THE SICK CHILD.

Child—O mother, lay your hand on my brow!
O mother, mother, where am I now?
Why is the room so gaunt and great?
Why am I lying awake so late?

Mother—Fear not at all; the night is still.
Nothing is here that means you ill—
Nothing but lamps the whole town through,
And never a child awake but you.

Child—Mother, mother, speak low in my ear.
Some of the things are so great and near,
Some are so small and far away.
I have a fear I cannot say.
What have I done, and what do I fear
And why are you crying, mother dear?

Mother—Out in the city sounds begin;
Thank the kind God the carts come in!
An hour or two more and God is so kind,
The day shall be blue in the window blind.
Then shall my child go sweetly asleep,
And dream of the birds and hills of sheep.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

STABLES OF NOTED MEN.

THE HORSES AND TURNOUTS OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Senator Stanford's $25,000 Barn—His Horse Farm at Palo Alta and His Rules of Horse Training—Representative Scott's Horse Farm.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—I walked past the largest private stables in Washington today. They are those of Senator Stanford, of California. The ground allotted to them is sixty feet front by more than 100 feet deep, and the stables will accommodate about a dozen horses and a cow. They are now nearly completed, and they look more like a chapel than stables. The building is of two stories. It is made of select brick, and the ground upon which it stands is worth at least $1 a square foot. It has already cost, all told, $25,000, and will foot up $1,000 more before it is completed. Senator Stanford told me before he left for California that in building these stables he aimed at the comfort of his horses rather than extravagance, and that the reports sent out about their gorgeousness were without foundation.

I went into them myself today. They are entered by double doors, and the covered court where the hitching up is to be done is so big that a four horse omnibus could turn around in it without touching the walls. Its floor is of concrete, in small blocks, and its ceiling, girded by iron rafters, is made of Georgia pine, beautifully oiled and varnished. It is well lighted, and at one corner there is a great elevator, as big as the floor of a fair sized bedroom, which is used for raising and lowering the carriages to the second story. Directly in front of this court stands the door leading on into the stables proper. These are separated from the hitching court by two rooms, one of which is a wash room for harness. This has a stationary wash tub, with hot and cold water, and it has all the conveniences for the hanging up of harness to dry. Upon the opposite side there is a harness room, or what might better be called a harness wardrobe. It is as large as a hall bed room, is lined with glass cases made of some white wood, and along the backs of each case are a number of iron saddles made for the hanging up of harness. Below are drawers in which the robes may be kept and there are a number of poles stretched across the top for the hanging of saddles and harness.

The accommodations for the horses are perfect. The stables are arranged so that not a draught of air can strike a stalled horse, and so that the light comes from above and cannot shine in their eyes, and the walls of the stables, which are double, are as warm as modern architecture can make them. There are three large box stalls, the lower part of each of which is made of white wood, with an iron railing running around the top. The drainage and sewerage of this barn is as perfect as that of a sanitary resort, and the floor of each of these box stalls slopes slightly from the edge of the square to the center. One of the stalls is more elegantly finished than the others, and this is intended for sick horses. Each stall has a feed trough of iron at the corner, and the halter strap is so arranged with a weight and a pulley that it cannot possibly become entangled in the horse's legs.

The feeding arrangements are up stairs, and the feed is dropped down through chutes by means of slides, so that any given amount can be accurately measured. There is a little cow stall at the back for one of the Jerseys, and there are four or five other stalls in addition to the box ones. Each stall has a place for an iron label over it, on which is to be painted the name of the horse occupying it.

The second floor of these stables is reached by a winding staircase, and here are sitting rooms fitted up with a corner fireplace and a hard wood mantel. This room is the reception room of the stables, and it will be well lighted and comfortably furnished. There are also the bed rooms of the coachman and footman, and Stanford will have telephonic communication with these stables. It will be here that the servants who have charge of the horses will live. The court room on the second floor is only reached, as far as vehicles are concerned, by the elevator. It is roughly finished, and the rafters look down upon the hard wood floor and the half dozen carriages resting upon it.

STANFORD'S STABLES.

Senator Stanford has a fine set of turnouts. One of his landaus must weigh over a ton, and it cost $4,000. It is finished within in the finest of satin, and as you sit upon it you sink into a bed of down. Notwithstanding its weight it swings so lightly on its springs that one can sway it to and fro by touching it with his little finger. It is the largest landau in Washington, and when it is drawn by the senator's two big black horses it forms a most striking turn out. In addition to this he has a Victoria with "C" springs, a landaulet, a buggy, a big two-horse sleigh and a number of other carriages, which taken together will make his outfit worth half the amount of the president's salary for a year.

Senator Stanford's Palo Alto (Cal.) farm of 6,000 acres is run as carefully as a great factory. Senator Stanford took up the keeping of fine horses as a recreation, but he has now turned it into a business, and his sales amount to more than $100,000 a year. His friend tells me that he does not suppose he would sell a colt for less than $500, and in selling his horses he never warrants their speed. He guarantees only the breeding and that the horse has trotted a quarter of a mile in such a time. In 1886 he sold over $300,000 worth of horses, and at one auction sale last year in New York he got $87,600 in cash for one shipment and brought the money back to Washington in his trousers pocket. He lately sold one horse to Lorillard for $6,000, another to Miller & Sibley for $12,000 and a third to Stockbridge, the new senator from Michigan, for $10,000. The horse which Stockbridge bought was a young 3-year-old stallion named Sphinx. Senator Stanford did not know that Stockbridge was to be the purchaser, and it was bought through a third party. One of Stanford's horses, named Midnight, he would not sell for $20,000, and he has been offered $15,000 for it and would not take it. The horse has no record, and this offer is considered very remarkable. He has lost something by accidents to his horses, and Fred Crocker was estimated to be worth $20,000, and was winning all the races in California, when he sprained his hip and became practically worthless.

Next to Stanford, Representative Scott, of Erie, Pa., is perhaps the most noted horse owner in congress. He has a stock farm at Cape Charles in which there are twenty-seven boxes for horses and a walking ring an eighth of a mile long under cover, where the horses can walk and trot when the weather is bad. Scott's regular track is a mile long and forty-five feet wide, with the turn raised about two feet. Here Scott is breeding some very fine colts, and he had this spring twenty-one horses in training. Among these are some of the most noted horses of the country.

Scott drives a team here at Washington which is valued at $2,500, and it is said that his coachman is paid $100 a month and found.

THE PRESIDENT'S STABLES.

The president's stables are back of the White House, and his seal browns, which have been so much spoken of in the newspapers, are a very decent pair of easy going horses. The coachman is the most stylish thing about the turnout, and the president's favorite carriage is a Victoria. The coachman is Albert Hawkins, a tall, stiff, colored man, whose skin is as black as the buggy he drives, and whose back is as stiff as a carriage tongue. He dresses in a livery of a soft drab, such as you see in buckskin gloves, and this is ornamented with big silver buttons. As he holds his whip in his right hand and drives Mrs. Cleveland and the president through the streets of Washington, he forms one of the distinguished looking figures of the capital. The president's harness is made of black rubber and trimmed with silver, and its only ornament is a simple "G. C." in monogram on the rosette of the bridle. His two turnouts, the Victoria and the landau, have cost altogether less than $2,000, and I think he paid only $1,000 for the seal browns.

The White House stables are by no means wonderful either in structure or in contents. The building is a brick, of one story, and an attic made in the form of the head of a "T." Two wings run at right angles with the main building, one at each end, and the space between these makes a sort of courtyard, in which the hitching up and unhitching is done. In these wings are kept the carriages, and many a man in any city of the United States has just as good turnouts as those of the president. The front part of the stable on either side of the middle hall is allotted to the horses, and the stalls are divided by fancy iron lattice work painted in red and brown. There is a notice over the entrance stating that strangers are not admitted, but the daintiest lady could walk through these stables without soiling her clothes, and everything is kept in apple pie order.

PRESIDENT'S COACHMAN.

Telephone Bell has a stable which is built upon ground worth at least $2 a square foot, and his pressed brick barn would make a good enough house for a congressman to live in. Don Cameron is a great horse lover, and he keeps a number of fine riding and driving horses here at Washington. He and Gen. Sheridan often ride out in the country together.

Secretary Endicott bought Senator Pendleton's team when he rented his house of him. I never saw Attorney General Garland driving, and Lamar rode on horseback during the first days of his administration.

The Russian diplomats drive good horses, and I see one Russian going about the city in a rig which looks as though it might have stepped out of a painting of a Siberian scene. It has a single horse of immense size driven by a Russian who will weigh at least 300 pounds. The horse has a great bow over his back and the carriage is large enough for only one person, and the driver sits in front of the occupant.

Several of Gen. Grant's horses are in the possession of Gen. Beale, who is one of the most noted horsemen of Washington. He has a stock farm near here, and he and Grant used to drive out to this whenever the general visited the city.

A great many of the senators drive good horses. Warner Miller had a couple of Hambletonians who could trot in three minutes, and Senator Spooner drives a pair of bays who want to pass everything on the road. The horses of Senators Allison and Sherman make no pretensions as to speed. They are good looking, moderate going trotters, and Senator Evarts drives a couple of very good horses of Kentucky stock.

Some of the public men here rent their horses and livery to match. You can get a horse and coupe, with driver, to serve you during the season at $150 a month, and the carriage will be subject to your call. It is said that some of the fine turnouts of the legations are hired at the livery stables, and one minister is said to pay $175 a month for an equipage which passes as his own.

Secretary Whitney is the finest judge of horseflesh in the cabinet. He drives a pair of clean limbed big roans, with short tails. He has a number of saddle horses and a big bay buggy horse, which is said to be able to trot in 2:30. Secretary Fairchild has a big riding horse, and he rides at a good rate over the country roads near Washington. Secretary Bayard drives a large coach before which there is a comfortable looking pair of

TELEPHONE BELL'S STABLES.

orange tailed bays, and the secretary has also a fine saddle horse, though he has not used this at paper chasing. Joan R. McLean drives two horses which cost him $1,000 apiece, and his coachman is a colored man in a very stylish livery. Bancroft has a Kentucky saddle horse, and in addition to this a pair of black horses for his carriage.

Take the horses of Washington and they are on the average as good as those of any city of the United States. The best product of all parts of the country comes here, and good horses can be gotten as cheaply at the capital as in any market of the country.

THOMAS J. TODD.

An Old Roman Pen.

At Acosta a Roman metal pen has been found. It is a bronze pen slit in exactly the same fashion as the present steel pen. The Dutch invented a metal pen in 1717, but it was not until many years later that the hand-screw press, which made the first cheap steel pen, came into use.—Boston Budget.

Costa Rica has levied a tax of $1 per year on every male inhabitant 18 years of age, the proceeds to be devoted to improving the roads of the country.

LIBERALS AT DINNER.

THEY RIDICULE THE FESTIVITIES OF THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Free Judgment Passed on Princes, Potentates and Diplomats of High and Low Degree—Parsimony of Her Gracious Majesty Victoria—Her First Love.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS, Sept. 14.—Imagine a spacious, old fashioned mansion in the north of England, with a large hall running from door to door, serving the double purpose of an entrance and dining room, decorated with the heads and branching horns of many a hapless deer, with flags, armor, pikes, guns and bows, and huge skins of lions, leopards and tigers on the floor, and a large round table in the center, where many a good dinner had been served to bold thinkers in days gone by. Imagine all this, and you will have the surroundings of a charming dinner party that I am about to describe—not the menu, the succession of courses, the china, the silver, but the main points of the conversation.

On this occasion there were assembled there a county squire, a retired general, a naval officer, a clergyman, a Socialist, an artist, a professor of political economy and two American ladies. The conversation, which lasted until midnight, was a wholesale criticism of royalty, its greed and selfishness, as illustrated in the recent festivities.

The rejoicings of the queen and her flunkies that in all the upheavals on the continent she has stuck to her throne for fifty years, is still a theme of constant merriment with the press and the people. The gist of the talk on this occasion will give you an idea of how rapidly the respect for the royal family is waning.

"Now that the jubilee junketing is over," said our host, "the last corner stone of future institutions laid for this year, the dazzling spectacular processions ended; now that the music has ceased and the lights are out, hysteria is giving way to common sense, and it is evident that a time of practical reflection is setting in. Loyalty to monarchical ideas was at high water level just before the recent celebration. In 1848 republican tendencies in England reached flood tide, but the ebb has been steadily going on ever since. And now the time for the return wave has come, and the change of feeling will be all the more rapid, because of the relapse that always follows abnormal enthusiasm. Hard headed and close fisted John Bull is beginning to ask what all the fuss, which he must pay for, has been about. The overburdened taxpayers realize now that the uproar has been of no benefit to them. But the great enthusiasm we have witnessed was not the result of loyalty, but of the fact that in England we have no regular national fete day." Addressing the American lady on his right he said: "We have nothing recurring every year like your Decoration day, your Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Washington's birthday. All we have is a bank holiday, occurring on four Mondays chosen at convenient intervals during the year, to give the Bank of England clerks a needed rest from casting up columns of figures. Think of a nation without a single day set apart to celebrate any great patriotic event, and then you can judge of the cause of the enthusiasm roused by the recent fetes."

"Yes," said the hostess, laughing, "what possible sentiment can these bank holidays suggest? Nothing but work and cold dinners, I am sure."

"I have lived in England," said one of the American ladies, "five years, and until this summer have never seen any illuminations, decorations or pyrotechnics, and though I am a patriotic citizen of the United States and a red Republican, and have no respect for royalty, yet I sallied forth to see the skyrockets, and my spirit of liberty rose with them to the zenith. I had not seen a Roman candle for years, and how could I help being enthusiastic?"

"But most of the magnificent spectacles," said the gentleman of socialistic tendencies, "furnished at government expense were all arranged for the benefit of the upper classes. The rights of the people have been signally outraged. Long before coronation day the lovers of Westminster abbey found its doors closed upon them and heard ominous sounds of hammer and plane coming from the interior. It is said the building is permanently injured. The Pall Mall in a recent issue said: 'Those who choose to visit Westminster abbey now that it is once more open for worship, after a long period of uselessness, will find melancholy traces of the stupendous and costly farce recently enacted there. The brave old walls have suffered considerable damage, and the place does not seem like itself—to some of us it never will again. We hope the spoilers and blasphemers are satisfied with their work.'

"Outside the scaffolding and buildings were raised to accommodate lords, ladies and the queen's royal visitors, while the representatives of the people took a low rank, and watched the spectacle from less conspicuous coigns of vantage. The people who could not afford to pay £5 or £10 for a window or a seat on some speculator's stand stood on the sidewalks and gutters, elbowing one another, jostled by police on the one side and soldiers on the other; so densely packed that some fainted, some were seriously hurt; even bones were broken. And lo! when the royal lady appeared, the object of intense curiosity to this hapless crowd, she was in a closed carriage, with the proverbial black bonnet and veil. There was grumbling and questioning as to where the crown and robes were. The bone and sinew of London came up out of its workshops to see their queen, not the widow of the prince consort. The robes and other state paraphernalia were donned at the abbey for the benefit of the nobility, who could appreciate elegance. 'The great unwashed,' it was said, 'could not tell the difference between a black bonnet and a crown.'"

"Compare this picture," said the artist, "with that charming scene in the stage life of Fanny Kemble, England's tragedy queen. Seeing some poor women peeping in through the window of her dressing room at the theatre, she beckoned them to enter, showed them her gowns and jewels, gave them a seat where they could see the play, and when all was ended bade them good night with words of tenderness and sympathy."

"But there was one touch of nature," said the hostess, "in the Westminster farce that would make the workingwomen feel akin to their sovereign, were the fact generally known. After the solemn praying and chanting and offering of thanksgiving to God for his mercies were all ended the queen retired, and her first command was 'a pint bottle of stout!' One other human episode reached the people outside. Their little red, short, puffy Prince of Wales, in blazing scarlet uniform, was redder still with rage at being placed in too close proximity with his tall, majestic brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Germany, looking like a viking in his superb white cuirassier uniform, with resplendent steel helmet and floating white plume."

"The review of the army at Aldershot," said the retired general, "was intended to be grand was a grand spectacular occasion, but there was no thought of making it a gala day for the soldiers. No message came from the queen to give them a sumptuous entertainment at her expense. No, no. It was a torrid day for England, and the men came out of the dust of the maneuvers as black as chimney sweeps, and for their trouble they were dined as usual on canned beef and vegetables.

"The naval review was a consummate failure and attended with serious catastrophes. Of late years there has been much doubt as to the efficiency of the navy, so there was a widespread desire to see the vessels at close range. Newspaper editors immediately busied themselves in fanning the national pride, though obliged ever and anon to make most disquieting revelations. I see where you Americans get your easy going ways. It is an Anglo-Saxon peculiarity. The British taxpayer is rather inclined to chuckle over the recent embarrassments of the admiralty, though fully comprehending the serious meaning of the facts that swords and bayonets bend up like tin when used, and that naval maneuvers, through the bursting of guns, have been as disastrous to life and limb as war with a foreign foe. Yet it was a general surprise that the Curlew, a new, swift ship, immediately broke down and had to go into dock for a thorough overhauling; that the Collingwood had to steam into port with one set of engines, the stuffing boxes of the others having collapsed; that the Ajax and Devastation had a collision in broad daylight and both nearly foundered; that the Inflexible's high pressure piston shank fell to leaking so that she could not keep up her speed at the decisive moment; that the Colossus, one of the newest ships, showed she could not stand the firing of her heavy guns; that three of the torpedo boats came to grief and had to retire; in short, that three-sevenths of the fleet, sailing slowly about in 'queen's weather,' on calm seas, with only imaginary foes, were at the end of one week hors de combat."

This graphic summing up of the army and navy by the general was received with hearty laughter.

"And yet," said our hostess, "The Standard tells us that 'this is the best of all possible fleets for the defense of the best of all possible islands.' Well, we Anglo-Saxons are slipshod, although we seem to get on in the world."

"Yes," said the retired naval officer, "the review was not only a signal failure, but it illustrates the utter indifference of royalty to the comfort and safety of the people. The queen was two hours late in starting, so the sailors who manned the yards were kept all that time, like so many cormorants, up in the rigging in the blazing sun. When her royal highness did appear she was greeted by the firing of a royal salute from all the vessels. The booming was, however, the death knell of some of her subjects, who by an unhappy accident were blown into eternity. Several others now lie at Melville hospital. Of these four will be permanently blind. One has his hand blown off and the side of his body badly mutilated. Some are terribly disfigured, others have had legs and arms amputated. But her majesty was honored, and what avails the lives of a few privates in the navy? Suppose a dozen Battenbergs had been thus suddenly dispatched to heaven, would the rejoicings have proceeded just the same? The full extent of that accident has not as yet been half told. If the people knew one-tenth of what is going on behind the scenes the nation would be in a ferment of indignation."

"It is a pertinent question," said the professor, "and one that is being asked by practical people just now, what Victoria Regina has done towards our national development that should entitle her to the loyalty of the democracy. During the last fifty years Great Britain has increased in wealth, in commercial power; she has developed a system of national education; has added luster to all developments of literature, enriched science with great discoveries, and with its increased population has built up prosperous colonies beyond the seas. In achieving all this what part has loyalty played? Well, it cannot be denied that her majesty and her children have contributed their full share to the population, though unfortunately only to the pauper classes, nor is it open to dispute that The Queen's Journal has been an immortal contribution to our literature, and it is said a novel from her fertile pen is now in preparation. The royal lady can also claim that she has signed acts of parliament for fifty long years; that she has given state dinners and eaten them too."

"She has stood up," added our hostess, "till her back ached, receiving representatives of foreign governments, and even their ladies, when the latter did not insult her by appearing in high necked dresses. She has also many a time suffered with vertigo from laying corner stones, and has opened building after building, which thankless task has only been made endurable by receiving a handsome commemoration gift. Surely here is reason enough why her subjects should love her."

"Let us see," rejoined a member of parliament, "what reasons there are why she should love her people. First she gets from them over $2,000,000 a year, and about $700,000 to keep her palaces in order. Beside the queen has an immense private fortune. She is a fabulously rich woman, no one knows how rich, for she pays no income tax. And now consider the charges for the royal nursery. The princess royal gets in your American currency $40,000; the Prince of Wales $200,000 and $300,000 more from the duchy of Cornwall, $7,000 for the colonelcy of the Tenth Hussars; the Princess of Wales gets $50,000; the Duke of Edinburgh, $125,000; the Princess Helena, $30,000; Princess Louise, $30,000; the Duchess of Teck, $25,000; the Duke of Connaught, $125,000; the Duchess of Albany, $30,000, and then a long line of the queen's relatives are pensioned. In view of this bountiful provision there is no reason why the reigning family should not feel jubilant."

"But it would have been more patriotic," said the clergyman, "if there had been something done in the interest of the people. Four hundred pounds, given mostly in penny contributions by working women as an offering to the queen, was expected to come back to the nation in the form of some great charity. But nothing is heard of the money, though days are growing into weeks, weeks into months. The whole history of this 'woman's offering' is revolting in its sycophancy. It was started by ladies to court advancement, and who took this means of currying favor."

"Yes," said the general, "wives of certain officers at Aldershot—I could name them if I chose—went from door to door in the barracks and put official pressure on the wives of the soldiers to make the n contribute. It was well known to these official females that the soldiers are shamefully underpaid, on the supposition that if they marry their wives will add to their income. You know in Germany if a woman marries an officer she must first prove that she has a sufficient income to support herself and family. The idea is well understood here, though not so clearly defined. Autograph letters from the Prince of Wales were actually sent to military and naval officers requesting contributions for his pet Imperial institute, which rests on a very questionable foundation."

"There is a ludicrous confusing of sentiment with hard headed practicality," said the American lady, "that makes the whole melodrama quite laughable. How much each one was to give in the various 'free will' offerings was carefully specified; for instance, the demand on army officers for three-fourths of a day's pay. And then it seems the recipient of the 'spontaneous gift' was not to forget in the first moments' burst of gratitude that the money was to come back in charity."

"The honor of the nation," said our host, "has been quite as badly ignored as the interests of the people. It is a vital point with Great Britain to keep on good terms with the European powers, yet the three most important ambassadors at the court of St. James—De Staat, Waddington and Kalnoky—received such slabby treatment that they left the palace in high dudgeon. Surely it was to the credit of the nation that the princes from the great dependency of India should be as well received as petty European sovereigns, but there was such a want of civility that Maharajah Holkar indignantly left London. His precipitate retreat was mainly caused by the slight offered him and his countrymen at the volunteer review. The Indian princes were told to leave their carriages outside Buckingham palace. As they picked their way in their magnificent robes across the court yard little German princelings in grand turnouts drove by them right up to the pavilion. Nor did this end the slights. Next came the laying of the corner stone of the Imperial institute. It was supposed this building was to be erected for the special benefit of the colonies and India. But on the dais reserved for royalties not an Indian prince appeared. They were not even escorted to front seat, but left with the general crowd. Later they were accorded the privilege of paying their own way to Portsmouth and back. Nor did they find themselves in a royal yacht at the naval review, but on the oldest and dirtiest of the troopships at the tail end of the procession. Not only were representatives of India and the colonies, parliamentary representatives of Great Britain and Ireland, presided by the yacht bearing the queen, not only by that of the Prince of Wales and by three others carrying their betters, but in truth by the vessel of the suite of the royal household. Verily the house of Hanover seems to be wholly oblivious to court etiquette, to all the privileges of rank except what applies to themselves."

"The avarice of the queen," said the artist, "is one of the most lamentable of her characteristics. She has been in the habit of inviting distinguished actors to Windsor to give private entertainments for herself and royal guests, but always remunerating them most inadequately for their services, and there was much dissatisfaction among some that the profession had wasted any money on her jubilee. I was in a certain place the other day and found myself one of a crowd largely composed of actors, among whom there was much indignant talk about 'waste of money.' The 'waste' referred to the cost of the profession's address to the queen. The hundreds spent upon it, they declared, had been 'thrown away,' as her majesty had treated it with indifference. On one occasion the queen invited the comic actor, Mr. Wyndham, to give some recitations. When he left she actually had the face to give him half a pound. He bowed graciously in receiving it, and on arriving at London he put it into a charity box and had it registered as a donation from himself and the queen. Another evidence of her parsimony is now going the rounds of the British Liberal journals after this fashion:

"'What is mine is my own,' cries her majesty; and she has no intention of letting anything that is absolutely her private property fall into the hands of the nation. She has determined to store the costly gifts received during her jubilee at Balmoral and Osborne, instead of at Buckingham palace and Windsor, as it is at these latter royal residences that there are collections of precious things which are crown property, and her majesty is fearful that some of her presents, if stored at either of these places, may be confounded at some distant date with what belongs to the nation, and give rise to disputes between herself, her heirs, administrators or assigns and the crown. Good, careful queen! I is a pity the nation has not been equally careful in the past, as there are many priceless possessions of theirs which have got mixed up with her majesty's own treasures, and now the sovereign is much surprised when it is pointed out to her that they do not belong to her personally.'"

"Did you ever hear," said the venerable general, "that before her marriage her majesty was hopelessly in love with the captain of the Royal guards—a tall, splendid looking man? Her passion was so well known that the captain was ordered to India and the German Prince Albert promptly imported."

With this dainty bit of gossip and some discussion on social ethics the ladies retired.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

S.S.S.

The Theatrical Profession.

Merit will win and receive public recognition and praise. Facts, which are the outcome of general experience, growing through years of critical and practical test, become as rooted and immovable as the rock of Gibraltar in public opinion, and henceforth need no further guarantee as to their genuineness. The indisputable fact that Swift's Specific is the best blood purifier in the world, is one of these immovable Gibraltar rock facts of which we have spoken, and every day's experience roots this conviction deeper and deeper in public opinion. Every class of our people in America and in Europe, every trade, calling and profession, including the medical profession, have borne voluntary testimony to the remarkable virtues of S. S. S. and its infallible efficacy in curing all diseases of the blood. These testimonials are on file by the thousands, and open to the inspection of all. Now come unsolicited, two distinguished members of the theatrical profession, who gratefully testify to the wonderful curative qualities of the Specific in their individual cases. Their testimonials are herewith submitted to the public without further comment—let them speak for themselves. The lady is a member of the famous Thalia Theatre Company, of New York, and formerly of the Residence Theatre, Berlin, Germany, and of McVicker's Stock Company, of Chicago. The gentleman is a well known member of the New York Thalia Theatre Company. Both are well known in theatrical circles in this country and in Europe.

Charlotte Randow's Testimony.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1887.

Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—Having been annoyed with pimples, eruptions and roughness of the skin, from bad condition of my blood, for more than a year, I used a leading preparation of sarsaparilla and other advertised remedies to no effect. Then I consulted a prominent physician, and from his treatment received no benefit. I then concluded to try the S. S. S. remedy for the blood, and five or six packages, by a thorough eradication of my trouble and restoring smoothness to my skin, have made me happy, and I cheerfully give you this testimonial for such use and publicity as you wish to make of it.

CHARLOTTE RANDOW,
132 Bowery, near Canal Street.

Hugo Hasskerl's Testimony.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—For two years I had a severe case of eczema. I used tar soaps, sulphur soaps, and various other remedies, and was prescribed for by numbers of physicians, but found no relief. At last I determined to try the S. S. S. remedy, and seven or eight bottles have thoroughly relieved me, and you can use this certificate in any manner you wish.

HUGO HASSKERL,
Member of Thalia Theatre

New York, May 3, 1887.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

ARE STILL TRIUMPHANT!

For fifteen years they have steadily gained in favor, and with sales constantly increasing have become the most popular corset throughout the United States.

The G quality is warranted to wear twice as long as ordinary corsets. We have lately introduced the G and R-H grades with extra long waist, and we can furnish them when preferred.

Highest awards from all the world's great fairs. The last medal received is for first degree of merit, from the late exposition held at New Orleans.

While scores of patents have been found worthless, the principles of the Glove-Fitting have proved invaluable.

Retailers are authorized to refund money, if, upon examination, these corsets do not prove as represented.

For sale everywhere. Catalogue free on application.

THOMSON, LANGDON & CO., N. Y.

LOST Manhood, Youthful Imprudence, Nervous Debility cured by Betanic Nerve Bitters. 50 Cts. Herb Medicine Co., 10 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

THE ALBERT
MEDICAL INSTITUTE
Superior Street, next to Postoffice, Cleveland, O.
Chronic, Nervous, Skin and Blood Diseases
Successfully treated upon
The Latest Scientific Principles.

Dr. Albert

has attained the most wonderful success in the treatment of the cases to which he devotes his special attention, and through years of patient labor and research he has discovered the most infallible method of curing general weakness, involuntary discharges, impotency, nervousness, confusion of ideas, palpitation of the heart, timidity, diseases of the throat, nose and skin, affections of the liver, stomach and bowels—these terrible disorders that make life a miserable existence and rendering marriage impossible.

Marriage.

Married persons or young men contemplating marriage, aware of Physical Weakness or any other disqualifications speedily relieved. He who places himself under the care of DR. ALBERT may confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a physician.

EPILEPSY OR FITS Positively Cured by a New and Never-failing Method, and a Guarantee given in every case.

A PERFECT RESTORATION GUARANTEED

Organal Weakness

Immediately cured and full vigor restored: This distressing affliction which renders life a burden and marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victim of imprudence. Consult DR. ALBERT at once and you will find the sympathy and relief that you positively require.

Nervous Debility.

Sufferers from this distressing disorder, the symptoms of which are a dull and unsettled mind, which unfits them for the performance of their business and social duties, makes happy marriages impossible, distresses the action of the heart, causes flashes of heat, evil forebodings, cowardice, dreams, short breathings, tiring easily of company, with a preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as on retiring, white deposit in urine, nervousness, trembling, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, pain and weakness in limbs, etc., should consult DR. ALBERT immediately and be restored to health.

A CURE WARRANTED.

Persons Ruined in Health by Unlearned Pretenders who keep Trifling with them Month after Month, giving Poisonous and Injurious Compounds, should Apply Immediately.

REMARKABLE CURES Perfected in old cases which have been neglected or unskillfully treated. No experiments or failures. Parties treated by mail or express, but where possible personal consultation is preferred.

CURABLE CASES GUARANTEED. DR. ALBERT, CLEVELAND, O.

Address with Postage.

☞Cases and correspondence Sacredly Confidential. Treatment sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States.

ASSIGNEES' SALE!

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF

CLOTHING

AND

Furnishing Goods

IN THE ROOM

No. 13 East Main Street,

WILL BE SOLD

REGARDLESS OF COST!

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

TO RECEIVE BARGAINS.

J. L. Zimmerman,

ASSIGNEE.

WHEN YOU WANT COAL OF ANY KIND, GO TO

WHELDON & MERRILL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

COAL!

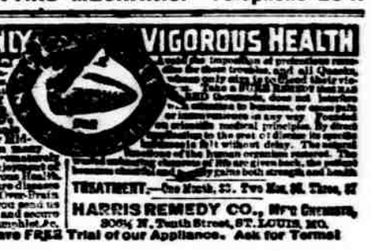
MAIN OFFICE:

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. TELEPHONE 276.

BRANCH OFFICE AND YARDS:

CORNER WASHINGTON AND MECHANIC. Telephone 254.

FREE FOR MEN ONLY VIGOROUS HEALTH



PROF. HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES.
A Radical Cure for Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness and Physical Power in Young or Middle Aged Men. Tested for Eight Years in many thousand cases they should be used by every aged and broken down man to the full enjoyment of perfect and full Manly Strength and Vigorous Health.
To those who suffer from the many obscure diseases brought about by Indiscretion, Exposure, Over-Brain Work, or too free Indulgence, we ask but you send us your name with statement of your trouble, and secure TRIAL PACKAGE FREE, with Illust'd Pamphlet, &c.

TREATMENT.—One Month, $3. Two Mos. $5. Three, $7

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mfg. Chemists, 306½ N. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliance. Ask for Terms!