RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

Stray Leaves From the Diary of a Midwinter Week.

Natural Gas—Springfield Must Have it—Some Interesting Figures on the Subject—A Good Record—Demand for MacCauley's Essays—The "Exercise Bicycle"—An Agony in Brass—The Urgent Demand for the Hospital—Blind Tom—The Human Phonograph—Cooking as a Fine Art.

The following remarks come from a gentlemen prominently connected with one of our manufacturing establishments. They are of the highest importance as regards the future of Springfield. He says: "Gas—either natural gas or coal gas, will be the fuel of the future in Ohio. The manufacturers and citizens of this city cannot give too much attention to the problem of piping natural gas to Springfield. *On that problem hangs the future growth and welfare of Springfield as a manufacturing city* If our manufacturers are to prosper in the future as in the past; if they are to successfully compete with manufacturers in towns which enjoy the use of natural gas; if new industries are to be attracted to this city as a manufacturing field—we must give them natural gas. I think our facturers all understand this fact, hence the great attention shown to the subject recently by the Springfield public and press."

CAN GAS BE PIPED HERE?

Undoubtedly. Cleveland is considering the same problem as Springfield. At a meeting of the civil engineers of Cleveland in that city, recently, the problem was ably discussed in a paper read to the club by H. M. Christian, engineer of the Norwalk gas works. Mr. Christian said:

"It is undoubtedly possible to pipe gas to long distances. This has already been demonstrated. The same means applied to regulate the pressure of water in pipes may be used in the case of gas. Methods of joining the pipes have been invented which are so nearly perfect that not more than one per cent. of gas escapes through leaks. This does away with waste and danger of explosion. A pipe three hundred miles long would cost $16,000,000, according to my estimate. This would include cost of wells, right of way and other expenses. Sixteen million dollars seems like an enormous cost, but the gas gives 50 per cent. more heat than coal. Hard coal costs $5 per ton in New York, and even more in our Ohio cities. Natural gas can be sold for 12½c. per 1,000 cubic feet. This would reduce the expense of fuel 50 per cent. The daily sale of 200,000,000 cubic feet of gas would be $25,000 per day, or $10,000,000 per year. Allow 15 per cent. for the investment, and you have remaining for yearly running expenses $7,775,000. In Pittsburg, the fact that the yearly revenue is only $2,500,000, is accounted for by the fact that soft coal is used there, and only costs $1.25 per ton. The gas must be sold extraordinarily cheap in order to compete with this cheap coal. We may look in the near future for the building of a vast system of pipe lines to all manufacturing centers of this country."

The above is from a gentleman of great scientific knowledge and practical experience, and his words will no doubt prove truly prophetic. If large supplies of natural gas are found within 30 or 40 miles of Springfield, the problem is as good as solved. There are wells in active operation some miles from Pittsburg, from which the gas is piped almost that distance to the city. It is, of course, possible that large supplies of natural gas will still be found near Springfield. The configurations of the great natural gas veins and reservoirs no doubt have many curious twist and turns and there is very little doubt that if we knew exactly where to bore we could find natural gas in this immediate vicinity.

I am just as sure that we shall have

NATURAL GAS IN SPRINGFIELD

inside of two years as I am that 1888 will follow 1887. We must have it. The supremacy of Springfield as a manufacturing city depends on it. Nothing else will take its place. Natural gas will in future be one of the most powerful magnets in drawing new manufacturing industries to a city. Our citizens might just as well learn something about the new fuel, and be prepared for its introduction, for, let me tell you, natural gas is of the same

BREED OF CONQUERORS

as the steam engine, the telegraph or the telephone. We must adopt it or be left behind as the car of progress whirls past us.

The objection of course rises to the lips: "Is this natural gas permanent? Will not the supply become exhausted, as has been the case in certain individual gas wells." It may, but the world will never go back to coal fuel after using gas, be assured of that. Either a method will be found of cheaply converting oil into gas or else coal gas will be used as fuel.

Pittsburg has trembled lest her supply of natural gas should be exhausted. A recent newspaper letter from there says: "The gas companies are providing against the exhaustion of their present fields. They have gone on buying the 'gas right' to lands near the present fields until they now have rights to about a million of acres, while only a few hundred acres have wells on them. As the gas reservoir of one region gives out that of another will be tapped. After natural gas, what? Why, coal gas. Pittsburg, Wheeling and other natural gas towns will never go back to the direct use of coal. Natural gas has taught their manufacturers a lesson on the use of fuel that they will never forget, and in doing so, as Prof. Orton says, it has given to the world something better than itself. Capitalists are making no mistake in expending millions of dollars on a fuel that is only transitory in character. Before the supply of gas is exhausted their profits will have multiplied their investment many times, and when the supply of gas does fail the present splendid net work of pipes will bring their fuel from the coal mines, where without waste the coal fuel will be converted into gas.

Today there are in the Connellsville coke regions near Pittsburg 100,000 coke ovens that daily waste 132,000,000 cubic feet of gas; 75 per cent. of this could be utilized. The waste at the coal mines in slack, nut and roof coal is greater. Already capitalists are considering the saving of this waste by the manufacture of coal gas at the pits. Very likely before natural gas is exhausted this waste at the coke ovens and coal mines will be sent surging through gas pipes to Pittsburg. After natural gas, coal gas: after coal gas, what? Why, coal gas for the supply of the Pittsburg coal region is inexhaustible. A sheet of coal fifty miles square underlies Pittsburg and its neighboring gas territory. The northeastern part of the bed is from two to three feet thick, increasing in thickness eastward and southward to six feet at Pittsburg, ten feet up the Monongahela valley and twelve feet up the Youghiogheny, averaging eight feet over the whole area. Allowing for the waste of mining, this extensive sheet of coal contains 5,000,000,000 tons, which, at the rate of use before coal was displaced by gas, will last more than 5,000 years.

There, the problem is solved. Gas will be the fuel of the world until some genius arises to harness electricity to our industrial wagon and compel the lightning to furnish us light, heat and power.

I am so confident that it is only a question of a year or two until Springfield will enjoy a full supply of natural gas, that if I were erecting a block in Springfield, I should, by all means, have natural gas pipes put in, together with the gas and water pipes. With natural gas, steam heating will be a thing of the past. In a dozen years we may be getting vast supplies of fuel gas from the nearest coal fields. With natural gas Springfield's future as a manufacturing metropolis will be builded on a rock.

A word of advice to the members of the city council. In granting the privilege of the right of way to any natural gas company to lay pipes in Springfield and vicinity, the company should be bound in the strongest manner concerning the nature of the pipes laid, and the general quality of the work done. Better have forty of the Goes Station power mills under the city than a set of poorly laid natural gas pipes. Every foot of natural gas pipe laid in this city should be closely inspected, every joint should be examined and tested by inspectors appointed by the city for the purpose. The public good demands that natural gas be piped to Springfield, and the public safety demands that no mistakes be made in laying the pipes. A recent newspaper article in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says:

"The people of Murraysville do not live in the safest place in the world. The whole town is underlaid with a network of pipes. Besides the nine large mains supplying Pittsburg with gas there are innumerable smaller pipes connecting them to the wells. The pressure on all these is enormous, owing to the nearness of the natural gas reservoir. Should one pipe break it would likely set off all the rest when the explosion that would follow would rival that of a dynamite factory. Fifty odd wells would send their immense product surging towards Pittsburg, mostly through the lines of the Philadelphia company. These lines average 22 inches in diameter. They are smallest at the gas-field and gradually increase in size as they approach the point of consumption where they act as reservoirs. A line of pipe resembles a monster telescope pulled out over hills, down valleys and across rivers. By this method the carrying capacity of the pipe is increased and the pressure reduced, thus lessening the liability to leak. As an additional precaution safety pipes convey any gas that may leak out into the air where is is harmlessly given off."

You will remember that when natural gas was first introduced into Pittsburg and neighboring towns, accidents were reported every few days. In one case several houses were blown down and a number of people injured. The whole world and especially the jealous competitors of Pittsburg exclaimed in a chorus: "Ah ha! What did we tell you. Better have a gun powder factory on every street than natural gas pipes under a city."

The truth of the matter was, however, that the first pipes were badly laid, and the system of piping the gas very imperfectly understood. Now that it is understood better, accidents happen very rarely. A dozen steam boilers explode every day, and little account is taken of it. If there is an explosion of natural gas, however, the subject is discussed by the public and press for weeks.

When natural gas is introduced into Springfield there will be a big upheaval in insurance circles. It is said that after the explosion which attended the introduction of natural gas in Pittsburg, some of the eastern insurance companies grew frightened and withdrew their policies where natural gas was used. The Pittsburg insurance companies, however, took up the risks and they now testify that there are far fewer fires with natural gas as fuel than with coal. I believe that the eastern companies are beginning to assume risks where natural gas is used, now that they understand it better. In a few years there will be no trouble whatever in securing insurance at even less rates where gas is used than where coal is used. History states that when illuminating coal gas was first introduced into London there was a terrible hue and cry concerning the new illuminating agent, and several of the great men of the time dwelt on the awful danger of running this inflammable agent, this explosive gas, in pipes through the very dwelling houses. Multitudes of fires were predicted, but happily did not occur. The present outcry against natural gas is of about the same importance. There are always accidents on a new railroad, and there will no doubt be a few connected with the introduction of natural gas as fuel. It must come, however.

"'Murder' is what the shoemen say about Lynch," is the strikingly picturesque sign which one sees painted on one of the fences en route to Lagonda. They do indeed; they do indeed.

Dr. S. A. Ort has prepared an excellent lecture on "Ideals." It might be stated in passing that Dr. Ort is an ideal lecturer, also.

Some one writes to the REPUBLIC whether we think the Springfield police force has had a good, clean record in the past. A good, clean Record? Certainly; what's the matter with "Dall?" Don't he fill the bill?

The rumor that the first scene of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera of "Ruddy-gore" is laid on the "hill" in Springfield on a Saturday night, is denied by late cablegrams.

One of the attendants at the Public library told me the other day that there is the greatest demand for Macauley's essays from the young lady pupils of the Springfield seminary. No work in the library has been so extensively called for by the young ladies as these incomparable essays—the most masterly, graphic and picturesque prose in the English language. We are glad to hear that there is a taste for such good reading among the young ladies. A young lady who is familiar with Macauley's essays will surely be a good conversationalist. The person who wishes to excel in conversation should make these essays his mental daily bread. No one can be a wallflower with these essays in his or her head. Read them.

THE LATEST AGONY.

What is that sound which breaks upon the ear like the last agonizing shriek of a giant-lunged maniac, freezing the blood and elevating the hair? It is the new whistle of the Standard Manufactory, already made locally immortal by Mr. Morgan's laughable sketch in its honor. If that whistle could only dress itself in a white sheet and prowl around the streets after night occasionally, expending some of its surplus energy in warbling, the coroner would have to hold half a dozen inquests a day on people who were frightened to death.

They have an exceedingly ingenious machine in the upper story of the *Farm and Fireside*. It is an "exercise bicycle," on which one can work the wheel at a 20-mile-an-hour speed, without getting to anywhere in particular. The machine is simply for purposes of exercise. The wheel of course is suspended, and does not touch the floor. A brake, which is regulated by a thumb screw, increases the difficulty of turning the wheel to any desired extent, accordingly as moderate or violent exercise is required. Though at first sight the machine strikes one as being a good deal on the principle of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza flying through the air on their wooden hobby horses, the machine proves to be one of the most valuable inventions for indoor exercise that can be devised, and some of the bicyclists at the *Farm and Fireside* state that they get much valuable exercise from an occasional little thirty-five mile constitutional on this stationary bicycle. One good thing about it is that headers are impossible.

There is the most urgent and immediate need for a hospital in this city and every day that the erection of the building is delayed there is a corresponding loss in opportunities of doing good. As an example, a statement made by a well known physician the other day may be cited. He said: "An old colored man, who lives west of this city is suffering from a case of cataract. I was told of the case and expressed a willingness to perform the operation free—he was without money—if he could be brought to some place in the city where it would cost me a small loss of time to attend him, during and subsequent to the operation. No such place could be found, and the operation had to go unperformed. Had there been a hospital he could have been taken to it, and the operation performed there. As it was, it would have cost me from $25 to $30 in time and trouble to perform the operation and I could not afford it." Dozens of such cases are continually occuring. The hospital cannot be built too quick.

What's the use of sighing to live in Florida when we can buy nice sweet oranges right here at the Springfield fruit stores at ten cents per dozen? You can do it, any day.

The manager of Blind Tom, the great colored pianist, told Dave Wilborn, of the Lagonda house, that another concert will be given in Springfield soon, when Tom will play an entire change of programme. Dave thinks that Blind Tom has more sense than many give him credit for. When he was leaving the room at the Lagonda house he noticed that his coat was slightly frayed at one of the edges. He grinned and said: "Why, my coat is in a dilapidated condition, isn't it?" He then stopped a minute and said: "Dilapidated, dilap-i-dated—that's right, isn't it?" "Yes, Tom: 'dilapidated,'" said the manager. He then repeated the word over slowly, as if to fasten it on his mind forever.

Springfield audiences are noted for getting as much for their money as audiences anywhere, and yet the timidity of our local pianists resulted in the loss of the most interesting evidence of his wonderful musical powers—namely, that of reproducing compositions after listening to them once. Of all his performances this is the most miraculous. We have a dozen pianists in Springfield who can give the imitations of music, banjo and guitar as well as Tom. We have several who can play a programme of long, difficult pieces from memory, but to play a piece after hearing it but once—there is the rare difficulty, and yet when Blind Tom gave his concert here and the manager invited any one in the audience to step on the stage and play any piece whatever, for Tom to imitate, notwithstanding the fact that there were fifteen piano players in the audience, no one dared to do the deed, and consequently the most interesting part of the performance was lost. Our pianists must be saving their courage, and practicing some hard pieces so as to be ready for Tom the next time he comes this way.

I came across a little book the other day, giving a complete history of Tom and his achievements from birth. It was a fascinating history. It seems that Tom is not totally blind; he can see a little. He was born blind; but when he grew to be a lad he was observed to frequently look upwards towards the sun, poking his eyes with his fingers the while, until the eyeballs seemed ready to burst from their sockets. He then got into the habit of poking in his eyes with sticks, often so vigorously that his eye-lids would bleed and the blood run down his face. He would make passes in front of his eyes the while, with his hands. His eyes by this treatment became much inflamed, but were so much excited and stimulated by this barbarous treatment that Tom soon acquired the power of seeing very bright lights and objects very close to him, which power he now enjoys. It is hoped that he will ultimately acquire his full sight. Tom is a

HUMAN PHONOGRAPH.

Every thing he hears seems graven on his mind and can be reproduced in future at will, as photographic plates retain the impression, and pictures can be made from them at any time.

He loves not only musical sounds, but natural sounds as well. As a child, he was found with eyes up-turned to heaven, listening in mute ecstacy to the soft plashing of rain as it fell from the spouts of the large Southern house which Tom first called home. The sweet sounds made such an impression on his baby ears that he immediately went to the piano, and interpreted the sounds into the language of music, which is since known as his "Rain Storm."

"Our meals are all banquets this week," said one husband to another down town the other day. "How so?" said the latter. "Why, you see," said the first, "my wife is going to the cooking school this week, and she gets up all the dishes she has learned to make in the last lesson. I am a believer in good cooking. They won't let a man practice medicine without a diploma, and I don't think they ought to let a girl get married unless she has a diploma as a good cook."

The principal subject of interest among the ladies of Springfield this week has been the cooking class. The class was organized by Mrs. E. L. Buchwalter and Miss Fanny Rodgers of this city. It consists of about fifty of the leading ladies in Springfield and is taught by Miss Emma E. Dodge, of the Boston School of Cookery. Miss Dodge is employed at a regular salary by the Women's Christian Association, of Cincinnati, and a portion of the proceeds of the lessons here goes to this association. The remainder will be divided between the Episcopal and Second Presbyterian churches of this city. Besides the regular lessons in cooking, classes are being formed every few days in boning and carving. A number of our young husbands are entering the classes and becoming proficient in this elegant accomplishment and "manly art." Miss Dodge carves a turkey without once moving the fork after it is first firmly fixed in the bird. It will be remembered by readers of the Cincinnati papers that when Miss Dodge gave her lectures in Cincinnati, the newspapers devoted nearly a column a day with illustrations to them. Among others, Miss Dodge will give a "young housekeepers'" course of lessons, six in number, for $2 a course. This will deal in problems in cookery, the mastery of which will make any young wife a joy forever in the household. The lectures are extremely interesting. Miss Dodge gives the whys and wherefores for everything, and the lectures are a complete exposition of the chemistry and science of cooking. "I am sure that my husband will always love me," said a young wife, not long ago. "I have such a complete knowledge of my husband's heart, that I can hold his love forever." "Well," said a married lady present, "it would do you a great deal more good if you had a complete list of the dishes he likes best, and the art of cooking."

Good cooking is the most important accomplishment a lady can possess. Even if she employs a cook—just as the general finds it necessary to understand the drilling of the meanest soldier in the army—so every lady should understand cooking in order to intelligently direct her servants.

RAMBLER.

The reason why Acker's Blood Elixir is warranted, is because it is the best Blood Preparation known. It will positively cure all Blood Diseases, purifies the whole system, and thoroughly builds up the constitution. Remember, we guarantee it. Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

Bee Line Notice.

The C. C. C. & I. Ry. Co. will sell special excursion tickets to Dayton and return on Monday, February 21st. This rate is made on account of the meeting of the Knights of Honor. Rate for the round trip $1.00. Tickets can be purchased of Mr. F. K. Symans or at the Bee Line office.

G. H. KNIGHT,
Tk't Agent.

Nathan Echleberry, Tiffin, O., was given a life sentence for the murder of Lewis Leidy.

SYMPATHY.

Friend, art thou drowning? So am I.
Hold by my hand.
Nearer is my vain help, than help
From yonder land.

Friend, art thou starving? So, too, I.
Therefore, I come
To thee—not to thee overfed—
To ask a crumb.

Friend, hast thou nothing? Less have I.
Yet, beggared ones
Give more to those who beg than e'er
Earth's richest sons.

—Grace Denio Litchfield in The Independent.

END OF A JOURNEY.

The Houghton landau drew up at the station and Louise alighted with her friend, Sybil Travers. The latter young lady, clad in a gray Mother Hubbard, and wearing a pretty poke bonnet piled high with ostrich feathers, was the very picture of elegance. Louise was a little, insignificant thing, and she appeared less attractive than ever as she made her way to the waiting room alongside of her distinguished looking friend.

"It is too absurd, Sybil," she said as they sat together in a remote corner, enjoying a last confidential chat before Miss Travers left for the west. "The idea of your posting off to San Francisco all alone, simply because a harmless youth promises to come this way, and to act as your escort!"

"It is only three weeks earlier than I meant to go, anyhow," said Sybil, stoutly. "You know why I prefer to go alone, Louise. You see Uncle Jerry has made up his mind that propinquity is the only thing necessary to make Mr. Valleau and myself fall madly in love with each other. He fancies that a trip across the continent is especially well calculated to bring about that much desired result. But I don't see it that way. I know very well that I should hate Mr. Valleau from the outset. I shall feel bound to do it just for contrariety. So, you see, I prefer to go home a few weeks earlier, and to go alone; for if I do wait for Mr. Valleau, as Uncle Jerry wished me to, and if I failed to fall in love with him, you know very well that it would be impossible for me to explain the phenomenon satisfactorily. As it is, I can smooth matters over easily."

"How far sighted you are, Sybil," Louise said, laughing. "Mr. Valleau will be terribly disappointed though, I fear. But there's your train, dear. Good-by. Write to me as soon as you arrive."

Then followed considerable girlish demonstration, which provoked a smile on the lips of a nonchalant young traveler who reclined at his ease before one of the windows of a parlor car, and who had been watching Louise and Sybil with interest.

"A very handsome girl, by Jove!" was his mental comment as Sybil took her seat just behind him, and the mirror at the end of the car enabled him to command a full view of her face. "I wonder how far she is going."

There were no means of ascertaining just then, but when the conductor came through the car, and the young man presented his ticket, to which was attached a long string of coupons running all the way from New York to San Francisco, he noted with satisfaction that Sybil had one like it.

"A through passenger," he observed. "I wonder who she is! Traveling alone, too, but evidently a lady. She must be a Californian, but she looks like a New Yorker," etc.

The young man's fancy ran riot, and all the while he kept his eyes fixed on the mirror in which was reflected Sybil's lovely face, with its rich, warm coloring and its beautiful frame of rippling hair. Very often their eyes met, as was only natural; but Sybil had wonderful composure for so young a girl, and the look of serenity she continued to wear rather chagrined the handsome stranger, who had entertained a hope, innocent enough in its nature, that the long ride over the plains might be enlivened with piquant flirtation.

"Pallas Athene," he said, regretfully. "Beautiful, but susceptible of no passion that is not animated by reason."

Such a conclusion might have been rather hasty, but it appears that this aggressive young man in an ulster and traveling cap made some pretense toward being a reader of character.

Meanwhile, Sybil, constitutionally opposed to "ogling," as all sensible, womanly girls are, formed a pretty severe opinion of the stranger who took such a mean advantage of the power of reflection. But she scorned to change her seat. Her policy was one of complete oblivion, and settling herself comfortably, she soon forgot all about the handsome pair of brown eyes so deliberately fixed on the telltale mirror.

The other passengers were pretty well acquainted by the time they reached Chicago, but Sybil, naturally reserved, and becoming more so through the protective instinct which prompted her to make few friends when traveling alone, had not joined the little coterie which soon establishes itself in every westward bound train. Her neighbor had been baffled in several attempts to make her acquaintance, but difficulty only fired his determination.

"She's something new in the feminine line, by Jove she is!" he remarked, when one of his deepest laid schemes had been overthrown by Sybil's courteous but unapproachable dignity.

It appears that this handsome stranger had been a "ladies' man for many a day." He was of a peculiar temperament. When he made up his mind to anything he usually accomplished it, and in accomplishing it was quite willing to relinquish all subordinate interests. He, too, held himself aloof from his fellow passengers, and so it was that when they reached Council Bluffs not a soul was on board the train who could have told who the lady and gentleman were that traveled alone and were so very exclusive.

Any one who has made a transcontinental trip will appreciate the desire to take a turn on terra firma that seized Sybil's peculiar vis-a-vis when he reached Council Bluffs. He was a lithe, athletic fellow, and during the hour and a half that the train halted he made a pedestrian tour into the surrounding country. Unfortunately he prolonged his walk beyond a desirable limit, and when he reached the station again the train had already begun to move slowly. Many a time he had boarded the train when it was going much more rapidly, and, with a moment's hesitation, he ran for the rear platform of his car, making a spring and catching at the iron railing.

As often happens, he had not calculated on the full speed of the train. He missed the step and fell backward, striking his head on the platform, and only escaping a terrible fracture by the presence of a pile of empty mail bags, which broke his fall.

The train stopped and the injured man was taken aboard. He was wholly insensible, and the blood gushed freely from the wound in his head. A skillful surgeon who happened to be among the passengers was summoned at once, and, having seen the young man made comfortable in a sleeping car, he examined the contusion.

"Will some one please help me with these bandages?" the doctor asked. "No, thanks," he added as a gentleman offered his services. "A lady, please."

He glanced around the car and his eyes fell on Sybil's calm face, on the slim white hands that looked so deft and agile, and he noted the composure with which she bore herself, while the rest of the ladies were nearly all in a semi-hysterical state.

"Will you hold these bandages, miss?" he asked, kindly. "Do you understand how to do it?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said she, promptly. "My father was a doctor. I am used to such work."

The wound was shortly dressed, but it was a whole day before the young stranger awoke from the stupor occasioned by his fall, and then it was only to pass into a state of delirium.

"Do you know who he is?" the doctor asked Sybil who had been installed by common consent as the sick man's nurse.

"This dropped out of his pocket," she replied handing him a business card. "I think that is his name, as his baggage is marked with those initials."

The doctor read: "Robert Vincent & Co., commission merchants, New York."

"He had a narrow escape," he observed, handing the card back to Sybil. "A little more force would have crushed his skull like a nutshell."

A new interest suddenly awakened for Sybil.

"I wonder what Louise will say when she hears that I have been playing nurse?" she pondered the day following the assumption of her new duties. "Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him."

At Cheyenne, happily for the sick man, the train was delayed two days by a landslide. During the interval of quiet and rest the doctor succeeded in breaking his fever, and on the fourth day after the accident Mr. Vincent opened his eyes in weak astonishment, as his returning consciousness discerned in his faithful attendant the handsome young lady with whom he had tried so assiduously to flirt.

He felt too weak from the shock and from the loss of blood to ask any questions, but Sybil divined his wonder and she explained to him the details of his accident, with a gentle grace as charming as her former reserve had been admirable.

Nothing could have been prettier than Sybil's devotion to the unfortunate stranger, and the other passengers seemed to appreciate it, for they held aloof and were content with being merely spectators. She waited on him with persevering devotion. It was Sybil's way to do that. She read to him, or, when he wished it, talked to him. The presence of an invalid seemed to infuse a home feeling into the life aboard the train, and when the week's journey was protracted by various obstacles to ten days no one complained.

Before they reached San Francisco Mr. Vincent was able to sit up. It would take some time for the wound to heal, but he had recovered pretty well from the shock. In the opinion of some of the passengers he was not altogether anxious for immediate convalescence, which was hardly to be wondered at; and really I think Sybil felt a twinge of regret as she sat the last evening beside Mr. Vincent's couch and listened to a party of gentlemen warbling a Swiss air out on the front platform. It was twilight, and the porter had not yet come in to light the lamps.

"Don't you think, Miss Sybil," Mr. Vincent said in a low voice, "that some acquaintances ripen very much faster than others! I feel as though I had known you for years, yet I cannot tell what your last name is. The doctor calls you just Miss Sybil."

"I thought you knew," she said, simply, ignoring his first question, which had sent a strange thrill to her heart. "My name is Travers."

"What!" he almost shouted. "What did you say?"

"Travers," she repeated, looking at him surprised.

He sank back on the cushions helplessly, and turning his face toward her, he murmured: "Kismet!"

"Do you know," he continued, after a pause which Sybil felt to be pregnant with meaning—"do you know that we have been as badly mixed up as to our identities as the people in a play. I had no idea you were Miss Travers. Your Uncle Jerry"——

"Do you know my Uncle Jerry?" she cried, in surprise.

"I ought to," he replied, with an odd smile. "I am—Sybil, do you ever forgive people who practice little deceits upon you?"

The familiar manner of this address did not offend her, strange to say.

"That depends," she said softly.

"What would you say if I were to tell you that my name wasn't Vincent at all?"

He had contrived to get hold of her hand, and he felt it flutter slightly, but she made no response.

"I do not know what led you to believe that my name was Vincent. At first I could not correct the impression, and, when I was able, I didn't care to, for I was so pleased with our relation that I feared to do anything that might jar upon it. It is all the worse for me now, for I fear this deceit may have prejudiced you. I am your uncle's friend, Sybil. I am Royal Valleau!"

It was her turn to start in astonishment. She snatched her hand away from him, but he secured it again.

"Don't!" he pleaded in a low tone. "Forgive me! You have made me love you and you must not be so cruel. You will at least forget that I have deceived you at all?"

Sybil gave no spoken reply, but her hand was still clasped in his, and before the porter lit the lamps she suffered him to carry it to his lips.

This story was detailed in letter to Miss Louise Houghton the following week with the appended comments:

And just think of it, Louise! I have actually engaged myself to him. I meant to hate him so, too! Uncle Jerry is delighted, of course. For myself, I can only say that I am perfectly happy, and leave the rest to your imagination. Wasn't it funny, though? He left New York three weeks before he had intended to, because he didn't want to be bothered with looking after me; and I ran away from him in the most unceremonious style. Yet we both got on the same train after all. It is quite like a romance, isn't it, dear? But I must close, as Roy is begging me to hurry and finish. I will write you more again. Your loving friend,

SYBIL.

—Chicago Tribune.

Like it Vhas in Cherman.

We doan' like to hurt our neighbors' feelings, but if we hear some gossip abouth 'em we somehow manage to let 'em know it.

More men labor mit me to shange my wote dan to save my soul. Der woter who vhas deadt vhas no good to political parties.

Shurch members should took nots dot der peoples sludge of a man's religion by der vhay he trades horses und pays his debts.

Der Golden Rule vhas all right vhen you read him in a book, but vhen you put him in practice on der shtreet you vhas run in by a policeman as a crank.

It vhas good to shpeak der truth always, but der man who sets oudt to practice it vhas sooch a fool dot he goes to der asylum.

I doan' like der man who vhas too much my frendt. He finds out my badt points, und doan' like me any more.—Carl Dunder in Detroit Free Press.

He Lied and She Blushed.

"Ah, madam," he said, as he extended a hand to help her up, "I never saw a more graceful fall. You threw up your arms like a born actress, your little feet indulged in a shuffle, and down you settled with a swan-like movement which was superb."

"Really, sir?"

"Honest Injun, madam."

And he picked up a No. 7 rubber which had been flung from her left foot, turned his back to a dent in the snow which looked as if a cottage had been upset there, and, raising his hat and making a profound bow, he took leave, while she got aboard a street car and continued to blush and smile for sixteen blocks.—Detroit Free Press.

A Poet's Precocious Offspring.

Juanita Miller, the 6-year-old daughter of Joaquin Miller, the poet, is an unusually interesting little maiden, gifted by nature with a truly remarkable memory. She can repeat, without changing or misplacing a single word, every line which her father has ever written. This is not done in parrot fashion, as would be the case with most children. Her declamation is clear, comprehensive and charming in every respect. She has a quaint manner and an odd way of making observations upon people and things which evinces thought far beyond her years. As a matter of course she is the special pride and admiration of her father, who never tires of descanting upon her perfections and achievements. Juanita and her mother are passing the winter with Joaquin Miller at his log cabin, beyond the Boundary and Sixteenth street, Washington.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Heading Her Off.

Pretty Country Girl (looking over menu)—How would stewed terrapin do, Charley?

Charley, her city cousin (in alarm)—Oh, we don't want anything stewed, Fanny. Better take something nice to order—French chops, for instance.—New York Sun.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS BY USING CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL

DISTINGUISHED LADIES WHO USE IT.

Lotta.
It is the very best preparation I have ever used, and for the future I shall use no other.

Madame Adelina Patti.
Lontoon, Eng., June 16, 1886. Send immediately, by the next steamer, five dozen of your "Liquid Pearl." By order of Madame Patti, G. Ramonio.

Fanny Janauschek.
I find it far superior to the one I generally bring over from Paris.

Clara Louise Kellogg.
It gives me pleasure to add my name to the list of those who have already recommended your "Liquid Pearl," and to express the satisfaction it has afforded me.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons.
For the hands, arms and neck I find it superior to any cosmetic, as it does not come off on the garments.

Jessie, Victoria and Rosina Vokes.
We also feel a pleasure to add our testimonials of its superior merits as a cosmetic for the complexion. We have used it with entire satisfaction.

Theresa Titiens.
Your "Liquid Pearl" is an excellent cosmetic, and has given me much satisfaction in using it.

Fanny Davenport.
I find your "Liquid Pearl" most excellent. I shall certainly recommend it to my lady friends.

Jane Coombs.
I consider it far superior to any article of its kind in use in this country.

Agnes Ethel.
I find your "Liquid Pearl" to be the best article I have of.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers.
Eminently satisfactory as a cosmetic, and free from injurious effects, for which I cheerfully recommend it.

Charlotte Thompson.
Consider it to be the best cosmetic for the skin I have ever used. I cordially recommend it to all my friends and the public generally.

Sara Jewett.
Permit me to add my testimony as to the excellency of your cosmetic.

Minnie Cummings.
For beautifying the complexion without harm to the skin your "Liquid Pearl" is incomparable. (L)

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P. S.—Mention this paper.

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ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
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For Headache, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Indigestion. Mild but effective. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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