with your mosquito-bar underclothes on and your overcoat in soak. It is more penetrating than ammonia, and requires but ten seconds to work its way to the most secret recesses of a fat man's soul and cause him to regard the orthodox hell of fire as the one thing in all the world most to be desired. When a norther has the victim in its grip he feels that he has a combination of buck ague and congestive chills. It is the custom in Texas not to make a fire until somebody freezes to death. It would be a slam on 'the most delightful climate on earth.' Few houses built prior to the war had any provisions for heating. The custom was when a norther announced itself to keep piling on coats until it got discouraged and gave up the contest. That custom is still generally followed. Northern people regard this extreme disgust. They go down there expecting to find ten months of summer and two months of early fall weather; to revel in the glad sunshine and to inhale the unctuous perfume of magnolia buds all the year. They get into their picnic clothes and send their heavy weights to friends back home to be given to the poor or packed away in camphor. Just about that time a norther arrives and, for three days, they long to go to Manitoba to get warm."

### Some Seeming Discrepancies.

What is the precise color expressive of anger or rage? Novelists seem hardly to have settled the point yet, if we may judge from a recently published novel:

1. Page 9. "Adrienne suddenly appeared, her face white with anger."

2. Page 20. "The little fellow was trembling with a blue rage."

3. Page 57. "Albert was choking with passion. He turned green in the face."

4. Page 173. "Rodolphe, who was of a very choleric temperament, passed instantaneously through all the colors of the rainbow."

A regular exhibition of fireworks, an artist's palette for variety, don't you think?—[Chicago Times.

### OLLA PODRIDA.

The czar's throne is said to be worth four times as much as Queen Victoria's.

The Mississippi deposits in the sea in a year solid matter weighing 812,300,000,000 pounds.

Sixty persons now occupy Robinson Crusoe's island Juan Fernandez. They are cattle herders.

The Korean does not have the trouble of carrying his umbrella in his hand. It is like an ordinary umbrella in shape, only it is smaller and has no handle. It is made of oil paper and is worn on the head over the hat.

In the Vatican at Rome there is a marble statue with natural eyelashes, the only one with this peculiarity in the world. It represents Ariadne sleeping on the island of Naxos at the moment when she was deserted by Theseus.

A monstrosity is carefully guarded on the farm of W. H. Reynolds, at Gannons, Tex. It is a pig with head and ears like those of an elephant, a nose like the trunk of the boar just named, and a single eye where the mouth ought to be.

The famous Texas die was discovered in this way: A man and his dog were one day walking on the prairie, when the dog saw a mouse, a species of small shrew, and his master noticed that his nose was all bristled with the "red" color, which soon became as intense as it is in a young of his kind. Then he said to his

### HOW THEY MAKE MUSIC.

Recording the Cries of Insects by the System of Musical Notation.

Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid. Here again it is the male that has the voice. At the base of each wing cover is a thin membranous plate. He elevates the wing covers and rubs the two plates together. If you could rub your shoulder blades together you could imitate the operation very nicely.

Certain grasshoppers make a sound when flying that is like a watchman's rattle—clackety-clack, very rapidly repeated. There are also some moths and butterflies which have voices. The "death's-head" moth makes a noise when frightened that strikingly resembles the crying of a young baby. How it is produced is not known, though volumes have been written on the subject. The "mourning-cloak" butterfly—a dark species with a light border on its wings—makes a cry of alarm by rubbing its wings together.

The katydids, crickets, grasshoppers and other musical insects are all exaggerated in the tropics, assuming giant forms. Thus their cries are proportionately louder. There is an East India cicada which makes a remarkably loud noise. It is called by the natives "dun-dub," which means drum. From this name comes that of the genus, which is known as dundubia. This is one of the few scientific terms derived from the Sanscrit.

The "death watch" is a popular name applied to certain beetles which bore into the walls and floors of old houses. They make a ticking sound by standing on their hind legs and knocking their heads against the wood quickly and forcibly. It is a sexual call. Many superstitions have been entertained respecting the noise produced by these insects, which is sometimes imagined to be a warning of death.

Entomologists have succeeded in recording the cries of many insects by the ordinary system of musical notation. But this method does not show the actual pitch, which is usually several octaves above the staff. It merely serves to express the musical intervals. It is known with reasonable certainty that many insects have voices so highly pitched that they cannot be heard by the human ear. One evidence of this fact is that some people can distinguish cries which are not audible to others.—[Washington Star.

### Recent "Ends of the World."

A dozen times in the present century has the "end of the world" scare been revived, and the interest still felt in the subject may be conjectured from the excitement caused a few months ago by the announcement that a telescopic comet was about to cross the orbit of the earth. There are many persons now living who remember "when the stars fell" in the early '30s and the excitement caused by that then unexplained phenomenon. At that time it was believed to be the beginning of the end. The southern negroes were greatly alarmed and believed that the judgment day had really come, while their fright was shared in no small degree by the whites. Wm. Miller, founder of the "Milleries," went so far as to fix the date for the end of the world in October, 1843, and when his prophecy was not fulfilled, corrected his calculation, making 1847, 1848 and 1857 the proper dates. Many persons prepared for their ascension on some one of these dates, and having made ready, were disappointed at the failure. But above all, the fact that a popular expectation is still entertained in spite of all previous failures, is proved by the presence in this country of a large and increasing denomination of Christian people, whose fundamental article of belief is that the end of the world is near at hand and that their special business is to be ready for that event.—[Globe-Democrat.

### Those Who Have Lived.

According to a recent writer it is impossible to give any close figures on the number of persons who have lived on this earth. It is generally considered that one person in every thirteen dies each year. At this rate the population would be renewed every thirteen years. Assuming that the population of the world is 1,000,000,000, and that it has been 1,000,000,000 at any time during the last 6,000 years, we find that the population has been renewed about 461 times; that is, that 462,000,000,000 have lived on this earth since the creation. This, of course, is vastly in excess of the real number, for the world, so far as we can tell, is more thickly populated now than ever before. Probably if we were to cut those figures in two we would still be above the actual number, with a total of 231,000,000,000 persons. There are no figures on which to base an estimate of the population of the world in Christ's time. The census taken when He was brought up to Jerusalem has not come down to us; if it had, it would have been of great historical and sociological value.—[Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

### Just Like a Story Book.

Hettie Flowers, for two years past a domestic to the family of Mrs. Frances E. McIntyre, Mount Vernon, N. Y., has just discovered the whereabouts of her father, from whom she has been separated twenty-two years.

Miss Flowers had told Mrs. McIntyre that her earliest recollections, though very indistinct, were of scenes in the South. When she was five years old she was kidnapped by a woman who was brought to New York, where, after a time, she was placed in an institution.

Mrs. McIntyre, interested by the woman's story, began a search for her parents and wrote to nearly every post office in the southern states inquiring for persons named Flowers. At last she heard from Charles Flowers, a wealthy plumber of Macon, Ga., who said he had had a daughter twenty-two years ago under circumstances similar to those detailed by Miss Hettie. He had searched diligently for her, but in vain, and had given her up for dead. Further correspondence established the fact that Miss Hettie was his long-lost daughter, and he sent a check and a request that she get at once to Macon.—[Washington Star.