SHE STOOD IN X RAYS,

And Thus Delayed the New Scheme of Inspecting Baggage.

They had just got the new scheme for inspecting baggage by X rays in operation and the haughty young woman who had just got off the steamer was waiting to have hers inspected. Furthermore, she thought there had been more delay than was necessary and she was somewhat provoked. Consequently when one of the officials motioned her to step a little to one side she declined to move.

There was a short consultation among the officials and one of them finally advanced toward her.

"If madam would kindly——" he begun.

"Sir!" she interrupted, haughtily.

"It would be a great favor if you would move a little," he said, rather diffidently.

"Why should I?" she demanded. "It it decidedly presumptuous in you to speak to me at all. I've been waiting here fifteen minutes for my baggage, and during that time you haven't done a thing but stand there and look at me and talk to the other inspectors."

"The fact is," explained the man in the same diffident way, as if something worried him, "that you are in the way."

"Of what?" she asked. "It seems to me that you are the most impudent set of officials that I ever knew. The idea of asking me to move as a mere matter of convenience to you! There's plenty of room to inspect the baggage without annoying me, and you ought to be at work at it now."

"But we can't," protested the man. "You see we don't open the trunks any more. We just put them under the X rays and inspect them that way."

"Well, why don't you do it?" she demanded, irritably.

"Because, madam—because——"

The inspector fidgeted about nervously.

"Because," he continued at last, "you're standing right in the rays now, where we want to put the trunks."

There was a scream and the place was vacant.

Loud Talkers and Low Speakers.

"Funny writers and stage comedians make the mistake of representing country people as very loud talkers," remarked Colonel Leonard Ainsworth, of Kansas. "As a matter of fact, persons who are accustomed to the quiet and solitude of rural life speak in a very low tone of voice, while those who live in the constant din and nerve-racking noises of the city naturally acquire the habit of talking loudly. The reason for the difference is plain. When you city folks meet on the street you have to elevate your voices to a high pitch in order to make yourself heard. I never come to St. Louis or visit any other large city that I don't soon get a sore throat from overtaxing my voice. Of course, you who live here are used to the strain on your voice and don't suffer from it as I do.

"If you ever heard an Indian talk you would realize the force of what I say. I never saw a real Indian that spoke much above a whisper. He illustrates exactly what I mean. The Indian lives in quiet and solitude. His atmosphere is not filled with noises and tympanum piercing sounds. Consequently he does not have to elevate his voice in carrying on conversation. Your city arab, the counterpart of the Indian, talks loud enough when he comes to Arkansas to be heard in the next county."—St. Louis Republic.

Use First-class Printing.

All printed matter is advertising matter.

The billhead, the letterhead, the business card and the envelope are articles of advertising, and yet must not be reckoned as advertising mediums.

Commercial stationery may be likened to commercial clothing, and as men are judged by the clothes they wear, so may the house be judged by the stationery it uses.

It is true that the swindler engraves his stationery and gives the nicest care to the outward appearance of his business.

What if he does?

If good stationery will assist in making bad business good, why should it not all the more make a good business better?—Hardware.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

A New Jersey Woman Expresses Her Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for Relief.

"Will you kindly allow me," writes Miss Mary E. Saidt to Mrs. Pinkham, "the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Compound? I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration and general debility, caused by falling of the womb. It seemed as though my back would never stop aching. I could not sleep. I had dull headaches. I was weary all the time, and life was a burden to me. I sought the seashore for relief, but all in vain. On my return I resolved to give your medicine a trial. I took two bottles and was cured. I can cheerfully state, if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw the advertisement, and there would be happier homes. I mean to do all I can for you in the future. I have you alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am very grateful."
—MISS MARY E. SAIDT, Jobstown, N. J.

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EXCURSIONS
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"Banner Route."
Wabash Line
SEPTEMBER 6-7-20 AND 21,
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From All Principal Stations,
TO POINTS IN THE
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WARREN'S ADDRESS.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel?
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you!—they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consign'd so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyr'd patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
Of his deeds to tell?
—John Pierpont.

MEETING STEP-PAPA.

"Well," exclaimed Millie, "this is quite the most horrid thing mamma could have done!"

Fraulein Haussmann of Hanover had a large garden behind her finished seminary for young ladies, and it was up and down this garden that Millie Warwick was strolling, arm-in-arm fashion, with her sworn chum, Ethel Bidwell, another English pupil.

Ethel waited for further elucidation.

"She has gone and married again!" almost shrieked Millie.

"Well, there's no very great harm in that, dear," returned Miss Bidwell. "In fact, it will be rather nice for you."

"But a stepfather! O, it was too bad of mamma!" reiterated Millie.

"I am not surprised that she has married again," said Ethel. "When she came to see you in the winter she struck me as being almost as young looking as yourself. Indeed, I am surprised at her remaining a widow for ten years."

Millie went on reading the letter.

"Worse and worse," was her next piece of information, "his name is Macintosh, and he's Scotch. Then he'll have red whiskers and a strong accent. All Scotchmen do, don't they?

"They were married very quietly in Edinburg, without telling any of their friends. I am to join them at Paris, and go on with them to Switzerland and have a jolly time. Fancy going on a honeymoon trip with one's own mother."

"Where are you to join them?" asked Ethel.

"Next Thursday at the Hotel St. Moscow—that's where so many English people go. I suppose Mr. Macintosh can't talk French. O, dear! It's altogether too bad of mamma!"

There was no consoling poor Millie, and when her friend saw her off to Paris on the following Thursday Miss Warwick still declined to be comforted.

"Please take me up to Mrs. Mackintosh's rooms," said Millie when she arrived at the Hotel St. Moscow.

The garcon, a bold son of Peckham, scratched his head.

"Missis Mackintosh, did you say, miss?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mackintosh. I am her daughter."

"Well," said the waiter, "I'm sorry to 'ave to inform you, miss, that there ain't no Missis Macintosh 'ere. There's a Mister Mackintosh, what arrived about two hours ago; probably it's 'im you want?"

As she entered the sitting-room, Millie stopped dead, and would possibly have retreated had not the bold man from Peckham hastily closed the door and retired.

For, sitting by the window, perusing a paper, was a young gentleman of not less than 20 and not more than 25 years of age, irreproachably garbed, dark, clean shaven, and not very bad looking.

"I shall be polite, sometimes cordial," Millie had concluded, after debating the matter with herself for many miles, "but on no account affectionate. I shall go my own way and he will go his."

However, Millie's plan of campaign collapsed like a bubble.

When Mr. Macintosh rose from his chair, Millie collected herself with an effort, and, advancing, held out a little gloved paw.

"How do you do, Mr. Macintosh?" she said.

"Thank you," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I am very well." Then, as Millie continued standing, he added, handing her a chair, "Won't you sit down?"

Millie seated herself.

"Er—I expected to find mamma here," said the young lady, after an awkward silence of quite a minute's duration.

"O, I see," replied Mr. Macintosh.

Then an appalling idea flashed through her brain. Her mother and Mr. Macintosh had discovered their mistake already. In one short week they had fallen out! They even traveled separately! Doubtless he had married her for her money, and her mother had discovered this.

"I had better not say too much about mamma until I know exactly how the land lies," Millie decided. "I may only aggravate their differences."

After a long and awkward pause Mr. Macintosh suggested that perhaps she might like to look at the English illustrated papers while she was waiting.

"I have a bundle of them in my carry-all," he said; "I'll get them for you."

While he was absent Millie reviewed the situation again.

"I hope he won't be as severely polite as this always," she thought. "It's evident that I shall have to break the ice. I will let him see that, however he may have fallen out with poor mamma, I intend to be friendly."

During tea Millie told him numerous anecdotes about her life at Fraulein Haussmann's, after which he retaliated in the gayest fashion with stories of Oxford 'Varsity. Thus they passed the time away until the first dinner gong sounded.

This reminded Millie of the flight of hours.

"I had forgotten all about mamma! When will she be here?" she exclaimed.

"Possibly she is blocked on the line," murmured Mr. Macintosh. "At any rate, you had better dine here while you wait for her."

But Mr. Macintosh's careless reference to her mother jarred on her and damped her spirits. Things were evidently very bad indeed. His indifference to his wife's whereabouts was positively shameful.

During dinner, therefore, she was quieter, so Mr. Macintosh had to do the lion's share of the talking. And so well did he perform his task that Millie had to confess that her stepfather was a very charming young man, and that it was a thousand pities he could not get on with his wife.

"I must try and make the peace," she thought; "meanwhile my best plan will be to be as pleasant as possible—conciliatory, in fact."

Inspired by this idea she made no objection when he suggested a stroll on the boulevards. She insisted on his smoking, she prattled to him while he enjoyed his cigar, she leant on his proffered arm, and, indeed, made a conscientious effort to impress him with the fact that she was a nice girl, and though a stepdaughter, would not be an incumbrance or a bother to him.

And when they got back to the hotel after a little hesitation, as they were separating for the night, she stood on tiptoe and administered to his brow a pure, daughterly kiss.

"Well," observed Mr. Macintosh, after she had vanished, "of all the experiences I've ever had, this certainly takes the cake."

Now, a portion of the above was told to the present historian by Mr. Dick Macintosh, and part by his wife. I have merely interwoven their accounts. The end of the story I also obtained from both, but Dick's account was the best. Millie was very reticent when relating her share. Millie related her part, as thus:

"Well, I was unpacking my things you know, in order to be able to go to bed, when who should come in but mamma! We hugged each other, and then I said:

"O, mamma, how could you quarrel with him?"

Mamma looked very astonished, and said:

"What are you talking about?"

"Step-papa," I replied. "He didn't bring your name up once all the time, and he didn't seem to care what had become of you, and—and altogether he was the last man in the world I should have taken for a bridegroom. But he was very nice to me!"

"'My dear child!' exclaimed mamma, 'are you wandering? What person do you refer to? Your stepfather has only just arrived at the hotel. We crossed this morning. As for quarreling, we are the most devoted couple in Christendom!'"

Now for Mr. Dick Macintosh's version:

"Well, you see, old man, I received a letter from my uncle Ned, telling me that he had taken a wife unto himself, and would I meet him and the lady at the Hotel St. Moscow in a week's time. On the date named I hied me to Paris, and, while I was awaiting Uncle Ned's arrival, a young lady was shown in.

"Well, we both thawed after a time and had a rare evening. She proved the jolliest girl imaginable—talked, laughed, joked, and seemed bent on being as friendly as possible. We had tea, dined, took a stroll, and returned to the hotel. Then, my boy, imagine my astonishment. After she had said good night she reached up and gave me the most delicious kiss I had ever received in the whole course of my existence."

In due time the four set off on their tour together, and during the tour Dick and Millie managed to patch up matters so neatly that they came to be quite good friends by the time they returned to England. And about a year after their return Dick took a flat in Kensington and asked Millie to share it with him, such as it was. And Millie not objecting they were married, and there I visited them and heard the story.—Answers.

A DISOBEDIENT PRINCESS.

Occasion of the One Call the Queen Made on Another Woman.

An Englishwoman living in New York City tells me how one of her friends in London (Mrs. Randall, we may say, but it is not the name), incurred her majesty's displeasure, says a writer in the New York Press.

The Randalls moved in the best of society, but for reasons probably definite to the mind of the queen, her majesty did not wish one particular daughter to visit them. There is evidence that the queen mother remonstrated more than once with the disobedient daughter, and to no purpose, before she decided to proceed in an extraordinary way.

Which was like this: One afternoon the inhabitants of Blank street, in London, were aroused by a great clattering. Those who got to the windows were amazed to behold the outriders of the queen, and then, in carriage of state, her majesty herself. And further were they mystified when the cavalcade stopped before the home of the Randalls. "Because," said the Englishwoman to me, "of course, the queen never calls upon anyone."

But their feelings probably were not to be compared with those of Mrs. Randall above stairs when she learned that her majesty, Queen Victoria, awaited her in the drawing room. A woman may not say that she is not at home to a queen, however she may dread to learn what ill fate inspired the visit.

Mrs. Randall, fearfully, but probably with apparent ease, descended. Her majesty was standing, attended, near the door. Without greeting, she asked, icily: "This is Mrs. Randall?"

"It is, your majesty."

"The Princess —— comes here often, I believe?"

"She does, your majesty."

"When she comes again oblige me by saying you are not at home." Mrs. Randall bowed, and the queen departed immediately.

Hardly was her majesty in the distance when the carriage of the Princess —— stopped, and the queen's disobedient daughter was announced. Mrs. Randall came down again.

"The queen has been here, hasn't she?" asked the princess.

"Yes, Princess ——."

"Said you were not to receive me, did she not?"

"Yes, Princess ——."

"I shall come exactly as usual." "And she did," said the Englishwoman to me, "and her majesty never again attempted to interfere."

Microscope as a Thief-Catcher.

A curious use of the microscope was lately made in Prussia. It appears that on one of the railways a barrel, which should have contained silver coin, was found on arrival at its destination to have been emptied of its precious contents and sand substituted. Prof. Ehrenberg was consulted on the subject, and he sent for samples of sand from all the stations along the different lines of railways through which the specie had passed, and by means of his microscope identified the station from which the interpolated sand must have been taken. In due time the culprit was found to be one of the employes at that station.—London Echo.

More Information.

"Paw," asked Tommy, who had been reading the headlines, "what does 'charges of bad faith' mean?"

"Oh—er—I dunno," answered Mr. Figg, absently. "Another one of those heresy trials, I guess."—Indianapolis Journal.

When a man falls in love with a woman, there is no use in calling his attention to the fact that there are millions more in the world of the same sex; he knows it.

What do divorced women do with their wedding rings?

THE BOOMING CANNON

RECITALS OF CAMP AND BATTLE INCIDENTS.

Survivors of the Rebellion Relate Many Amusing and Startling Incidents of Marches, Camp Life, Foraging Experiences and Battle Scenes.

Greencastle Jenny.

Oh, Greencastle streets, where a stream of steel
With the slanted muskets the soldiers bore,
And the scared earth muttered and shook to feel
The tramp and the rumble of Longstreet's Corps;
The bands were blaring "The Bonny Blue Flag,"
And the banners borne were a motley many;
And watching the gray column wind and drag
Was a slip of a girl—we'll call her Jenny.

A slip of a girl—what need her name?—
With her cheeks aflame and her lips aquiver,
As she leaned and looked with a loyal shame
At the steady flow of the steely river;
I'll a storm grew black in the hazel eyes
Time had not tamed, nor a lover sighed for;
And she ran and she girded her, apron-wise,
With the flag she loved and her brothers died for.

Out of the doorway they saw her start,
(Pickett's Virginians were marching through),
The hot little foolish hero-heart,
Armored with stars and the sacred blue,
Clutching the folds of red and white
Stood she and bearded those ranks of theirs,
Shouting shrilly with all her might,
"Come and take it, the man that dares!"

Pickett's Virginians were passing through:
Supple as steel and as brown as leather
Rusty and dusty of hat and shoe,
Wonted to hunger and war and weather;
Peerless, fearless, an army's flower!
Sterner soldiers the world saw never,
Marching lightly, that Summer hour,
To death and failure and fame forever.

Rose from the rippling ranks a cheer;
Pickett saluted, with bold eyes beaming,
Sweeping his hat like a cavalier,
With his tawny locks in the warm wind streaming.
Fierce little Jenny! Her courage fell,
As the firm lines flickered with friendly laughter,
And Greencastle streets gave back the yell
That Gettysburg slopes gave back soon after.

So they cheered for the flag they fought
With the generous glow of the stubborn fighter,
Loving the brave as the brave man ought,
And never a finger was raised to fright her;
So they marched, though they knew it not,
Through the fresh green June to the shock infernal,
To the hell of the shell and the plunging shot,
And the charge that has won them a name eternal.

And she fell at last, as she hid her face;
There had lain at the root of her childish daring
A trust in the men of her own brave race,
And a secret faith in the foe's forbearing,
And she sobbed, till the roll of the rumbling gun
And the swinging tramp of the marching men
Were a memory only, and day was done,
And the stars in the fold of the blue again.
(Thank God that the day of the sword is done,
And the stars in the fold of the blue again!)
—Helen Gray Cone, in Scribner's.

"Mother Bickerdyke" Honored.

Fully 200 old soldiers, their families and friends crowded into Bunker Hill, Kan., recently, to honor and pay their respects to that mother of all soldiers, Mrs. Bickerdyke. The Mother Bickerdyke day was originated by Commander Botkin as a token of the gratitude of the Western soldier to an estimable woman.

MRS. BICKERDYKE.

Mother Bickerdyke, while 80 years of age, is remarkably vigorous and in good health. She delights to see the soldiers and cheer them in their old age. As each delegation came into the city they went to the home of Mother Bickerdyke and paid their respects. She received each one with a handshake and a cheering word.

The services were held in a large tent. Addresses were made by A. J. Dickson of Russell and William Russell of Bunker Hill. A hundred old veterans escorted Mother Bickerdyke to the celebration in a hack. Addresses were made by Commander Botkin, General Lewis Handback of Topeka and Colonel Thomas Jackson of Newton. Mother Bickerdyke was presented with a silver water service by the G. A. R. of Kansas in commemoration of her labors for the old soldiers of Kansas.

Mrs. Bickerdyke was Mary Ann Ball, and she was born at Mount Vernon, Ohio, in 1817. She came from the old pilgrim stock, intermingled with the Knickerbockers. Her ancestors came from England almost a century before the great revolution, and it is from the Virginia Balls that Mrs. Bickerdyke is descended.

After a course at Oberlin College, Miss Ball studied the methods of the nursing of that day in the hospitals of Cincinnati. After her marriage she removed to Galesburg, Ill., and the death of her husband left her to support two children. At the beginning of the civil war she offered her services to the sanitary commission at Chicago and, being accepted, was assigned to Cairo, Ill. She served all through the war, and her fame as a nurse spread throughout the armies of the North and the South. Many a brave soldier owes his life to her, and she is honored by the soldiers as is no other woman.

Since the close of the war "Mother" Bickerdyke has lent her valuable aid to many charitable missions in the East and in the West. She has been a pension agent, and in that capacity she has seen that many a deserving soldier has got his rights. Of late years she has lived at Salina, Kan., closing the years of a well-spent life.

Grant Offers His Purse to His Enemy.

General Grant never mentioned one incident in connection with the battle of Donelson, and no one ever heard of it until it was related by his opponent in that battle, General Buckner. In a speech made by that officer at a banquet given in New York on the anniversary of General Grant's birthday, April 27, 1889, he said: "* * * Under these circumstances, sir, I surrendered to General Grant. I had at a previous time befriended him, and it has been justly said that he never forgot an act of kindness. I met him on the boat, and he followed me when I went to my quarters. He left the officers of his own army and followed me, with that modest manner peculiar to himself, into the shadow, and there tendered me his purse. It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that in the modesty of his nature, he was afraid the light would witness that act of generosity, and sought to hide it from the world. We can appreciate that, sir."—Century.

Unasked Advice for Grant.

General Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant," in the Century, deals with the preparations for the last campaign. General Porter says:

General Grant had become very tired of discussing methods of warfare which were like some of the problems described in algebra as "more curious than useful," and he was not sufficiently interested in the canal to be present at the explosion which was expected to complete it. About this time all the cranks in the country, besides men of real inventive genius, were sending extraordinary plans and suggestions for capturing Richmond. A proposition from an engineer was received one day, accompanied by elaborate drawings and calculations, which had evidently involved intense labor on the part of the author. His plan was to build a masonry wall around Richmond, of an elevation higher than the tallest houses, then to fill the enclosure with water pumped from the James River, and drown out the garrison and people like rats in a cage. The exact number of pumps required and their capacity had been figured out to a nicety.

Another inventive genius, whose mind seemed to run in the direction of the science of chemistry and the practice of sternutation, sent in a chemical formula for making an all-powerful snuff. In his communication he assured the commanding general that after a series of experiments he had made with it on people and animals, he was sure that if shells were filled with it and exploded within the enemy's lines, the troops would be seized with such violent fits of sneezing that they would soon become physically exhausted with the effort, and the Union army could walk over at its leisure and pick them up as prisoners without itself losing a man.

A certain officer had figured out from statistics that the James River froze over about once in seven years, and that this was the seventh year, and advised that troops be massed in such a position that when the upper part of the James changed from a liquid to a solid, columns could be rushed across it on the ice to a position in rear of the enemy's lines, and Richmond would be at our mercy. A sorcerer in Rochester sent the general word that he had cast his horoscope, and gave him a clear and unclouded insight into his future, and added to its general attractiveness by telling him how gloriously he was going to succeed in taking Richmond.

One evening the general referred to these emanations of the prolific brains of our people, and the many novel suggestions made to him, beginning with the famous powder-boat sent against Fort Fisher, and closed the conversation by saying: "This is a very suggestive age. Some people seem to think that an army can be whipped by waiting for rivers to freeze over, exploding powder at a distance, drowning out troops, or setting them to sneezing; but it will always be found in the end that the only way to whip an army is to go out and fight it."

Lincoln's Gentle Chiding.

Another remarkable evidence of the great kindliness of heart of Abraham Lincoln has just been brought to light in the form of a long-lost letter which the martyred President wrote to General David Hunter in 1861.

General Hunter was in command of the department of Kansas at the time this particular letter was written, says the New York Sun. It seems he considered himself dishonored by an appointment to the rather obscure military post, and wrote to the President protesting against it. Lincoln's characteristic reply was as follows:

"Executive Mansion,
"Washington, December 31, 1861.

"Major General Hunter:

"Dear Sir—Yours of the 23d is received, and I am constrained to say it is difficult to answer so ugly a letter in good temper. I am, as you intimate, losing much of the great confidence I placed in you, not from any act or commission of yours touching the public service up to the time you were sent to Leavenworth, but from the flood of grumbling dispatches and letters I have seen from you since. I knew you were being ordered to Leavenworth at the time it was done, and I aver that with as tender a regard for your honor and your sensibilities as I had for my own, it never occurred to me that you were being 'humiliated, insulted and disgraced,' nor have I up to this day heard any intimation that you have been wronged coming from any one but yourself. No one has blamed you for the retrograde movement from Springfield, nor for the information you gave Gen. Cameron; and this you could readily understand if it were not for your unwarranted assumption that the ordering to Leavenworth must necessarily have been done as a punishment for some fault. I thought then, and I think yet, the position assigned to you is as responsible and as honorable as that assigned to Buell—I know that Gen. McClellan expected more important results from it. My impression is that at the time you were assigned to the new Western department it had not been determined to replace Gen. Sherman in Kentucky, but of this I am not certain, because the idea that a command in Kentucky was very desirable, and one in the further West undesirable, had never occurred to me. You constantly speak of being placed in command of only 3,000. Now, tell me, is not this mere impatience? Have you not known all the while that you are to command four or five times that many?

"I have been and am sincerely your friend; and if as such I dare to make a suggestion, I would say you are adopting the best possible way to ruin yourself. 'Act well your part, there all the honor lies.' He who does something at the head of one regiment will eclipse him who does nothing at the head of a hundred. Your friend, as ever. A. LINCOLN."

Nothing could have been better calculated to allay the feelings of personal wrong which must have possessed Hunter at the time. That he thought so himself is shown by the following words, written by the dissatisfied general on the big yellow envelope in which the letter had been sent:

"The President's reply to my 'ugly letter.' This lay on his table a month after it was written, and when finally sent, was by a special conveyance with the direction that it was only to be given to me when I was in a good humor."

To Erase Dickens Landmarks.

It is proposed to tear down a portion of the older part of London, and in doing this a locality with which Dickens is identified in some of his best-remembered novels has been doomed to go. It is even said that the exact building which he put into fame as the Old Curiosity Shop is one of them. But some of the English people are pleading for the preservation of this locality, because Dickens has in effect made it a feature in London history.

TOWN IS CAPTURED.

Crusading Miners Make a Successful Raid on Coffeen.

A Hillsboro, Ill., dispatch says: The oft-repeated threats of the crusaders to force their way into the village of Coffeen were carried out amid great excitement Tuesday afternoon. For two days re-enforcements had been pouring in from all quarters, until 400 men and seventy-five women were in the camp. They became more and more restive under the rigid exclusion enforced by the village authorities and began drilling in the camp. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the attempt to break the picket lines was successfully made. They formed eight abreast, 400 strong, the Staunton band of eleven pieces bringing up the rear. The women remained in the camp.

As soon as Sheriff Randle ascertained that the march had begun he placed twenty deputy sheriffs, armed with muskets and with fixed bayonets, across the highway. The other deputies were stationed to guard the mine, where 100 men were at work getting out coal. President Traynor went to a point 100 feet in front of the deputies and when the column arrived ordered a halt. With regular step the strikers marched on, paying no heed to the order and brushing the village president aside without ceremony. The deputies received no orders to fire and the invading army marched upon them without stopping or hesitating.

The strikers in the front ranks grasped their guns and the column by sheer force of numbers pushed the deputies, many of whom were considerably frightened, from their places. President Traylor ordered the deputies to arrest Gen. Bradley, who was marching in front with a green sash over his shoulder. Two stalwart deputies seized him and rushed him through a side street. They quickly placed him in a carriage and drove to Hillsboro, where the "general" was placed in jail.

Meanwhile the strikers continued their triumphant march through the little village which has so long defied their efforts. After parading through the principal streets they halted near an elevator, half a mile from the coal mines, where they were addressed by several speakers from among their number while they awaited the 5 o'clock whistle, which announced that the working miners had quit for the day.

As the picket line was broken by the strikers Sheriff Randle ordered his deputies, together with over 100 able-bodied men who had been summoned by two hoarse blasts from the mine whistle, to form a new picket line around the mine. This was done and further orders were given to shoot anyone who attempted to pass the line without permission. When the miners quit work, instead of meeting the strikers as the latter hoped, they went at once to their homes. The strikers then appointed a committee of twelve to hold a meeting and attempt to persuade the miners to quit. Intense excitement exists in Coffeen and its vicinity, and it is feared that blood will be shed if the miners persist in working.

HANSBROUGH TAKES A WIFE.

North Dakota Senator and Miss Mary Chapman Are Married.

H. C. Hansbrough, United States Senator from North Dakota, and Miss Mary Berri Chapman of Washington, D. C., were married at the Hotel Burlington in New York Monday. The ceremony took

HANSBROUGH AND HIS BRIDE.

place in one of the parlors of the hotel, which was decorated with white azaleas, maiden hair ferns, palms and pink roses. Rev. Lester Bradner officiated, using the Episcopal service. After the ceremony the guests, numbering twenty-five, were entertained at an informal repast, served in an adjoining room.

BANKERS AT DETROIT.

Leading Financiers of the Country Meet in Convention.

The spacious opera house at Detroit was filled to overflowing Tuesday morning at the opening of the twenty-third annual convention of the American Bankers' Association. The retiring president, Robert J. Lowry, president of the Lowry Banking Company of Atlanta, Ga., called the gathering to order promptly at 10 o'clock. In its representative character the convention was even more influential than last year's gathering at St. Louis, every section of the country being largely represented by the presidents, cashiers or other officers of national and State banks.

Prayer having been offered by Rev. Henry A. Shapman of the Society of Jesuits, president of Detroit College, the roll of delegations was called and welcoming addresses were in order. Gov. Pingree spoke felicitously for the State, Mayor Maybury for the city and E. H. Butler, chairman of the Detroit clearing house, for the bankers of the city and State.

FIELD BREAKS THE RECORD.

May Retire After Serving Nearly Thirty-five Years.

Associate Justice Stephen J. Field of the Supreme Court of the United States Monday broke the record for continuous service on the supreme bench, having served thirty-four years, five months and six days, or one day longer than former Chief Justice John Marshall, whose record of service has hitherto been the longest of all the justices since the establishment of the national tribunal of last resort.

JUSTICE FIELD.

It has been generally understood that Justice Field would retire from the bench when his length of service exceeded that of Chief Justice Marshall. It is probable that his seat upon the bench will become vacant in the near future and upon his retirement Attorney General McKenna, according to the present understanding, will succeed him. The vacancy in the attorney generalship, it is expected, will then be filled by Judge Goff of West Virginia.

The Klondyke fields are nice to read about. Men leaving San Francisco now will not get there till there is snow on the ground. There is winter from September to May, with some more winter sprinkled in between May and September. There are 3,000 men on the ground, and many more on the way. Supplies are at sky high prices, and the country is a long way from anywhere.—Denver News.

An order has been issued by the Navy Department retiring Commander J. C. Morong on Aug. 28, he having reached the age limit of 62 years. Commander Morong was a volunteer naval officer and entered the service April 1, 1863.

A Lake of Oil in a Region of Coal.

A remarkable discovery is reported from Alaska. Some gold prospectors several months ago ran across what seemed to be a lake of oil. It was fed by innumerable springs, and the surrounding mountains were full of coal. They brought samples to Seattle, Wash., where tests proved it to be of as high a grade as any ever taken out of Pennsylvania wells. A Seattle company was formed and experts were sent up. They have returned on the steamer Topeka, and their report has more than borne out the first reports. It is said that there are enough oil and coal in the district to supply the world. It is close to the ocean; in fact, the experts say that the oil oozes out into the salt water.

Novel Cooking Method.

In Bosala one of the Australian batteries had to go into action just as dinner time came on, and the artillerymen, resolved not to lose a meal, cut their meat into small strips, placed it on the breech of their guns and cooked it by the heat of the metal. They found it delicious, and voted the biftek a la culasse de canon infinitely superior to beefsteaks cooked under the pommel of the saddle, Tartar fashion.

Confinement and Hard Work

Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and agreeably than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

Manx Humor.

The Manx people are very plain spoken. Hall Caine, who is their acknowledged historian, tells a good story of a grumpy old Methodist woman in the Isle of Man who could never be satisfied with her preachers. One of them, being about to leave, called to say good-by. "Well, good-by," she said, "and God bless ye, and may the Lord send a better man in your place." Next day his successor came to see her. "Well, I hope the Lord has sent a good man," she said, "but there's none so good that comes as them that goes."

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

If parents would be more careful about their walk before their children, their talk to them would have more weight.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

New Pavement Suggested.

It is proposed to pave London roads with compressed grass blocks. The claim is made that the pavement of these blocks is noiseless and elastic, resists wear well and is impervious to heat and cold. Its manufacturers guarantee its life for five years.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15c. and 25c. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

If the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just the specific.

Commander Philip Hichborn, chief constructor of the navy, has presented to the city of Hartford, through Senator Hawley, the figurehead of Admiral Farragut's flagship, the Hartford, and it will probably be placed in some public position in the city.

For lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

The shield of Charles V. was inlaid with gold and contained over 600 figures engraved on its face.

Those nuisances, rheumatism and the gout, are relieved by Glenn's Sulphur soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

About 4,000,000 people in India are still on relief works.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

You know the man when you know the company he keeps.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF
Chas. H. Fletcher.
Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

LAZY LIVER! YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOUR LIVER DON'T ACT.

Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated, and your whole system is poisoned.

A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your life becomes one long measure of irritability, despondency and bad feeling.

Cascarets ACT DIRECTLY, and in a PECULIARLY HAPPY MANNER ON THE LIVER and BOWELS, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by INCREASED APPETITE for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 10c., 25c., 50c. MAKE YOUR LIVER LIVELY!

"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for An Untidy House." Use
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$75 TO ALL ALIKE.

The largest bicycle factories in the world, unequalled facilities and abundant capital put us in position to build most economically and give the best values for your money.

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HARTFORDS Patterns 5 and 6, 30

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If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

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48th year begins Sept. 1. When Building. Magnificent quarters. E. J. HEEB, President.

CURE YOURSELF!
Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous.
Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.
Big G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

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