AMERICANS IN PARLIAMENT

THREE BRITISH LAWMAKERS BORN IN UNITED STATES.

Lady Burdett-Coutts' Husband, Who Was Her Private Secretary Before She Married Him.

(Chicago Tribune.)

One of the most flourishing of American cities, doubtless the wealthiest in proportion to its population and certainly the most fashionable, has never been mentioned in the census reports. Outside of its inhabitants, few realize its existence, and yet it is growing faster in size and influence than any boom town in the west is growing today.

Its only name is "the American colony in London." Careful estimates have placed its fixed population at between 17,000 and 20,000 and its transient population in the season at 5,000 or more. By stretching the letter of the truth to express the spirit of the truth, it can be said properly that this American city on foreign soil has four representatives in parliament, and (what is more important) some seventy representatives in the social government of Great Britain—women, that is, whose husbands are in the house of lords or house of commons.

Of the four "American" members of parliament, three were born in the United States. The other, Henry M. Stanley, although born in Wales under the name of Rowlands, was adopted by an American, Mr. Stanley of New Orleans, whose name he took when a small boy, and, like the three others, had to be naturalized before he could enter parliament. Two of the other members are Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett and his brother, William Ashmead Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, the former born in Brooklyn in 1849, and the latter in Plymouth, Mass., in 1851. Their mother was one of the Ashmeads of Philadelphia. They came to England before they were in their teens, and have lived here ever since. Both were graduated with honors from Oxford. Sir Ellis, who got the handle for his name by being made a baronet in 1892, was first elected to parliament in 1885, and was civil lord of the admiralty for seven years. He has represented a district of Sheffield in the house of commons for the last four years.

The younger Bartlett is a bright, affable and really able man, who would have made his way in the world in any event, but who achieved that end at the age of 30, in a manner that was sensational, by marrying the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, aged 67, by whom he was employed as private secretary.

Mrs. Crawfy was in high dudgeon over the affair at the time, for the baroness was reputed to be one of the richest women in England, but she and her husband have been happy together for eighteen years, and he, although he took his wife's name by royal license, instead of giving her his name, has been as active and energetic as though he had poverty to spur him along. The baroness is one of the world's greatest philanthrophists, and her husband, who was her almoner before he became her spouse, has continued his work of managing her vast charities. One of the benevolent organizations she helps to support is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which she is the founder. It is said, by the way, that the baroness not only lost favor at the court by her romantic marriage, but also lost part of her fortune, which came to her from her grandfather, an eccentric old banker, who used to go about so shabbily dressed that on one occasion a passerby, pitying his apparent poverty, tried to give him a coin.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts has been a Conservative member of parliament ever since 1885. His brother is also a Conservative.

The fourth "American" member of the house of commons represents the Boston section of the American colony, for he bears the famous name of Channing, and is a nephew of New England's great preacher. His father was the Rev. William Henry Channing of Boston. Francis Alston Channing has a large influence in parliament, owing in part to the interest he has taken in agricultural and labor reforms. One of the most conspicuous decorations of his library is a beautifully engraved testimonial from the great trades union acknowledging his efforts in behalf of the laboring classes.

Mr. Channing came to this country when a boy, and was educated at Oxford, where he gained the chancellor's English essay and the Arnold historical prize. He took honors in classics and mathematics, and became a lecturer of University college. He was elected to the house of commons in 1888, and has been there ever since. He was appointed a member of the royal commission on agriculture, and was made chairman of the chamber of agriculture in 1896, and is president of the Land Law Reform association. His interests in educational matters is likely to make him particularly prominent in the present session, in which one of the most important bills to be discussed will be a measure intended to bring some order out of the present confusion in the control of secondary education in England. Mr. Channing is an advanced Liberal. Mrs. Channing, who is one of the most charming of women, is a daughter of Henry Bryant of Boston.

I asked Mr. Channing if the fact that he was an American by birth had been brought up against him when he was first chosen as a candidate for parliament.

"I believe," he said, "that the subject was mentioned by my Conservative opponents, but it was quickly dropped. It was actually a point in my favor. It has been my experience that there is a deep, strong underlying spirit in England of friendship for and sympathy with the United States. It was shown conclusively at the time of President Cleveland's Venezuelan message. It is reasonable to suppose that if any other power had sent that message to England war would have followed instantly. The message was more exasperating than Emperor William's famous dispatch to Kruger about the Jameson raid, yet the pronounced feeling upon the receipt of that message was almost universally expressed in this form: 'We must not fight with our own kith and kin if any concession at all consistent with dignity can prevent it.'

"Of course, any number of Americans could hardly come over here and be elected to parliament. In order to understand English modes of thought, prejudices and sympathies thoroughly enough to represent them properly in the house of commons it is necessary to have been familiar with them from youth. It is not likely that any American who has not been educated in England could ever be chosen as a candidate for a seat in parliament."

A number of members of the house of commons have shown their good taste by marrying American women. Besides Mr. Channing, already mentioned, are the following:

The Right Honorable Arthur Hugh Smith Barry, whose wife was the widow of Arthur Post of New York; Arthur Montague Brookfield, who married Olive, only daughter of J. Hamilton Murray of Buffalo, N. Y.; the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for the colonies, who married Mary Endicott, daughter of Mr. Cleveland's secretary of war; Mark Anthony MacDonnell, who married the daughter of the late Dr. James Hyndman of Boston; T. P. O'Connor, who in 1891 married the daughter of Judge C. W. Paschal of Texas, and the Honorable Bentley Burke-Roche, who married the daughter of Frank Work of New York.

There is another member of parliament who is almost entitled to be called an American. He is Joseph Francis Fay, who, although born in Ireland, has spent most of his life in the United States. He was a professor in St. Francis Xavier college in New York, and afterward took the degree of M. D. in the University of Cincinnati and practiced medicine at Troy, N. Y. He was the New York executive of the National League of America, and member of the Irish National Federation of America.

Children of the Stage.

(Colonel R. G. Ingersoll.)

Disguise it as we may, we live in a frightful world, with evils, with enemies on every side. From the hedges along the paths of life leap the bandits that murder and destroy, and every human being, no matter how often he escapes, at last will fall beneath the assassin's knife. And yet, strangely enough, there is in the world of misery, of misfortune and of death the blessed spirit of mirth. Laughter is the blessed boundary line between the brute and the human. Who are the friends of the human race? Those who hide with flowers the cruel rocks of fate, the children of genius, and among them the sons and daughters of the stage, the citizens of the mimic world; the world enriched by painter, orator, composer and poet; the world of which Shakespeare, the greatest of human beings, is still the unchallenged emperor. These children of the stage, with fancy's wand, rebuild the past. The dead are brought to life and made to act again the parts they played. Lovers leave their graves and breathe again their burning vows, and again the white breasts rise and fall in passion's storm. The citizens of the real world gain joy and comfort from the stage. The broker, the speculator, ruined by rumor; the lawyer, baffled by the intelligence of a jury or the stupidity of a judge; the doctor, who lost his patients because he lost his patients; the merchant, in the dark days of depression, and all the children of misfortune, the victims of hope deferred, forget their troubles for a little while when looking on the mimic world. And so the maiden longing to be loved, the young man waiting for the "Yes" deferred, the unloved wife, hear the old, old story told again—and again within their hearts is the ecstasy of requited love. The stage has ever been the altar, the pulpit, the cathedral of the heart. There, in spite of wealth and power, in spite of caste and cruel pride, true love has ever triumphed over all. The stage has taught the noblest lesson, the highest truth, and that is this: It is better to deserve without receiving than to receive without deserving. As a matter of fact, it is better to be the victim of villainy than to be the villain. The children of the stage are improvident enough to enjoy the present and credulous enough to believe the promises of the universal liar known as hope. And so, when they have reached the ladder's topmost round they think the world is theirs. But from the ranks of youth the rival steps. Upon the veteran brows the wreaths begin to fade, the leaves to fall, and failure sadly sups on memory. They leave their places and thrones; their crowns are gone, and from their hands the scepters fall. And then the silence falls on darkness. Some loving hands shall close their eyes; some loving lips should leave upon their pallid brows a kiss; some friends should lay the breathless forms away and on the graves drop blossoms, jeweled with the tears of love. This is the work of the generous men and women who contribute to the actors' fund.

THE FADDISH GIRL'S FANCIES.

A "Lavalliere" to Keep In Place the Rolling Revers.

(New York Herald.)

A little arrangement has been devised to keep the rolling revers of a jacket in place. This is called a "lavalliere." It consists of a short gold chain, very fine and delicate in workmanship, about twelve inches in length, having at the end two crystal pendants. These pendants may be balls, pear-shaped, hearts, four-leaf clovers or any design which pleases the fancy of the purchaser.

They are in imitation of garnet, emerald, amethyst, topaz, pure white crystal or of a color to suit a certain gown, or one to go with many gowns. These lavallieres are worn knotted around a four-in-hand tie, fastened in a lace cravat, or across the front of the corsage, on the left or right side. But the latest and most up-to-date use for these fads is fastening the open fronts of the fancy bodices so fashionable today. For the latter purpose is shown a little gold hook and eye, studded with tiny brilliants. This hook and eye is sewed to the sides of the open front, the chain is looped through the eye, and when the hook is fastened the chain ends and the two pretty colored crystal pendants dangle gracefully among the full lace jabots of the vest.

The present fad is that the neck and belt buckles shall match, and very pretty, dainty sets are shown in enameled gilt, in floral designs, scrolls and even yet some of the ever-popular four-leaf clovers. One of the new belt buckles comes in the floral pattern, a flower for every month—rose for June, holly for December, lily for Easter, chrysanthemum for October, and so on through the calendar. Some are oxidized silver, some are in fire gilt, some are in the natural colorings. A very faddish buckle is a style called the "ceramic," an imitation of a lost art. These buckles are as large as a silver dollar, and are of a dull, tarnished green, copied from some specimen found in the ruins of Pompeii. They are set in a rope rim of dull Roman gold, and look as though they had just been dug out of the ruins of the ancient city. As they are comparatively expensive, they are bound to be exclusive. The neck buckles necessitate a soft, wide liberty satin ribbon, long enough to go around the neck once and then to be brought forward to the front again and fastened to the left side with the buckle. All ribbons around the neck are devoid of bows and ends, and are either tied in four-in-hand effect or fastened with the buckle. The belts are of wide liberty satin, and are worn rather tight, so that when clasped in front with the buckle they give a full wrinkled effect to the waist line. Of course, this is all very well for slender figures, but rather trying to the stout woman. The old-fashioned bangle bracelet is to the fore again—or, rather, its idea, but in a new form. We have been familiar all winter with the large, heavy ring bracelet, which has gone under the name of the "Nethersole." The up-to-date girl must have her Nethersole bracelet, but it must be a little different from the one she has worn all winter in just this one thing. She buys or is given a Nethersole bracelet. It is perfectly plain—it must be for the new fad. Then she asks all her friends to have their monograms engraved on her bracelet. If the girl has many friends and admirers her bracelet is soon covered with prettily engraved monograms, each in a different style. As each individual pays for the engraving of his or her own monogram, one can easily see that the girl will soon possess a bracelet which represents quite an outlay at no expense to herself.

Fortunate Bicycle Riders

are those that know what Ballard's Snow Liniment will do. No soreness from stretched sinews or strained muscles. Quick recovery when mishap befalls. No liniment penetrates like this one. It has all the virtues of other liniments and peculiar merits of its own. Cures where others only relieve. Banishes Rheumatism, Neuralgia; relieves Strains, Cuts, Burns and Frost Bites. Pain and Inflammation simply can't stay where it is applied. Your money awaits you if it fails to satisfy. Price, 50 cents.

Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

THE VOW.

(Pall Mall Gazette.)

If I had failed you then, when easy friends
Crowded your ample stair,
And the strange loveliness that springtime lends
Lit up your eyes and hair;

When the wild wine of health was yours and when
You wanted not for gold,
Dear, loyal heart, if I had failed you then,
You had gone unconsoled.

If I should fail you now, when the bright bands
Of your ripe hair are blurred,
When no man stoops to kiss your roughened hands,
Or runs to do your word,

And the rich cup of pleasure overspeed
Is emptied and downcast;
If I should fail you now, may the sweet Christ
Fall me, too, at the last.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25 cents, at Z. C. M. I. drug department.

A Monster.

The editor of a Dawson paper thus describes the mammoth that was recently discovered near Dominion creek: "The huge monster could not be lifted from its ancient grave, for it weighed from twenty-five to thirty tons. It measured forty-four feet six inches. Its right tusk was broken, but its left tusk was perfect, so that the right must have snapped off in the fall which caused its death. The remaining tusk measured fourteen feet three inches in length and forty-eight inches in circumference. The flesh was covered with wooly hair, about fifteen inches long, and of a grayish-black color. The headquarters of the mammoth were weighed in a fashion, the improvised scales showing 3,469 pounds. The neck was short, limbs long and stout, feet short and broad, with five toes.

Do You Know

Consumption is preventable? Science has proven that, and also that neglect is suicidal. The worst cold or cough can be cured with Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure. Sold on positive guarantee for over fifty years. Sold by Nelden-Judson and other druggists.

A HUNTING SCENE IN LACE.

The Exhibition at Vienna—Archduchess Maria Theresa's Collection.

(London Telegraph.)

Vienna.—A magnificent collection of lace is now being exhibited at the Austrian museum in Vienna. As very early specimens are shown, the progress made in the manufacture of this delicate fabric can easily be traced. Some of the cases contain real art treasures, made all the more valuable by their great age. An exquisite collection of point coupe, the precursor of Venetian and Genoese point lace, takes an important place, the finest specimen in this genre consisting of a jacket entirely of point coupe, with open network foundation, perfect in design and execution. A magnificent piece of Venetian point has a wonderful hand-embroidered hunting scene, the hares and hounds of extraordinary fineness and beauty. A valuable specimen of Genoese point, about three yards in width is designed with three scenes from the Garden of Paradise, all extremely natural and graceful. Near this exquisite exhibit specimens of the beautiful point de France are shown.

This class of lace is a refinement upon the famous Venetian rose lace; with it are several samples of that most delicate of all the rococo webs—the point d'Argentan. The Flemish laces are abundantly represented, with all the superior delicacy of make, increased fineness of thread, and improvement in design which enabled them victoriously to drive the Italian lace into the background. The very mention of Brussels lace carries the mind back to the end of the seventeenth century, when feminine enthusiasm was roused by this fairy-like production, so renowned for its artistic execution and its elegance of design. Exquisite examples are shown of Brussels point, Mechlin and Malines lace. A piece of Brussels point, about three-quarters of a yard wide, in Louis XIV style, is embroidered with musical instruments. This and a priest's surplice, dating from the seventeenth century, and in a wonderful state of preservation, are almost priceless. The Archduchess Maria Theresa, widow of the late Archduke Karl Ludwig of Austria, has lent her splendid private collection for exhibition. It includes the lace bequeathed by the Empress Caroline Augusta, consort of the Emperor Francis I, as well as the lace formerly belonging to the Archduchess Sophie, mother of the present emperor. In this collection are also very wide specimens of application d'Angleterre, Brussels point and Chantilly flounces in various widths. Pillow laces of every make, with the Irish lace so much admired on the continent, fill other cases in the museum. The wondefur fineness and finish of many of these superb specimens rounes general admiration in a city where the ornamental is so much cultivated. It is perhaps, the most perfect exhibition of the kind ever seen in Vienna, and attracts crowds of admirers, but there is no doubt that the wonderful imitations produced for moderate prices by machinery in the present day have weakened the enthusiasm for real lace, as well as the sense of its value, as shown in former centuries. The time is over for a bride to bring in her trousseau, like the daughter of Louis XV, lace worth 625,000 livres.

TRICKED BY HIS MEMORY.

A Cleveland Man's Invitation to His Wife By Telephone.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

There is a certain Cleveland man who fondly imagines he has an excellent memory. He never carries letters around in his pockets, and he is pretty good at leaving orders at the grocer's. Occasionally he gets his wife to ask him concerning the events of the day, and he makes a good record when catechised. Somebody told him that was the way Thurlow Weed improved a bad memory, and he finds it an excellent exercise. Not long ago he had a telephone put into his house and frequently uses it. Another strong point with him is his alleged memory for telephone numbers. He has repeated them over so many times that the numbers which he is likely to use he can spin off in lively style. But his overweening confidence in his ability in this direction brought him to grief.

He was in his office a few days ago and wanted to call up a particular friend. He knows that his friend always answers his 'phone in person, and when he had rung up and given the number, he began to talk as soon as he was sure somebody was at the other end.

"Helio, George!" he said. "How are you? How are things? Say, George, let's take in the show tonight. We'll have a little supper first and then go over. I've got things fixed so I can get away and nobody be any the wiser. I told Maggie we were busy on a partial inventory and that if I wasn't home at 7 o'clock she would know that business detained me. Ha, ha! She believes anything her trusted old hubby wants to tell her. Will you go, old boy? If you will, call for me at 6."

He paused for an answer and his breath.

Before he could catch the latter he gasped again. A shrill feminine voice rang in his ear.

"Yes," said the shrill voice, "I'll go."

"Wh-what's that?" he stammered.

"I say I'll go," said the shrill voice, "and I'll call for you at 5."

With a spasmodic gesture the man with a memory rang off.

"Merciful Jupiter!" he groaned. "That was my wife's voice."

He rubbed his head distractedly. What did it mean? Then he understood it all. He had in a moment of criminal forgetfulness rung up his own 'phone instead of his friend's.

His marvelous memory had played him a scurvy trick.

Battles Around Manila.

Kansas City Star: The fine conduct of the western volunteer troops in the Philippines is exactly what might have been expected. American volunteer soldiers, reasonably well selected, after being seasoned and trained in actual service, ought to be the best soldiers in the world.

New York World: Properly to appreciate the valor and "grit" of our soldiers the nature of the country and, above all, the nature of the climate must be taken into account. In this view the continuous battle our soldiers have given becomes a marvel of American endurance and tenacity.

Indianapolis Journal: Americans should be proud of the conduct of the troops in the Philippines. True, it was to be expected, for American troops show the highest soldierly qualities wherever they are placed, but they never have operated under worse conditions than those which prevail about Manila.

Springfield Republican: We expect the overwhelming defeat of the native army. Their spirit in facing our troops, however, after so many of their number have been slaughtered in successive combats, and the dogredness of their resistance, must excite admiration. Their present position, to one who recalls the history of the past year, can stir only the profoundest pity.

Philadelphia Record: Later official bulletins from the scene of conflict in the Philippines leave the result of the fighting somewhat more dubious than was indicated in the earlier reports. The flanking movement of General MacArthur's division from Novaliches to Polo seems to have been only partly successful owing to the roughness of the ground, and the line of retreat of the Tagals from Malabon to Meloles apparently remains open. There is no uncertainty, however, on one point; namely, that such advantage as has been gained by the forward movement was obtained at heavy cost in Americans killed and wounded. Moreover, the fact that every position on their line of retreat has been strongly intrenched by the insurgents makes it probable that the conquest of every inch of territory will require heavy sacrifice.

Philadelphia Ledger: The victory of the American forces in front of Manila is heralded as the beginning of the end, and we hope it may be so, but in reading the dispatches there is always the uncomfortable feeling that they have had to pass through the hands of a censor, and that they may not tell the whole truth. We have had before accounts of great slaughter among the Filipinos, but no sign of such weakening upon their part as we might naturally expect to find if it were true that they had suffered enormous losses. They have not indicated any disposition to yield, but on the contrary have been very aggressive, and have closely invested our lines around Manila. They have, moreover, succeeded in inflicting considerable loss upon the American forces through minor engagements, which occur almost daily. These known facts do not altogether agree with the optimistic reports from Manila and the promises of an early surrender on the part of Aguinaldo, though the Americans have suffered no reverses and have won some notable victories.

No ingenuity of barbarism—no devilish invention of the masters of torture during the time of the Spanish inquisition ever devised an agony so intense, so persistent, so long enduring, so nerve-harrowing as that which is suffered day after day by the women whose distinctly feminine organism is deranged or diseased. There are three most trying times in every woman's life; 1st—when girlhood blossoms into womanhood; 2d—when motherhood is achieved; 3d—when the capacity for motherhood ceases (the change of life.)

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was devised to make these three periods safe and painless by restoring to vigorous health the organs involved. It soothes, heals, nourishes. It gives Nature just the help it needs. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

Me-too-medicines are preparations without standing or success. They are the substitutes sold as "just as good." Having no record of their own, when Dr. Pierce's cures are referred to they cry me-too, me-too, like the cuckoo in a Swiss clock. Don't accept me-too medicines for "Favorite Prescription."

Mrs. M. Baruce, of Balls Ferry, Shasta Co., Cal., writes: "My physician said I was suffering from the effects of 'change of life.' I had heart disease and female trouble and rheumatism. My head was so dizzy I could hardly stand up. When I began Dr. Pierce's medicines I improved right along. I took seven or eight bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' a teaspoonful three times a day, and the 'Pleasant Pellets' at night. I feel as well as I ever did. I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's medicines to suffering women. I think that they are the best medicines in the world."

JESSE JAMES, JR.

He Is the Idol of Numerous Worshipers.

(Kansas City Times.)

Heroes come and heroes go, but Jesse James goes on forever. In spite of the fact that one or two eastern newspapers were much put out because he was not convicted, whether or no, in his recent trial for train-robbery, he continues the idol of numerous worshipers, who gather about his shrine daily. It was the most considerate act of his life when he deserted the court house and set up a cigar stand on Ninth street, where his admirers more readily reach him.

The unassuming appearance of the young man, however, does not always satisfy those who call upon him. He is considerably less than seven feet tall, and has nothing of the countenance of a Corsican brigand. He has proved a sore disappointment to many novel-reading small boys, who expected to find him clothed in velvet, bristling with firearms and studded over with diamonds as big as Ben Davis apples—a la "Sealskin Sam, the Deadwood Plunger."

A blase youngster, fatigued with the unsatisfying imaginary characters of 5-cent fiction, entered young James' cigar stand the other day with the evident intention of inspecting the "real thing." He invested 5 cents in chewing gum as an excuse for his coming, and then glanced about looking for the hero. Nothing resembling his ideal was in sight and he looked disappointed. Jesse James was behind the counter, grinning with an understanding born of many similar incidents.

"Say," inquired the boy, "are you Jesse James?"

"That's my name," said Jesse.

The youngster looked him over critically. No diamonds, no velvet, not a pistol nor a dagger in sight. No scars of battle, no trusty rifle with notches in the stock to indicate the foes that had fallen before an unerring aim. The boy's upper lip curled disdainfully, and a "you-can't-bunco-me!" expression came into his eye.

"Jesse James—nit!" he exclaimed, and stalked out.

Out of the Mouths of Babies.

(Chicago News.)

"What are you crying about, Johnny?" asked a mother of her 4-year-old son.

"'Cause Nellie's mean to me," he sobbed.

"What has she been doing?" asked his mother.

"I eat all of my candy, and now she won't give me half of her's," was the reply.

Visitor—I'm afraid that you and your little brother don't always agree, Tommy.

Tommy (one of the twins)—Sure we don't. We have a scrap regular every day.

Visitor—That's too bad. And which whips?

Tommy—Oh, mamma always whips.

Harry's father was trying to raise chickens with the aid of an incubator, and one day as the little fellow was watching a chicken energetically breaking its way through the shell, he remarked: "I see how he gets out all right, but I can't see how he got in."

Little Ethel, aged 5, accompanied her grandmother to church one Sabbath morning, and when the contribution plate came around she dropped in the dime her father had given her. The old lady was about to contribute also, when Ethel leaned over and said in an audible whisper: "Never mind, grandma, I paid for two."

Recently a 6-year-old pupil in one of the public schools was told to write an essay on "Man." The following was the result:

"Man is a queer animal. He has eyes, ears, mouth and nose. His eyes is to get dust in; his ears is to get earache in; his mouth is to hatch teeth in, and his nose is to get the sniffles in. A man's body is split half way up, and he walks on the split end. The female man is called a woman."

Hoodooed.

(New York Journal.)

Thirteen members of the Holiday club, all negroes, were arraigned before Magistrate Kudlich, in Jefferson Market police court, yesterday, charged by Policeman O'Donnell of the Tenderloin precinct with having broken the gambling laws.

He had climbed a fire escape of the Broadway theatre at 1:30 a. m., and had seen them, through a window, playing what he supposed to be poker. He testified before the magistrate that he heard one man say, "I'll raise you,' and saw him put some chips down on the table. Then he hastened down, broke in the clubroom door and made the arrests.

Henry Southold, one of the prisoners, declared that the club was regularly incorporated, and showed the articles on typewritten paper. The magistrate, reading it over, found that the quarterly dues were $150.

"Does every member pay $150 every three months?" he asked.

"Well, that's what they will pay when the club gets running. It's only starting now," said Southold, "and we only collect $1.50 a quarter."

"Did you see anything on the table besides chips?" asked the magistrate of the policeman. "How do you know they were playing poker?"

"He told me they were playing poker. They had piles of chips in front of them."

"Well, that's no proof; people play hearts with chips," said the magistrate. "I'll ask them what they were playing."

"What was the game you were playing?" he said, raising his voice.

"We were playing hearts," replied the manager.

"Ahem!" stammered the magistrate. "I think I must have given you the tip. I believe I'll fine you each $2 for disorderly conduct." And he did.

"That's what comes of playin' kyards wif a thirteen hoodoo," said one of the club members, sadly.

An Enlightened Monkey.

(Chicago Democrat.)

There's a prominent commission merchant on South Water street, near Dearborn, who owns a monkey that should be fined or imprisoned for violation of the city laws.

The monkey was sent to the commission merchant from New Orleans three years ago by one of his agents, who was engaged in buying bananas in that city for the Chicago trade.

Bingle, as the monkey is called, is a great pet in the family and has always conducted himself as a proper monkey should, with one exception. Bingle has a bad habit of fooling with the gas fixtures.

Just how he came to form the habit his master does not know, but he displayed an attraction for the gilded rods shortly after the commission merchant took him to his home.

It was probably Bingle's mimetic instinct that led him at times to climb up a curtain or door to turn out the gas. Often Bingle has been known to enter the bedroom where his master was preparing for bed and suddenly douse the glim, leaving the surprised man in total darkness.

Bingle finally became so persistent in his sport that it was necessary to confine him in the woodshed. The members of the family feared that their pet might take it into his head some night to turn the gas on while they were sleeping, so Bingle was not allowed in the house.

Three nights ago the monkey escaped from his prison, and a policeman caught him just as he was about to extinguish a gas lamp on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Fifty-fourth street. The other lamps in the vicinity had already been extinguished.

Bingle was arrested and taken to the police station, where he was locked in a cell until the following morning. He was returned to his master only under the condition that he be kept off the street at night.

Experience is the best teacher. Use Acker's English Remedy in any case of coughs, colds or croup. Should it fail to give immediate relief, money refunded. 25 cts. and 50 cts. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

Mr. Sherman's Humor.

While in congress Mr. Sherman made very little reputation as a humorist, but a flash of mother wit on one occasion brought him out of an unpleasant position with much credit. The occurrence was early in Mr. Sherman's career. It was when he went to Kansas, the member of a congressional committee, to investigate the conditions there, preceding the civil war, says the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat. The southerners were trying to introduce slavery, while the "liberty-loving people of Massachusetts" were practicing expansion with sharp rifles and abolition tracts. The presence of Mr. Sherman and the committee was resented by the southerners, who threatened personal violence. What happened on the occasion referred to is told in Mr. Sherman's own words:

One day a man entered the room and began to swear at the committee. He abused it in the most profane manner, and he was evidently spoiling for a fight. We had a stenographer with us, and, as soon as the man began to talk, I made a motion to him to take down his words. He did so, and after the ruffian had gone on for about ten minutes I called a halt and told him that he had made himself liable to arrest. I thereupon asked him if he knew what he had been saying, and called upon the stenographer to read his notes. Shorthand was then unknown in the west, and, as the man heard his exact words, his jaw fell, his face paled, and he asked the amanuensis to let him see the paper. It was shown to him. He looked at it for a moment and then frantically tearing his hair, he exclaimed: 'Snakes, by Caesar!' and rushed from the room. We did not see him again during the investigation."

Do not put off the duty that ought to be done today. If your blood is out of order take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

Mexico's Sign Language.

Mexico is a land of many tongues; but above the Indian dialect and Spanish, there is one universal language, the language of signs. It is the most expressive of all; the Mexican eye and hand are eloquent members. It is capable of infinite variation; its shadings and suggestions are beyond all translation. But there are certain gestures that have a fixed meaning, a signification well understood by every nation and every tribe from Guatemala to Texas, says Modern Mexico.

A general upward movement of the body, shoulders shrugged, eyebrows raised, lips pouted and palms outspread, varies in meaning from "I don't know and I don't care," to a most respectful, "Really, sir, I do not understand you."

The index finger moved rapidly from right to left, generally before the face, means: "No more," or simply "No." To move the right-hand palm outward from the body toward another person means, "Just wait; I'll be even with you yet."

The index finger on the temple, moved with a boring twist, means "He's drunk."

The right hand held to the lips, three fingers doubled, thumb and little finger erect, varies from "He drinks" to "Have one with me."

To move the open hand over the cheek, in imitation of a razor, has reference to the idiom, "playing the barber," and means "to flatter."

All four fingers and the thumb held points together and moved toward the mouth means "to eat."

The right hand held before the face, the two middle fingers moving rapidly, is a familiar salutation.

Perpetual Motion.

(Boston Journal.)

Here is the "philosophy" of perpetual motion, as solved by an up-to-date philosopher:

Rags make paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty.
Poverty makes rags.
Rags make—well, just keep on repeating the above.

Does This Strike You?

Muddy complexions, nauseating breath come from chronic constipation. Karl's Clover Root Tea is an absolute cure, and has been sold for fifty years on an absolute guarantee. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by Nelden-Judson and other druggists.

DRUNKENNESS!

Dr. CHARCOT'S TONIC TABLETS

are the only positively guaranteed remedy for the Drink Habit, Nervousness and Melancholy caused by strong drink.

WE GUARANTEE FOUR BOXES to cure any case with a positive written guarantee or refund the money, and to destroy the appetite for intoxicating liquors.

THE TABLETS CAN BE GIVEN WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF THE PATIENT.

STRONG DRINK causes Misery, Poverty and Death. Do not hesitate; you take no risk. Upon receipt of $5.00 we will mail you four (4) boxes and positive written guarantee to cure or refund your money. Single boxes $1.00. At store or by mail.

F. C. Schramm, prescription druggist, McCornick block, corner Main and First South street, Salt Lake City.

THE HERALD

Wheel Contest

The More That Enter the Contests,
The Easier the Wheels Will be Won.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE HERALD'S PLAN. . . . . .

It's So Simple and Easy That Every Utah Boy and Girl and Older People, Too, Will Hustle in the Contest.

Of Course You All Read

the full page ad. which appeared in THE HERALD of yesterday, wherein we outlined our plan by which we propose to give an unlimited number of high-grade Bicycles to the hustling, hustling boys and girls of Utah. The wheels we propose to give away are of the very latest Cleveland '99 models and are backed by the guarantee of the makers as well as by Browning Bros., Salt Lake's leading sporting goods dealers.

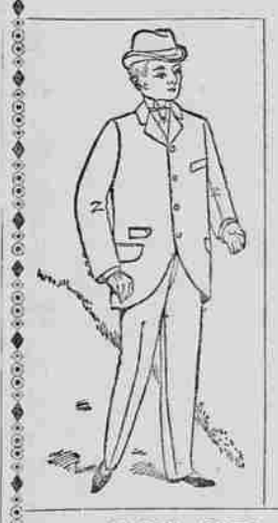
Just See How Easy It Is.

All you have to do is to solicit your friends to assist you and before you know it, you will have secured the wheel, to the delight of yourself and friends. Commence today and send in the names as fast as you enroll them. Only 30 daily subscribers for 3 months or longer, or 50 yearly subscribers to the Semi-Weekly—Understand us, it is not necessary to obtain the 30 or 50 subscribers before securing the wheel, but the wheel will be awarded to the person who has come nearest securing the 30 or 50 subscribers. For instance: 6 persons may start in the contest—one secures 10 names, another 4 names and so on. The person sending in the 10 names secures the wheel.

Daily—one year, $10; 6 months $5; 3 months, $2.50; per month, 85c. Semi-Weekly one year, $1.50. Orders may come from every town and county in the State. Address all orders to

THE HERALD COMPANY.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

SERGE CLOTHES



For Young Men, made by the same tailors as our Serge Clothes for Men—a splendid value in Round Cut, Square Cut or Double-breasted Style—good Italian Cloth Lining and extra well made all through,

Price $7.50.

Then we have other Serge Suits at

$10, $12 and $18.

Suits in other fabrics for young men

$3 to $15.

BOYS' SUITS.

Naturally, Boys' Clothing receives a great deal of attention here. There are so many to clothe and we clothe so many of them that we find it practical to suit our methods to their special needs—boys' wear differs from men's wear—so we begin with the cloth and see to it that nothing but the good, wearable kinds get into our Boys' Suits—we've suits as low as $1.50—good ones, too, not all wool, though—but at $2.50 we have all wool ones. Then at $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and so on up to $7.50 for our best ones. They come two styles—reefer, with large sailor collar for ages 3 to 8—and regular double-breasted for ages 9 to 16—most of the latter have double seat and knees.

LITTLE BOYS' SUITS.

We mean the junior or vestee style made for little boys of 3 to 8 years—they come with large sailor collars and little vests, both trimmed to match — just tell of two—of light check cheviot, large collar, trimmed with blue cloth and two rows of white braid, vestee trimmed to match — large Dresden buttons on coat. Price

$2.50.

Of handsome brown check cheviot, large collar trimmed with black and red braid—deep facing on the collar of olive green cloth—green vestee to mach, trimmed with white embroidered pique. Price $4.00. Other Suits

$1.75 to $7.50.

MEN'S SUITS.

With such a stock to choose from it's hard work to pick out any particular suit to tell of—probably this electric blue serge is about the swellest thing we have—it come in round cut sack coat or double-breasted style—with full French facing of fine silk, high-art tailored all through. Price

$20.00.

Another swell suit comes in fancy worsted, round or square cut, fine linings and tailoring; price $20.00. Both of these are just such garments as your swell tailor would turn out at $40.00 to $50.00; other suits to choose from as low as

$5.00.

THE KNOX SAILOR HATS FOR LADIES ARE IN.

One Price. J. P. GARDNER, 136-138 Main St.