

STORY OF A BEGGAR.

It is quite a little story, slight and thin; so thin even, so slight, that I fear, in fixing it on paper with written words, to rob it of its frail grace, its light savor. Why, then, when it was related to me one evening, in all the complicated and decorated luxury of modern talk, by the charming woman who was the heroine of the episode—why did it make such a tenacious impression upon us all that it has become, in one little corner of Parisian life, one of those classic tales, patrimony of each group of society, to which allusion is always understood and welcomed? Perhaps because it was a clear gap in the chatter of infidelity, in the hackneyed gossip of politics and literature. Perhaps because, as an attitude, a gesture at times may suffice to reveal to us a whole feminine body beneath its clothing—at times it also needs but a few sincere words uttered by a woman to disrobe her soul completely.

We had been talking of mysterious solicitations, today classed and named by science, from which so few of us are exempt, which invincibly compel some to add up the flowers of a wall-paper, the volumes of a library, everything that is additional, under their eyes; others to impose upon themselves the task, walking along the side path of a street, to reach such a gas-jet before the cab rolling up behind them, or a public clock has struck its last note, and others, again, each night before going to bed, to practice strange habits of disposing of objects, visiting cupboards and coffers.

We discussed all the light diseases of our contemporary brains, crumbs of moonman and madness transmitted by inheritance from inheritance, and finally dispersed throughout the whole of our worn humanity. And we all confessed our weakness, the absurdities of our manias, reassured by the confession of the others, delighted to find them like ourselves, worse even than ourselves.

A young woman had said nothing. She listened to us, a touch of surprise on her peaceful, pretty visage, which framed by even, black coils.

One of us asked her: "And you, madam, are you quite free of our modern manias? Have you not a single nervous habit to confess?"

She appeared to search her memory with all sincerity. She made a sign with

her head: "No, no." We felt that she spoke the truth, so much did all that we saw and knew of her, her restful bearing, her renown as an unblemished wife, lift her above the fashionable dolls who had just been confessing the unsettled state of their systems.

Doubtless her modesty feared the boast of so complete an indemnity when everyone around her had acknowledged all sorts of little troubles. She corrected herself:

"Good heavens! I can't say that I habitually add up the cab numbers, or that I make an inventory of all my dresses before going to bed. Still, the other day I experienced something that sufficiently resembles what you have been describing. If I have understood you quite—a kind of interior impulsion, a force which compels you to accomplish an indifferent act on the spot, as if it were a matter of life or death."

We insisted on hearing the story, and she told it most graciously, with the air of begging pardon for the claim on the attention of others by so slight an adventure.

"In two words, this is what happened to me. Five or six days ago I had gone out with my little girl, Suzon—you know her, she is 8—I was taking her to her class, for this big girl already follows classes. As it was very fine we had decided on going on foot by the Champs Elysees and the boulevards from my home to the Rue La Fayette. And so we were walking along quite gay, chattering together, when at the top of the Rond Point a lame man, rather young, limped up to us holding out his hand without saying anything. I carried my parasol in my right hand; with my left hand I held up my skirts; I confess I had not the patience to stop and hunt for my purse. I went on and gave nothing to the beggar."

"Suzon and I continued to walk along the Champs Elysees. The little one had suddenly ceased to talk, and I also, without quite knowing why, no longer felt any wish to talk. We were at the Place de la Concorde, and yet we had neither of us opened our lips since we had passed the beggar. And little by little I felt stir and increase a kind of inward inquietude, and uneasiness, the feeling of having accomplished an irreparable action, of being threatened, for that very reason, with vague peril in the future. In general, I strive to see clearly within myself, as far as possible. And thus, all in walking, I began to examine my conscience."

"Let us see," I said to myself, "have I sinned very grievously against charity in giving nothing to that beggar? I never pretend to reward it as my

duty to give to every beggar I meet. I will be more generous with the next, that is all."

"But all my arguments did not succeed in convincing me, and my inward discontent increased—became a sort of anguish, so that ten times I felt a wish to turn back to the spot where we had met that man. Will you believe it? It was a false sentiment of human respect that withheld me from doing so in the presence of my little daughter. We are really worth nothing more the moment we act in view of the judgment of others."

"We had nearly come to the end of our walk and were going to turn the corner of the Rue La Fayette when Suzon pulled gently at my dress to stop me. 'Mamma!' she cried. 'What do you want, darling?' 'She fixed her great blue eyes on me and said, gravely: 'Mamma, why did you give nothing to that poor man in the Champs Elysees?' 'Like me, she had thought of nothing else since our meeting with that man; her heart was oppressed like mine; only, better than her mother, or more sincere, she confessed quite simply her uneasiness. 'I did not hesitate an instant. 'You are right, dearest,' I said to her. 'We had walked more quickly than usual, under the obsession of our fixed idea; twenty minutes or so still remained before the class hour. I called a cab, jumped into it with Suzon, and the driver went up the Champs Elysees at a quick pace under promise of a generous tip. 'Suzon and I held each other's hand, and I beg you to believe that we were far from reassured. If the beggar should have gone away? Suppose we could not find him again? Arrived at the Rond-Point, we jumped to the ground; we examined the avenue, there was no beggar. I questioned one of the chair drivers. She remembered having seen him; he was not, she said, one of the habitual beggars of the Rond Point; she did not know what side he had taken. We were pressed for time, we were going away quite distressed, when all at once Suzon perceived the man sitting on his heels behind a tree; he was sleeping in the shade, with his hat between his knees. 'Suzon went up to him on the tip of her toes and slipped a piece of gold into the empty hat, and then we went back to the Rue La Fayette. It was absurd, I know quite well, but we embraced one another as if we had just escaped from a great danger. 'The young woman stopped in full silence, blushing rose all over to have spoken at such length about herself. As for us, we had listened to her religiously. We seemed to have breathed a very pure air and to have drunk a very cool water at the source itself.—The Academy.

It is not a mooted question in Persia whether women dress for the eyes of men or those of women, as there only women see women, at parties. In her book, "Through Persia on a Side-Saddle," Miss Sykes, writing of the women of Teheran, the capital of Persia, confesses that even Mohammedan isolation does not prevent women from being envious of other women if they are dressed better than themselves. She writes: "I was told that many of the fine ladies would give large sums in the European shops of Teheran for any brocade of silk which struck their fancy, and would wear it at the next party to which they invited their friends, flaunting the new toilette ostentatiously before them to fire their jealousy. Usually, however, one of the guests would pay her hostess out by buying some more of the same material and having it made up for one of her slave women. She then would invite a large company to tea, and the cups would be handed round by a negress adorned in the rich silks with which the former hostess is arrayed. Later on the slave would dance before the guests. The great lady, who has been invited to be mortified, would be both disappointed and humiliated. The lady who had given the party would be pleased at vexing her rival."

All about the Supper. One who meets with a disappointment is fortunate indeed if he can make somebody else responsible. Witness the Italian farmer who decided that, better late than never, he would hear one of Verdi's operas. He took his ticket, traveled up to Milan from the very depths of the country, and, securing a good seat, listened to "Aida," but he did not like the music at all, and he wrote to the composer to say so. Under the circumstances, the farmer added, he hoped that Verdi would see the reasonableness of it at once returning him his money. There was his railroad fare, his ticket of admission, and his supper at Milan, for which he inclosed the bill. The maestro entered fully into the humor of the situation. He wrote back a polite letter regretting that his music had failed to please, and inclosing the railway fare and the price of admission. But he added that, as the farmer would have had to provide himself with supper at home, he could not admit the justice of that part of the claim, and he absolutely declined to pay for the supper at Milan.

His Disability. "The new boarder has not said a word about the meals yet," said the boarding-house mistress. "No; I believe he is a very religious man," replied one of the victims.—Yonkers Statesman.

It's better to accept some statements than to be hunting for the truth.

ONE GLASS OF WINE.

Many Think It Changed Course of Politics in This Country.

It is said that a single glass of wine probably wrecked the Democratic party in 1860. The story is worth telling, says the Atlanta Constitution. After the breaking up of the national Democratic convention at Charleston the party in Georgia held a state convention. Great excitement prevailed. The leaders of the party could not agree. It was a critical period.

The majority report indorsed the seceders or bolters at Charleston, while the minority report opposed their action. The leading champion of the minority was Herschel V. Johnson and his followers were confident that his eloquence and logic would carry the day.

It is quite likely that such would have been the case but for an unfortunate mishap. Ex-Gov. Johnson began his speech before the noon adjournment on the second day and concluded after dinner.

Old men who remember that speech say that it was a powerful argument and the impression gained ground that after the noon recess the speaker would demolish his opponents with a few sledge-hammer blows.

But the overconfident friends of the minority report were doomed to disappointment. Johnson felt the strain of the morning session so much that he was unable to eat anything, and he took a glass of wine upon an empty stomach to strengthen himself. This was a fatal mistake. That one glass of wine perhaps changed the destiny of the nation!

The great orator resumed his speech, but the wine had nauseated him. He was hazy, verbose and unintelligible at times. His style and argument lacked vigor, consistency and positiveness. His friends looked at one another in despair. The men on the other side were exultant. It was evident that the speaker had damaged his own case.

Then Howell Cobb and Henry R. Jackson followed each other for the majority report. They spoke with an air of expectant triumph and captured the convention.

The majority report was adopted. It is unnecessary to follow the history of the next few weeks. The national Democracy was completely disrupted and put two tickets in the field. Lincoln was elected and the country was plunged into a civil war. Had Johnson succeeded in inducing the Georgia convention to adopt his conservative ideas, it is safe to say that other southern states would have fallen into line with our commonwealth and the national Democratic party would have remained united.

This is the story of what a little glass of wine did. It ruined a great party, caused a disastrous war, and besides the loss of life, cost the south over \$4,000,000,000. Perhaps this is rather speculative, but there are many who believed it a generation ago.

Mortified. He kissed her boldly on Market street, opposite the Phelan building. "Sir!" she shrieked, "you are an utter stranger to me. What means this familiarity?"

"Miss," he replied, bowing low, "though we never met before, you must excuse me. I bet my friend that I would kiss the prettiest girl I saw on the block."

A soft, forgiving smile replaced her wrathful glance.

"You are forgiven this time," she said, sweetly, "but please don't let it occur again."—San Francisco News Letter.

More for Her Money. "I hear that your daughter has broken off her engagement with the count. Is it true?" "Yes; she ran across a chance to get a duke at the same figure."

A Foolish Question. The Prescher—And do you go to Sunday school, my little man? The Little Man—No, Christmas is past, ain't it?

ARMY AND NAVY. Of the \$361,000,000 appropriated for the war there will, it is estimated, remain unexpended Jan. 1, 1899, a total of \$61,000,000 plus for the army, and \$33,000,000 plus for the navy; in all \$94,816,165.03.

Spain, with her population of less than 20,000,000, asks for an army of 140,000, while the American congress questions whether 100,000 is not too many for a republic of 75,000,000, which has fallen heir to the distant provinces which Spain is no longer compelled to provide for.

The proposed institution of honor medals in the navy and the list of promotions for meritorious service may obscure the fact that the United States is really very chary of gifts of this kind. The Military Gazette of New South Wales says that the Victoria cross was given to 172 men in the Indian mutiny, 109 in the Crimea, 28 in the Zulu war and 15 each in Afghanistan and New Zealand. The crosses given for other campaigns do not run into two figures. None of these affairs, except the Indian mutiny, compares with our civil war in daring adventure, and of course all of them put together do not approach the number of men we put in the field, says the Army and Navy Journal, but the honor medals recorded in the last army register number only 141, and the certificates to enlisted men 23. During the last year there have been one or two additions to the medallists. There have been so many swords of honor presented by personal admirers lately that an impression is given of great liberality in such matters, but this embargo; giving does not spring from generosity.

HOW TO DO THE RIGHT.

BEGIN WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF HOME.

Story of the Man Who Made a New Year's Resolution—Started Out by Joining "Greeting" Clubs and Wound Up with a So-called Anarchist.

The Chicago Advance, the organ of the Congregational church, gives space to an article which has a world of good sense in it. It reads as follows: The new year had come, and he resolved to do good. He had heard it preached, and he had heard it talked about in prayer meeting, and all other religious meetings which he had ever attended. It had been ringing in his ears all his life, and now he was going to do good. He spoke to some of the other members of the church about it and invited them to join the band, members who like himself had been in the habit of admitting pulpits messages at one ear and politely dismissing them at the other. But they shrugged their shoulders, and remarked that some things were better for prayer meeting expression than for practical purposes. What is correct sentiment is not always convenient you know. As a sentiment doing good is time-honored, familiar and fine but—

However he had set out to do good, and he was going to do it. He soon had a chance, for the annual meeting came a few evenings later, and there was a move to raise the pastor's salary. He put his shoulder to the wheel and gave it a boost. He was doing good. The next summer the pastor went to Europe and came back looking refreshed. He stayed at home, and looked a little tired. But he was doing good. Then they raised more money to have better music to draw more people to raise more money to get a bigger minister to build a bigger church to draw more people; and he kept up with the procession. He was doing good. But sometimes he sighed.

Then he joined a mutual benevolent society, and he met with the rest of the members for mutual admiration. He was doing good. He paid his dues like a man, but when the members began to die the society went to pieces, and he quit. He was doing good.

He met a tramp on the street who begged for money. He gave it, and followed the tramp around the corner where he went into a saloon. He was doing good—to the saloon-keeper. He went to the primary election to help purify politics and voted a ticket which the gang had fixed up in a back room the night before. There was nothing else for him to vote. He was doing good. He gave money to help elect a good, honest alderman, and six months later he was sitting up at night, along with other good citizens, to keep the fellow from stealing the streets of the city. He was doing good. He helped send another honest man to the legislature and then helped to send a delegation to the state capital to keep him from selling out, bag and baggage. He was doing good.

He gave a thousand dollars to a college to promote higher education, and the students dislocated his boy's shoulder, broke his leg and smashed his three fingers, at a game of football. He was doing good. He helped organize a social club to keep his neighbors from going to worse places, and to make a safe resort for young men; and the members drank wine and beer, and in clouds of tobacco smoke cracked jokes at religion and at other men who were too pious to leave the prayer meeting for the club. He was doing good, but he was getting very tired.

He thought about it through the night, and in the morning he got up with a change of plan. He was going to try doing good nearer home. He spoke kindly to his boys, asked after their lessons, patted the little girl on the head, and looked sweet at his wife across the table. The poor woman smiled, but looked troubled. She was afraid that he was not going to live long. He came home earlier that evening and stayed at home. He was taking some interest in his family now. He remarked that it was the first great human institution in the world, before the state and the church, and that it was likely to be the last in heaven, where all are at home in their Father's house.

Then he went to hear Mayor Jones of Toledo, Mayor Jones is trying to do good in his business, and as he was trying to do good nearer home, he took notes. Mayor Jones had some "Anarchist" ideas, but he jotted them all down. The mayor was paying his employees higher wages than he could hire them for in the market. He had set up the Golden Rule in his factory. At Christmas he wrote each man a letter and sent him an extra check. He took his people down the river on an excursion and invited them to parties at his big house. He made them a park, put in seats and swings, and did not say: "Keep off the grass." He furnished music and made everybody happy, and made money too. And the people made him mayor. He even had the hardihood to say that successful men ought not to want the earth, and that Christian business men could do the things which Christ commanded.

But what troubled him was that Mayor Jones is considered a crank and an anarchist. If a man works a coming, the last year there have been one or two additions to the medallists. There have been so many swords of honor presented by personal admirers lately that an impression is given of great liberality in such matters, but this embargo; giving does not spring from generosity.

MEXICO'S QUEEREST CITY.

Atrocious, so Named Because It Was the Stronghold of Fourteen Robbers.

Eight miles due east over the mountains from Catorce Station, on the Mexican National Railroad, is the Mexican city of that name, a city along whose steep, winding streets neither wagon nor cart, neither stage nor bus, nor any other wheeled vehicle was ever known to pass, although it has often boasted of a population of 40,000 souls.

The city takes its name from once being the stronghold and the property of a band of fourteen of the most daring, desperate, dangerous and successful robbers that ever laid tribute on roads of Mexico. They discovered, and for many years worked, the rich deposits of silver that abound in this entire section of the country—deposits, the value of which, if current report be true, for hundreds of years out-rivalled the mythical riches related of Ophir. Strange to relate, every piece of machinery, every pound of freight, and every passenger to and from Catorce is transported to-day, as for centuries past, either on the backs of men or mules.

Catorce is one of the most interesting places in Mexico. Here are found the customs of Mexico in their purity, unaffected by the influence of the stranger. Difficult of access, the town can be reached only by horseback or on foot. Catorce has seldom been visited by any except those making business trips. The ride up the mountains into the town is something, once accomplished, always to be remembered, partly from its element of personal peril, but more because of the beauty of the landscape encountered at every turn. Glancing down, as you near your journey's end, you catch a gleam of the white walls of Los Catorce outlined against the green of the mountain side. Thousands of feet below shimmer the waters of a mountain stream. The shifting coloring of the mountains as light and shade chase each other over their rugged expanse, the browns and greens of the valley below, and the hills in the hazy distance are "beautiful exceedingly."

The Real de Catorce is built on the side of a ravine near the top of the range, and has a varying population of from 8000 to 40,000, as the mines are paying well or poorly. Here are found all varieties of silver ore from carbonate to refractory ore, assaying \$15,000 to the ton. Catorce has a fine cathedral, richly decorated, and a pretty plaza, the only level spot in the place. To use a railroad phrase, it is a combination of cut and fill, so that to tumble into it on one side and out the other would be extremely disastrous. The streets are neatly paved, and run up and down hill, many of them at an angle of forty-five degrees. Altogether this is one of the show places of Mexico.

Sea Water of Many Colors. On a bright, sunny day visitors are often puzzled at the numerous colors visible on the surface of the sea. There will, perhaps, be some four or five streaks of green, blue, yellow, black, and so forth, making the water appear as though it were painted in color-strips of mathematical precision.

To the initiated these several stripes have their meaning. They are nearly all produced by the character of the ocean bed, and as a rule are only seen in close proximity to land.

If you see a deep blue or green patch, you may label it deep water, the blue usually being deeper than the green. A yellowish tint signifies a sandy bottom, and, if it is very pronounced, indicates a shoal or sand-bank.

Black indicates rocks, although seaweed or cloud shadows will sometimes produce a similar effect.

On the east coast it is no uncommon thing to see a patch of bright red where the sun has reflected the color of the deep brown sand on the surface.

Where the bottom is muddy a streak of bright silver-gray is often seen.

Many people who cannot claim intimacy with the sea imagine these colors are in the sea water itself, whereas its intrinsic tint is bluish-green.

The Lord Mayor's Bulls. A lord mayor of Dublin no longer living was famous for his curious verbal blunders and confusion of terms. When presiding at the meetings of the Dublin corporation he was accustomed to announce thus the lapse of a discussion: "The debate stands adjourned sine dine." He once brought an action against an artist for libelling him in cartoons, and obtained a verdict for \$200 damages. His cross-examination contributed to the gaiety of the proceedings. "Did you," asked counsel, "suffer pain of mind by this caricature?" "I never suffered more bodily pain of mind than since I saw that." Deprecating the burst of prolonged laughter provoked by his answer, he next said: "You know I only meant mental pain of mind." Counsel asked his opinion of the merits of two caricatures. This was his estimate: "I think one cruelly bad, and the other equally worse."—London News.

Manifest Injustice. "It's an infernal shame! They've assessed my new house at \$3000, and I'll have to pay nearly \$200 taxes on it. Paying taxes and insurance on my property is what keeps me poor."

"Insurance? How much have you got the house insured for?"

"Only \$15,000. That's all I can afford to carry on it, and if it should burn down I'd lose \$10,000 clean."—Chicago Tribune.

Peter Warden, Alexander Beaubien and Charles H. Barnes are rival claimants to the distinction of being the first white child born in Chicago.

UNCLE SIDNEY, THE OPTIMIST.

In Business for Himself.

A friend of mine recently set up an establishment for himself. He had been for fifteen years a man under authority. He told me a few of his troubles while we were standing at the counter. He said, "I put an 'ad' in the paper last night and by six o'clock this morning I had over a dozen applicants. I can't tell you how hard it was to weed them out and send all away but one. I have done it lots of times before now, but I knew somebody stood back of me. I can't tell you how heavy the load of responsibility has become. I get ten times as tired as when under Mr. K—." Every one learns this lesson sooner or later. When one learns to make God his Lord he has learned the great lesson of life. He has somebody back of him.

Two Girls. I know two girls who have both been tossed about and exposed to the temptations of the world. They have of necessity been thrown in the way of the roughest kind of men. One says that she has been daily insulted and has lost faith in all men. The other says that in her experience of four or five years, often being out alone on the streets after midnight, she has yet to receive her first insult. Whoever loses faith in mankind generally has himself to blame.

Only Puddies. George Adam Smith often makes a telling remark. He somewhere speaks of evil as being a great "puddie" in the universe. The writers of "realistic stories" are only playing in the puddle. The pessimist is a wallower in the puddle. The calamity howler is only debauching himself and others with mud from the puddle. The universe is built on righteousness. Its framework is justice and its spirit is love. God is on the throne and all's well with the world. The world is not destined to evil but to good.

Great Men. Everyone, who goes about the world, at last comes to know that there are few great men. He finds that the great man of fame on being met is only ordinary. Here and there is a seven-footer, and here and there is a four-footer; but the difference is small. He finds that Browning's prayer, "Make no more giants, God," is unnecessary. He comes to say, "After all, the difference between men is not worth boasting over." This discovery has important bearings. It makes one a democrat, a socialist and a Christian; a democrat, for all are equals; a socialist, for the rights of all outweigh the privileges of the few; a Christian, "for there is none good but One, that is God."—Christian Advance.

The First One. Tommy—"Paw, what is the divorce question?" Mr. Figg—"The first divorce question is, 'Will you be mine?'"—Indianapolis Journal.

ABOUT PEOPLE. Paul Villars, the correspondent in London of the Paris Figaro, has received the order of the Legion d'Honneur.

King Humbert of Italy has conferred the title of duke of Apulia upon the infant son of the duke and duchess of Aosta.

Mr. Watts, R. A., who is over 80, is going to devote himself to sculpture for a time, the subject to be a life-size statue of the late poet-laureate, Lord Tennyson.

Mr. Walter Roper Lawrence, C. I. E., who has been appointed private secretary to the new viceroy of India, is one of the most brilliant men ever passed into the Indian civil service. He passed in first and rose from one high position to another, until in a few years' time he became officiating secretary to the government of India. He gave up his splendid prospects in India to become agent-in-chief in his grace the duke of Bedford, with whose consent he is accompanying Lord Curzon. The duke, the viceroy and Mr. Lawrence were all contemporaries and friends at Balliol.

Sergey Friede, the explorer, who is buying all the supplies for the building of the great Manchurian railroad in China, came to America not long ago with orders for more than \$1,000,000 worth of materials to be used in the construction of the railroad. He believes that the United States will supply all the materials that will enter into the construction of the great railroads that will be built in Siberia and European Russia. He also predicts that San Francisco will be one of the great commercial depots of the world.

TRAVELS OF A THIMBLE.

Found in a Man's Shoulder Forty Years After It Was Swallowed.

Luellius Miller, who for a long time resided in this city, believes he is carrying in his left shoulder a silver thimble that he swallowed forty years ago. He will soon submit to an operation to have the supposed thimble removed, according to the San Francisco Call.

Forty years ago Miller was a very little fellow. He was playing around his mother's feet while she was doing some sewing. A knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Miller answered it, and when she returned her silver thimble could not be found. The little boy said he had swallowed it, but his story was hardly credited, although nothing more was ever seen of the thimble.

A generation passed away, and Miller began to be troubled with a slight swelling at the back of his left shoulder. Little by little the swelling grew and hardened, and it was supposed that a cancer was growing. He was examined by some doctors, and it was suggested that the trouble might be caused by the long-lost silver thimble. During the last three months it has been possible to move the source of the trouble between the fingers and to be assured that it is a thoroughly hard substance. Mr. Miller and his sister, Miss Lavonia Miller, are now staying in Trent avenue, San Francisco, and they are both convinced that the silver thimble has worked up into his shoulder.

"There can be no doubt," said Miss Miller, "that the little thimble so long lost has been found, although we can not understand how it could get into his shoulder. The thimble was a very small one, and we believe that my brother's trouble is caused by it."

Not long ago Mr. Miller decided to have the thimble or whatever it is removed. He decided to go to the Cooper Medical college and have it cut out. He went to the college, and as soon as he entered he heard the groans of a man on the operating table. Miller at once concluded that the thimble around in his shoulder that he was more comfortable to carry than to submit to the knives of the surgeons on the operating table. He walked quickly to his wheel, flew away from the hospital, and now his relatives are persuading him to make another attempt.

Some doctors to whom the incident has been told declare that if the thimble shall be found in Miller's shoulder it will be one of the most remarkable things ever chronicled in surgery.

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